SONGES AND SONETTES

written by the right honorable Lorde Henry Haward late Earle of Surrey, and other.

Apud Richardum Tottell.

1559.

Cum priuilegio.

To the reader.

That to haue well written in verse, yea & in smal particles, deserueth great prayse, the workes of diuers Latines, Italians, and other, doe prour sufficientlyp. That our tonge is able in that kynde to doe as prayse worthelp as the rest, ỳ honorable stile of ỳ noble Earle of Surrey, and the weightenesse of the depe witted syr Thomas Wyat the elders verse, with seueral graces in sundry good Englysh writers, do shew aboundantly. It resteth now (gentle reader) that thou thinke it not euyll done, to publishe to the honor of the Englishe tong and for profite of the studious of Englishe eloquence, those workes which the vngentle horders vp of suche treasure, haue heretofore enuied thee. And for this paint (good reader) thine owne profite and pleasure, in these presently, and in mo hereafter, shall answere for my defence. If perhappes some misdyke the statelinesse of style removed from the rude skill of common eares: I aske helpe of the learned to defende theyr learned frendes, the authors of this worke: And I exhort the vnlearned, by reding to learne to bee more skilfull, and to purge that swinelike grossenesse ỳ maketh ỳ sweete mate-rome not to smel to their delight.

Description of the restlesse state of a louer, with sute to his ladie, to rue on his dieyng hart.

The sunne hath twyse brought forth his tender grene,
Twise clad the earth in lyuely lustinesse:
Ones haue the windes the trees despoyled clene,
And ones ageinn begins their cruelnesse.
Sithe I haue hid vnder my brest the harme,
That neuer shall recouer healthfulnesse.
The winters hurt recouers with the warme,
The parched grene restored is with shade
What warmth, alas, may serue for to disforme
The frosen hart that mine inflame hath made?
What cold againe is able to restore
My fresh grene yeres, that wither thus and fade?
Alas I se nothing hath hurt so sore,
But time in time reduceth a returne:
In time my harme encreaseth more and more
And sewes to haue my cure alwayes in scorne.
Strange kindes of death, in like that I do trie:
At hand to melt, farre of, in flame to burne.
And lyke as time lyst to my cure applie,
So doth eche place my comforte cleane refuse.
All thing alive, that seeth the heauens with eye,
With cloke of night may couer, and excuse
It selfe from trauaile of the dayes vnrest,
Saue I, alas, against al others vse,
That then stirre vp the torments of my brest,
And curse eche sterre as causer of my fate:
And when the sunne hath chethe darke oppressed,
And brought the day it doth nothing abate
The trauailes of mine endlesse smart and payne,
For then as one that hath the light in hate,
I wish for night, more couertly to playne,
And me withdrawe from euery haunted place,
Lest by my chere my chaffice appere to[illegible] me:
And in my minde I measure pace by pace,

To seke the place where I my self had lost,
That day that I was tangled in the lace,
In seming slack that knitteth euer most,
But neuer yet the trauaile of my thought
Of better state could catch a cause to bost.
For if I founde sometime, that I haue sought,
Those sterres by whom I trusted of the poze,
My sayles do fall, and I aduance right nought,
Is ankard fast, my spirites do all resoze
To stand agazed, and sinck in moze and moze
The deadly harme which she doth take in spoze.
Lo if I seke, how I do find my soze,
And yf I flee, I carp with me still
The venomd shaft, which doth his force restoze
By haste of flight, and I may plaine my fill
Unto my self vnlesse this carefull song
Print in your hart some parcel of my tene
For I alas in silence all to long
Of mine old hurt yet sele the wound but grene,
Rue on my life, or els your cruel wrong
Shall well appere, and by my death be sene.

Description of spring, wherein eche thing renewes, saue onely the louer.

The soote season, that bud and blome forth brings,
With grene hath clad the hill, and eke the dale,
The nightingale, with fethers new she singes,
The turtle to her make hath told her tale.
Sommer is come, for euery spray now springs,
The hart hath hong his old hed on the pale.
The buck in brake his winter coate he slinges,
The fishes fleete with newe repaired scale,
The adder all her slough away she slinges,
The swift swalow pursueth the flies smalle,
The busy bee her hony now she minges,
Winter is worne that was the flowers bale,
And thus I se among these pleasant things,
Eche care decayes, and yet my sorow springs,

Descrip

Description of the restlesse state of a louer.

When youth had led me halfe the race
That Cupides scourge had made me runne:
I loked backe to mete the place,
From whence my wery course begunne.
And then I sawe how my desire,
Misguiding me, had led the way:
Wyne eyen to gredy of their hire,
Had made me lose a better praye
For when in sighes I spent the day,
And could not cloke my grief with game:
The burning smoke did still bewray
The presente heate of secrete flame,
And when salt teares do bath my brest,
where loue his pleasaunt traines hath sowen:
Her beauty hath the fruites opprest,
Ere that the buds were sprong and blowne.
And when mine eyen did still pursue
The flying chase of their request
Their gredy lokes did oft renew
The hidden wounde within my brest.
when euery loke these chekes might staine,
From deadly pale to glowing red:
By outward signes appeared plaine,
To her for helpe my hart was fled.
But all to late loue learneth me,
To paint al kinde of colours new:
To blinde their eyes that els should se
My speckled chekes with Cupides hew.
And now the couert brest I claime,
That worshipt Cupide secretly,
And nourished his sacred flame:
From whence no blasing sparkes do flye.

Description of the sickle affections, panges, and sleightes of loue.

SUch wayward waies hath loue, that most part in disord
Our willes do stand: where by our hartes but seldom do accord.
Deceit is his delight, and to begile and mocke
The simple hartes, whom he doth strike w froward diuers stroke,
He cauleth thone to rage with golden burning dart,
And doth alay with leaden colde againe the others hart,
Whote glemes of burning fire, and cald sparkes of flame
In balance of vnegal weight he pondereth by aime.
From cald ford where I might wade and passe full well,
He me withdrawes, and doth me drive into a depe dark hell,
And me withholdes, where I am cald, and offred place.
And willes me that my mortal foe I do beseke of grace.
He letteth me to pursue a conquest welnere wonne,
To folow where my paines were lost ere that my sute begonne,
So by this meanes I know how soone a hart may turne
From warre to peace, from truse to strife, and so again returne,
I know how to content my self in others lust:
Of little stuffe vnto my selfe to weaue a web of trust:
And how to hide my harmes with soft dessembling chere,
Whan in my face the painted thoughtes would outwardly apere,
I know how that the blood forsakes the face for dred:
And how by shame it staines againe the cheekes with flaming red:
I know vnder the grene the serpent how he lurkes.
The hammer of the restlesse forge, I wote eke how it workes,
I know and can by roate the tale that I would tell:
What oft the wordes come forth awrie of him that loueth well.
I know in heate and cold the louer how he shakes,
In singing how he doth complaine, in sleping how he wakes:
To languish without ache, sickelesse for to consume:
A thousand thinges for to deuyse, resoluing of his lume.
And though he list to see his ladies grace full sore,
Such pleasures as delight his eye, do not his health restore.
I know to seke the tracke of my desired foe:
And feare to finde that I do seke: But chiefly this I know,
That louers must transforme into the thing beloued,
And liue (alas who would beleue?) with spirite from life remoued.
I know in harty sighes and laughters of the spleene,
At ones to change my state, my will, and eke my colour clene:
I know how to deceaue my selfe with others help.
And how the Lion chastised is by beating of the whelp.
In standing nere the fire, I know how that I frese:
Farre of I burne: in both I wast, and so my life I lese,

I know how loue doth rage vppon a yeldinge minde:
How small a net may take and make a hart of gentle kinde:
Yt els with seldome swete to season heapes of gall,
Reuiued with a glimse of grace olde sorowes to let fall.
The hidden traines I know and secret snares of loue:
How soone a loke will print a thought, that neuer may remoue,
The slipper state I know, the sodein turnes from wealth
The doubtfull hope, the certain woe, and sure dispeired health.

Complaint of a louer, that defied loue and was by loue after the more tormented

When somer toke in hand the winter to assaile,
With force of night, & bettne great, his stormy blasts to quail,
And when he clothed faire the earth about with grene,
And euery tre new garmented, that pleasure was to sene:
Mine harte gan new reuiue, and changed blood did stur
Me to withdraw my winter woes, that kept within the due
Bounde, quod my desire, assay to set thy fote
where thou shalt finde the sauour swete, for sprong is euery rote.
And to thy health, if thou were sick in any case,
Nothing more good, than in the spring the aire to fele a space.
There shalt thou heare and se al kinde, of birdes pwrought,
wel tune their voice with warble smal, as nature hath them taught
Thus pricked me my lust the sluggish house to leue:
And for my health I thought it best such counsel to receaue
So on a morow furth, vnwist of any wight,
I went to proue how well it would me heauy burden light.
And when I felt the aire so pleasant rounde about
Lord, to my self how glad I was that I had gotten out,
There might I se how Ver had euery blossome hent:
And eke the new betrothed birdes pcoupled how they went:
And in their songes me thought they thanked nature much,
That by her licence al that yere to loue their happe was suche,
Right as they could deuise to chose them feres throughout:
with much reioysing to their Lord thus flew they al about,
which when I gan resolue, and in my head concaue,
what pleasat lyfe, what heapes of ioy these litle birdes receaue,

And saw in what estate I wery man was wrought,
By want of that they had at will, and I reiect at nought:
Lord how I gan in wrath vnwisely me demeane,
I cursed loue and him defied: I thought to turne the streame,
But when I well beheld he had me vnder awe,
I asked mercy for my fault, that so transgrest his lawe,
O thou blinded God (quod I) forgeue me this offence,
I in wittingly I went about, to malice thy prætence.
wherwith he gaue a beck, and thus me thought he swore.
Thy sorow ought suffice to purge thy fault, if it were more,
The vertue of which sound mine hert did so reuiue,
That I, me thought, was made as whole as any man aliue.
But here I may perceiue mine errour al and some,
For that I thought that so it was: yet was it still vndone.
And al that was no more but mine expressed minde,
That faine would haue some good relefe, of Cupide wel assinde,
I turned howe forth with and might perceiue it well
That he agreued was right sore with me for my rebel.
My harmes haue euer since, encreased more and more,
And I remaine without his helpe, vndone for euermore
I mirror let me be vnto ye louers all:
Strine not with loue, for if ye do, it will ye thus befall.

Complaint of a louer rebuked.

LOue that liueth and raigneth in my thought
That built his seat within my captiue brest,
Clad in the armes, wherin with me he fought,
Oft in my face he doth his banner rest,
She, that me thought to loue, and suffer paine,
My doutfull hope, and eke my hot desire.
with shamfast cloke to shadowe and restraine
Her smiling grace conuerteth straight to ire.
And cowred loue then to the hart apace
Taketh his flight, wheras he lurkes and plaines
His purpose lost and dare not shewe his face.
For my lordes gilt thus faultlesse bide I paines,
Yet from my lorde shal not my foote remoue,
Swete is his deth, that takes his end by loue,

Com-

Complaint of the louer dysdained.

I Se Cipins, springes, whereas dame Venus dweit,
I well so hate, that whoso tasteth thesame,
Were he of stone as chawed yse should melt,
And kindled kinde his brest with fyred flame,
whose moyst poyson dissolued hath my harte
This creping fire my colde limmes so oppest,
That in the hart that harborde fredome late,
Endelesse despeyre longe thraldome hath impest,
In other so colde in frosen yse is founde,
Whose chilling venom of repugnant kinde
The feruent heat doth quenche of Cupides wounde,
And with the spot change infectes the minde:
wherof my dere hath tasted, to my payne,
My seruice thus is growen into disdaine.

Desciption and praise of his loue Geraldine.

FRom Tuscane came my ladies worthy race:
Faire Florence was sometyme her auncient seate:
The Western yle, whose pleasant shore dothe face
Wilde Cambers clifs, did geue her lyuely heate,
Fostred she was with milke of Irish brest:
Her sire, an Erle: her dame of princis blood,
From tender yeres, in Britain she doth rest,
With kinges childe, where she tasteth costly food,
Honsdon did first present her to myne yen:
Wright is her hewe, and Geraldine she hight.
Hamton me taught to wishe her first for mine:
And windsor, alas, dothe chase me from her sight.
Her beauty of kinde her vertues from aboue,
Happy is he, that can obtaine her loue.

The frailtie and hurtfulnes of beautie.

BRittle beautie that nature made so fraile,
wherof the gift is small and short the season,

Flowring to day, to morowe apt to faile,
Tickel treasure abhorred of reason,
Dangerous to deale with, vaine, of none auaile,
Costly in keping, past not worthe two peason.
Slipper in sliding as is an eles taile,
Harde to attaine, once gotten not geason,
Jewell of ieopardie that perill dothe assaile,
False and vntrewe, enticed oft to treason,
Enmy to youth, that most may I bewaile.
Ah bitter swete infecting as the poyson,
Thou farest as frute that with the frost is taken.
To day redy ripe, to morowe all to shaken.

A complaint by night of the louer not beloued.

ALas so althinges nowe doe holde their peace,
Heauen and earth disturbed in nothing,
The beastes, the ayer, the birdes their songe doe cease,
The nightes chare the starres aboute dothe bringe,
Calme is the sea, the waues worke lesse and lesse,
So am not I, whome loue alas doth wring,
Bringing before my face the great increse
Of my desires, whereat I wepe and syng,
In ioye and wo, as in a doutfull ease.
For my swete thoughtes, some time do pleasure bring.
But by and by the cause of my disease
Geues me a pang, that inwardly doth stinge
When that I thinke what griefe it is again,
To liue and lack the thing should ridde my peine.

How echething saue the louer in spring reuiueth to pleasure.

VVHen Windsor walles sustained my wearied arme,
My hand my chin, to ease my restlesse head,
The pleasant plot reuested green, with warme,
The blossomd bowes with lusty Ver yspred,

The flowred meades, the wedded birdes so late
Mine eyes discouer: and to my minde resorte
The ioly woes, the hartelesse short debate.
The rakehell life that longes to loues disporte
Wherwith (alas) the heauy charge of care
Heapt in my brest breakes forth against my will,
In smoky sighes, that ouercast the ayre,
My vapord eyes such drery teares distill,
The tender spring which quicken where they fall,
And I halfe bent to throw me downe with all.

A vow to loue faithfully how-soeuer he be re-warded.

SEt me wheras the sunne doth parche the grene,
Or where his beames do not dissolue the yse:
In temperate heate where he is felt and sene:
In presence prest of people madde or wise.
Set me in hye, or yet in low degree:
In longest night, or in the shortest day,
In clerest skie, or where clowdes thickest bee,
In lusty youth, or when my heares are gray.
Set me in heauen in earth, or els in hell,
In hyll or dale, or in the foming flood,
Thrall, or at large, aliue where so I dwell
Sick or in helth, in euill fame or good.
Hers will I be, and onely with this thought.
Content my selfe, although my chaunce be nought.

Complaint that his ladie after she knew of his loue kept her face alway hidden from him.

I Neuer saw my Ladye laye apart,
Her cornet blacke, in colde nor yet in heate,
Sith first she knew my grief was growen so great,

Which other fancies driueth from my hart
That to my selfe I do the thought reserue,
The which vnwares did wounde my wofull brest
But on her face mine eyes mought neuer rest,
Yet, sins she knew: I did her loue and serue
Her golden tresses clambe alway with blache:
Her lupting lokes that had thus euermore,
And that restraines whiche I desire so sore.
So dothe this comet gouerne me alacke:
In somer, sunne: in winters breath, a frost:
Whereby the light of her faire lokes I lost,

Request to his loue to ioine bountie with beautie.

The golden gift that nature did the geue
To fasten frendes, and fede them at thy will.
With fourme and fauour, taught me to beleue,
How thou art made to shew her greatest skil,
Whose hidden vertues are not so vnknowen
But lyuely domes myght gather at the first
Where beauty so her perfect seede hath sowen,
Of other graces solow nedes there must.
Now certesse Ladie, sins al this is true,
That from aboue thy giftes are thus elect:
Do not deface them than with fancies newe,
Nor change of mindes let not the mind infect:
But mercy him thy frende, that doth the serue,
Who seekes alway thine honour to preserue,

Prisoned in windsor, he recounteth his pleasure there passed.

O cruell prison how couldst bettide, alas,
As preude windsor: where I in lust and toy,
with a kinges sonne, my childishe peres did passe,
In greater feast than Priams sonnes of Troy:
where eche swete place returnes a taste full sower:

The large grene courtes, where we were wont to houe,
with eyes cast vp into the maydens tower.
And easie sighes, such as folke drawe in loue,
The stately seates, the ladies bright of hewe,
The daunces shorte, long tales of great delight,
With wordes and lokes, that tygers coulde but rewe
where eche of vs did pleade the others right,
The palme play, where, dispeyled for the game,
With dazed eies oft we by gleames of loue,
Haue mist the ball, and got sight of our dame,
To baite her eyes, whiche kept the leads aboue,
The grauel grounde, with sleues tyed on the helme,
On fominge horse, with swordes and frendly hartes,
wyth cheare as though one should another whelme,
where we haue fought, and chased oft with dartes,
with siluer droppes the meade yet spred for ruthe,
In actiue games of nimblenes, and strength,
where we did straine trayned with swarmes of youth.
Our tender lymmes, that yet shot vp in length,
The secrete groues, which oft we made resounde
Of pleasaunce playnt, and of our ladies prayse,
Recordyng ofte what grace eche one had founde,
what hope of spede, what dreade of long delayes,
The wilde forest, the clothed holtes with grene,
wyth rayne auailed, and swyfty breathed horse.
wyth erye of hounces, and mery blastes betwene,
where we did chase the fearfull harte of force,
The wyde vales eke, that harborde vs ech night,
wher wyth (alas) reuiueth in my brest
The swete accorde, such slepes as yet delyght
The pleasant dreames, the quiet bed of rest,
The secrete thoughtes imparted with such trust,
The wanton talk, the dyuers change of playe,
The frendship sworne, eche promise kept so iust:
wherwith we past the winter night away.
And, with this thought, the bloud forsakes the face,
The teares be rayne my chekes of deadly hewe
The which as sone as sobbing sighes (alas)
Vpsupped haue, thus I my plaint renewe:
O place of blisse, renuer of my woes,
Geue me accompt, where is my noble fere:
whom in thy walles thou doest eche night enclose

To other leeke, but vnto me most deere
Eccho (alas) that doth my sorow rewe,
Returnes therto a hollow sounde of playnte,
Thus I alone, where all my freedome grewe
In prison pine, with bondage and restraynte,
And with remembraunce of the greate greeke
To banish the lesse, I find my chiefe releeke.

The louer comforteth him self with the worthinesse of his loue.

When ragyng loue with extreme payne
Most cruelly distrains my hart:
When that my teares, as flouddes of rayne,
Beare witnes of my wofull smart:
when sighes haue wasted so my breath,
That I lye at the poynte of death.

I call to minde the naype greate,
That the Grekes brought to Troye towne,
And how the boysterous windes dyd beate
Their shyppes, and rent their sayles adowne
Till Agamemnons daughters bloode
Appeased the Goddes, that them wythstode

And how that in those ten yeres warre,
Full many a bloudye dede was done.
And many a lord, that came full farre,
There caught his bane (alas) to sone,
And many a good knight ouerronne
Before the Grekes had Helene wonne.

Then thinke I thus sithe suche repayre
So longe time warre of valiant men,
was al to winne a lady fayre,
Shall I not learne to suffer then,
And thinke my life wel spent to be,
Seruing a worthier wight than she?

Therefore I neuer will repente
But paines contented still endure,
For like as when, rough winter spent,
The pleasant spring straight draweth in vre.

So after raging stormes of care
Joyfull at length may be my fare.

Complaint of the absence of her louer being vpon the sea.

O Happy dames, that may embrace
The fruite of your delight,
Help to bewaile the wofull case,
And ebe the heauy plight.
Of me that wonted to reioyce
The fortune of my pleasaunt choyce,
Good Ladyes help to fill my mourning voyce.
In ship, fraight with remembrance
Of thoughtes, and pleasures past,
He sailes that hath in gouernance
My life, while it will last.
With scalding sighes, for lack of gale
Furdering his hope, that is his sale
Toward me, the swete port of his auaile.
Alas, how oft in dreames I see
Those eyes, that were my food,
Which sometime so delited mee,
That yet they do me good
Wherwith I wake with his returne,
Whose absent flame did make me burne.
But when I finde the lacke, Lord how I mourne!
When other louers in armes a crosse,
Reioyce their chiefe delight,
Drowned in teares to mourne my losse:
I stand the bitter night,
In my window, where I may see,
Before the windes how the cloudes flee,
Lo, what mariner loue hath made mee.
And in grene waues when the salt flood
Doth rise by rage of winde,
A thousand fancies in that mood,
Assayle my restlesse minde.
Alas, now drencheth my swete so,
That with the spoyle of my hart did go,

And left me but (alas) why did he so?
And when the seas wart calme againe,
To chace fro me annoye,
My doutfull hope doth cause me plaine:
No dreade cuts of my ioye.
Thus is my wealth mingled with wo,
And of ech thought a doubt doth growe,
Now he comes, wil he come? alas, no no.

Complaint of a dyng louer refused vpon his ladies inuste mistaking of his writing.

IN winters iust returne, when Boreas gan his raigne,
And euery tree vnclothed fast, as nature taught them plaine:
In misty morning darke, as sheepe are then in holde,
I hyed me fast, it sat me on, my sheepe for to vnfolde.
And as it is a thing, that louers haue by kittes,
Under a palme I heard one crie, as he had lost his wittes,
whose voice did ring so shrill, in vttering of his plaint,
That I amazed was to heare, how loue could him attaint.
Ah wretched man, quod he, come death, and ridd thys wo:
A iust reward, a happy end, if it may chance thee so.
Thy pleasures past haue wrought thy wo, without redresse,
If thou hadst neuer felt no ioy, thy smart had bene the lesse.
And retchlesse of his like, he gan both sighe and grone,
A rufull thing me thought, it was, to hear him make such mone.
Thou curssed pen, sayd he wo worth the birde the bare,
The man, the knife, and all that made thee, wo be to theire share,
wo worth the time, and place, where I so could endyte,
And wo be it yet once againe, the pen that so can write.
Vnhappy hand, it had ben happy time for me,
If, when to writ thou learned first, vnioynted hadst thou be
Thus cursed he himself, and euery other wyght,
Saue her alone whom loue him bound to serue both day & night:
which when I heard, and saw, how he himselfe fordid,
Against the ground with bloudy strokes, himselfe euen there to rid
Had ben my heart of flint, it must haue melted tho:

For

For in my life I neuer saw a man so full of wo.
with teares for his redresse, I ..helpe to him ran,
And in my armes I caught him fast, and thus I spake him than.
what wofull wight art thou, that in such heauy case
Tormentes thy self with such despite, herin this desert place?
wherwith, as all agast, fulfilde with eye, and dred.
He cast on me a staring loke, with colour pale and ded,
Nay: what art thou, quod he, that in this heauy plight
Dost finde me here, most wofull wretch, that like hath in despight:
I am (quod I) but poze and simple in degre:
A shepardes charge I haue in hande vnwoz thy though I be.
with that he gaue a sighe as though the skie should fall:
And lowde, alas, he shrilled out, and shepard, gan he cal,
Come, hie the fast at ones, and print it in thy hart:
So thou shalt know, and I shall tell the, guiltesse how I smart.
His back a gainst the tree, sore febled all with faint,
with wery spirite he stretcht him vp, and thus he told his plaint.
Ones in my hart (quod he) it chaunced me to loue
Such one, in whom hath nature wrought, her conning for to proue
And sure I cannot say, but many peres were spent,
with such good will so recompenst, as both we were content
wherto then I me bound, and she likewise also,
The sunne should runne his course awry, ere we this faith forgo,
who toyld then, but I: who had this worldes blisse:
who might compare a life to mine, that neuer thought on thise
But dwelling in this truth, amid my greatest toy,
Is me befallen a greater losse, then Priam had of Troy.
For is reuersed clene, and bereth me in hand
That my deserts haue giuen cause to breke this faithfull band,
And for my iust excuse auaileth no defence,
Now knowest thou all: I can no more, but shepard hye the hence,
And giue him leaue to dye, that may no lenger lyue:
Whose record to I claime to haue, my death I do forgeue,
And eke when I am gone, be bolde to speake it plaine:
Thou hast seen die the cruell man, that euer loue did paine,
wherwith he turnde him round, and gasping oft for breath:
Into his armes a tree he caught, and sayd welcome my death:
welcome a thousand folde, now dearer vnto me,
Than should without her loue to liue, an emperour to be.
Thus in this wofull state, he yelded vp the ghost,
And little knoweth his ladie, what a louer she hath lost,
whose death when I beheld, no maruel was it, right

For pitie though my hart did blede, to se so piteous sight,
My blood from heat to colde oft changed wonders sore:
A thousand troubles there I found I neuer knewe before.
Twene dread and dolour, so my sprites were brought in feare,
That long it was ere I could call to minde, what I did there,
But as eche thing hath end, so had these paines of mine,
The furies past, and I my wittes restorde by length of time,
Then as I could deuise, to seke I thought it best,
Where I might finde some worthy place, for such a corse to rest,
And in my minde it came, from thence not farre away,
Where Cresseides, loue, king Priams sonne, ẏ worthy Troylus lay
By him I made his tombe in token he was true,
And as to him belongeth well, I couered it with blew.
Whose soule by angels power, departed not so soue,
But to the heuens, so it fled, for to receiue his dome.

Complaint of the absence of her louer being vpon the sea.

GOod Ladies, ye that haue your pleasures in exile,
Step in your foote, come take a place, & morne with me a while.
And such as by their lordes do set but little price,
Let them sit still it skylles them not what chance come on the dice.
But yet whom loue hath bound by order of desire,
To loue your lordes, whose good desertes none other wold require
Come ye yet once againe, and set your foote by mine
Whose wofull plight and sorowes great no tong may well define,
My loue and lord alas, in whom consistes my welth,
Hath fortune sent to passe the seas in hazard of his helth.
Whom I was wont tembrace with well contented minde
Is now amid the foming floods at pleasure of the winde.
where god will him preserue, and sone him home me sende,
without which hope, my life (alas) were shortly at an end.
whose absence yet although my hope doth tell me plaine,
with short returne he comes anon, yet ceaseth not my paine.
The fearefull dreames I haue, oft times do greue me so,
That when I wake, I lye in doubt, where they be true or no,
Sometime the roring seas, me semes, do grow so hie.
That my dere lord, ay me alas, me thinkes I se him die.
And other time the same doth tel me, he is come,

And

And playing, where I shall him finde with his faire little sonne
So, forth I go apace to se that leeflome sight,
And with a kisse, me thinke, I say, welcome my lord, my knight.
Welcome my swete, alas, the stay of my welfare.
Thy presence bringeth forth a truce betwixt me, and my care,
Then lively dothe he loke, and saluteth me againe,
And saith, my dere how is it now, that you haue al this paine?
wher with the heauy cares, that heapt are in my brest,
Breake forth and me discharge clene of all my huge vnrest.
But when I me awake, and finde it but a dreme,
The anguish of my former woe begynneth more extreme,
And me tormenteth so that vnneath may I finde
Some hidden place, wherin to slake the gnawing of my minde,
Thus euery way you se, with absence how I burn,
And for my wound no cure I finde, but hope of good return
Saue when I thinke, by sowre how swete is felt the more,
It doth abate some of my paines, that I abode before,
And then vnto my self I say, when we shall mete,
But litle while shall seme this paine, the ioy shall be so swete,
ye windes, I you conjure in chiefest of your rage,
That ye my Lord safely sende, my sorowes to asswage,
And that I may not long abide in this exesse,
Do your good will, to cure a wight, that liueth in distresse.

A praise of his loue wherein he reproueth them that compare their Ladies with his.

Geue place ye louers, here before
That spent your boastes and braggers in vaine,
My Ladies beauty passeth more
The best of yours, I dare wel sayen,
Then doth the sonne, the candle light,
Or brightest day, the darkest night,
And therto hath a troth as stil,
As had Penelope the faire,
For what she saith, ye may it trust,
As it by writing sealed were,
And vertues hath she many moe,
Than I with pen haue skill to show.
I could reherse, if that I wold
The whole effect of natures plaint,

when she had lost the perfite mould,
The like to whom she could not paint:
With wringing handes how she did cry,
And what she said, I know it, I.
I know, she swoze with raging minde,
Her kingdome onely set apart,
There was no losse, by law of kinde,
That could haue gone so nere her hart.
And this was chiefly all her paine:
She could not make the like againe.
Sith nature thus gaue her the praise
To be the chefest woorke she wrought:
In faith me think some better waies
On your behalfe might wel be sought,
Then to compare (as ye haue done)
To matche the candle with the sunne.

To the ladie that scorned her louer

ALthough I had cheis,
To giue the mate is hard,
For I haue found a neck,
To kepe my men in gard.
And you that hardy are
To giue so great assay,
Unto a man of warre,
To driue his men away:
I rede you take good hede,
And marke this foolish verse,
For I will so prouide.
That I wyll haue your ferse,
And when your ferse is had,
And all your warre is done,
Then shall your selfe be glad
To ende that you begon,
For if by chance I winne
Your person in the feilde:
To late then come you in

your self to me to yeld.
For I will vse my power,
As captaine full of might,
And such I will deuour,
As vse to shew me spight.
And for because you gaue
Me check in your degre,
This vantage loe I haue,
Now checke, and garde to the.
Defend it, if thou may,
Stand stiffe, in thine estate,
For sure I will assay,
If I can giue the mate.

A warning to the louer how he is abused by his loue.

TO derely had I bought my grene and youthfull yeres,
If in mine age I could not finde when craft for loue apperes.
And seldome though I come in court among the rest,
Yet can I iudge in colours dim as depe as can the best.
Where griefe torments the man that suffreth secret smart,
To breake it forth vnto some frende it easeth well the hart,
So standeth it now with me for my beleued frinde.
This ease is mine for whom I fele such torment of my minde.
And for thy sake I burne so in my secret brest
That till thou know my whole disease my hart can haue no rest,
I se how thine abuse hath wrested so thy wittes,
That all it yeldes to thy desire, and folowes the by fittes.
Where thou hast loued so long with hart and all thy power,
I se thee fedde with fained wordes, thy fredome to deuower.
I know, (though she say nay, and would it well w thstand)
When in her grace thou heldest the most, she bare the but in hand.
I se her pleasant chere in chiefest of thy suite,
When thou art gone, I se him come that gathers vp the fruite.
And eke in thy respect I se the base degre
Of hym to whom she gaue the hart that promised was to the.
I se (what would you more) I rede neuer man so sure
On womans word but wisedome would mistrust it to endure.

The forsaken louer describeth and forsaketh loue.

O Lothsome place where I
Haue seue and hard my dere
when in my hart her eye
Hath made her thought appere
By glimsing with such grace
As fortune it ne would,
That lasten any space
Betwene vs lenger should.
As fortune did auance,
To further my desire:
Euen so hath fortunes chaunce
Throwen all amiddes the mire.
And that I haue deserued
with true and faithful hart,
Is to his handes reserued
That neuer felt the smart.
But happy is that man,
That scaped hath the griefe
That loue well teache him can
By wanting his reliefe.
A scourge to quiet mindes
It is, who taketh hede.
A common plage that bindes,
A trauell without mede.
This gift it hath also,
who so enioies it most,
A thousand troubles grow
To vexe his weried ghost.
And last it may not long
The truest thing of all
And sure the greatest wrong
That is within this thrall.
But sins thou desert place
Canst geue me no accompt
Of my desired grace
That I so haue was wont
Farewell thou hast me taught

To think me not the first,
That loue hath set a loft,
And casten in the dust.

The louer describes his restlesse state.

As oft as I behold and se
The soueraigne beauty that me bound
The nyer my comfort is to me.
Alas the fresher is my wound.
As flame doth quench by rage of fire,
And running stremes consume by raine,
So doth the sight, that I desire,
Appease my grief and deadly paine.
First when I saw those cristall streames,
whose beauty made my mortall wounde:
I litle thought within her beames
So swete a venom to haue found.
But wilfull will did prick me forth,
And blide Cupide did whippe and guide:
Force made me take my griefe in worth:
My fruitles hope my harme did hide.
As cruel waues full oft be found
Against the rockes to roze and cry,
So doth my hart ful oft rebound,
against my brest full bitterly.
I fall and se mine owne decay,
as one that beares flame in his brest,
Forgets in paine to put away,
The thing that bredith mine vnrest.

The louer excuseth himself of suspected change.

Though I regarded not
The promise made by me,
Or passed not to spot
My faith and honeste:

yet were my fansie strange,
And willfull wyll to wite,
If I sought now to change,
A falkon for a kite.
All men might well dispraise
My wit and enterprise,
yf I estemde a pese,
Above a pearle in price:
Or iudged the owle in sight
The sparhauke to excell,
Which fleeth but in the night,
As all men know right well.
Or if I sought to saile
Into the brittle port,
Where anker hold doth faile,
To such as do resort.
And leaue the hauen sure
Where blowes no blustring winde,
For sickleneese in vre
So farforth as I finde.
No, think me not so light.
Nor of so churlish kind,
Though it lay in my might
My bondage to vnbinde,
That I woulde leue the hinde
To hunt the ganders so.
No no I haue no minde
To make exchanges so.
Nor yet to change at all,
For thinke it may not be
That I should seke to fall
From my felicitie.
Desirous for to win,
And loth for to forgo,
Or new change to begine
How may all this be so?
The fire it cannot freese:
For it as not his kinde,
Nor true loue cannot lese
The constancye of minde.
yet as sone shall the fire,
Want heate to blase and burn,

As I in such desire:
Haue once a thought to turne.

A carelesse man, scorning and describing the suttle vsage of women towardes their louers.

VVRapt in my carelasse cloke, as I walke to and fro:
I se, how loue cā shew, what force ther reigneth in his bow,
And how he shoteth eke, a hardy hart to wound,
And where he glanceth by againe, that litle hurt is found.
For seldome is it sene, he woundeth hartes a like,
The tone may rage, when tothers loue is often farre to seke.
All this I see, with more, and wonder, thinketh mee,
How he can strike the one so sore, and leaue the other free.
I see, that wounded wight, that suffreth all this wrong,
How he is fed with yeas, and nayes, and liueth al to long.
In silence though I kepe such secretes to my self,
Yet do I see, how she somtime doth yeld a looke by stelih,
As though it semde, ywis I will not lose the so,
When in her hart so swete a thought did neuer truely grow.
Then say I thus, alas that man is farre from blisse
That doth receiue for his relief, none other gaine but this
And she that fedes him so, I fele, and finde it plaine:
Is but to glory in her power, that ouer such can raigne,
Nor are such graces spent, but when she thinkes, that he,
I weried man is fully bent, such fansies to let flee,
Then to retain him stil, she wresteth new her grace,
And smileth lo, as though she would forth with the man embrace.
But when the profe is made, to try such lokes with all,
He findeth then the place all voide, and freighted full of gall.
Lord what abuse is this? who can such women praise?
That for their glory do deuise, to vse such crafty waies.
I, that among the rest do sit, and marke the row,
Finde, that in her is greater craft, then is in twenty mo.
Whose tender yeres, alas, with wiles so well are sped,
What will she do, when hory heares, are powdred in her hed?

An answere in the behalfe of a woman of an vncertaine aucthor.

GIrt in my giltles gowne as I sit here and sow,
I see that thinges are not in dede as to the outward show.
And who so list to loke and noate thinges somwhat nere:
Shall find where plainesse semes to haũt nothing but craft appere
Or with indifferent eyes my self can Well discerne,
How som to guide a ship in stormes seke for to take the sterne,
Whose practise if were proued in calme to stere a barge,
Assuredly beleue it well it were to great a charge
And some I se againe sit stil and say but small,
That could do ten times more then they that say they can do al
Whose goodly gifces are such the more they vnderstand,
The more they seke to learne and know & take lesse charge in hãd,
And to declare more plain the time fleetes not so fast:
But I cam beare full well in minde the song now song and past,
The auctor wherof cam wrapt in a crafty cloke,
With will to force a flaming fire where he could raise no smoke,
If power and will had ioined as it appereth plaine,
Thẽ truth not right had tane no place their vertues had ben vaine,
So that you may perceiue, and I may safely se,
The innocent that giltlesse is, condempned should haue be.

The constant louer lamenteth.

SIns fortunes wrath enuieth the welth,
wherin I raygned by the sight
Of that that fed mine eyes by stelth,
with sower, swete, dread and delight.
Let not my grief moue you to moue,
For I will wepe and waile alone,
Spite drawe me into Boreas raigne,
where hoty frosts the fruites do bite
when hilles were spred and euery plaine
with stormy winters mantle white.
And yet my bere such was my heat,
when others freze then did I swete.
And now though on the sunne I driue,
whose feruent flame all thinges decaies,

His beames in brightnesse may not striue,
With night of your swete golden rayes,
Nor from my brest this heate remeue,
The frosen thoughtes grauen by loue.
Se may the waues of the salt floode,
Quenche that your beauty set on fire,
For though myne eyes forbeare the foode,
That nio relieue the hot desire.
Such as I was such will I be,
Your owne, what would ye more of me?

A song written by the Earle of Surrey to a Lady that refused to daunce with him.

Eche beast can chose his fere according to his minde,
And eke can shew a frendly chere like to their beastly kinde,
I Lyon saw I late as white as any snow,
Which semed well to lede the race his port the same did show,
Upon the gentle beast to gaze it pleased me,
For still me thought he semed well of noble blood to be.
And as he prannced before, still seking for a make,
As who would say there is none here I trow will me forsake.
I might perceiue a wolfe as white as whales bone,
A fairer beast of fresher hue beheld I neuer none.
Saue that her lokes were coy, and froward eke her grace,
Unto the which this gentle beast gan him auance a pace,
And with a becke full low he bowed, at her feete,
In humble wise as who would say I am to farre vnmeete,
But such a scornefull chere wherwith she him rewarded,
Was neuer sene I trow the like to such as well deserued.
With that she stare aside well nere a foote or twaine,
And vnto him thus gan she say with spite and great disdaine.
Lyon she sayd if thou hadst knowen my minde before,
Thou hadst not spent thy trauaile thus nor all thy paine forlore,
Do way I let thee wete thou shalt not playe with mee,
Go range about where thou maist finde some meter fere for thee.
With that he bet his taile, his eyes began to flame,
I might perceiue his noble hart much moued by the same.
Yet saw I him refraine and eke his wrath asswage,
And vnto her thus gan he say when he was past his rage.

Cruell

Cruel, you do me wrong to set me thus so light,
Without desert for my good will to shew me such despight.
How can ye thus entreat a Lion of the race,
That with his pawes a crowned king deuowred in the place
Whose nature is to play vpon no simple food,
So long as he may suck the flesshe and drinke of noble blood.
If you be faire and fresh, am I not of your hue?
And for my vaunt I dare well say my blood is not vntrue.
For you your self haue heard it is not long agoe
Sith that for loue one of the race did end his life in woe,
In tower strong and hye for his assured truth
Whereas in terres he spent his breath, alas the more the ruth.
This gentle beast so died whom nothing could remoue,
But willingly to lese his life for losse of his true loue.
Then there be whose liues do linger still in paine
Against their willes preserued are that would haue died faine.
But now I doe perceiue that nought it moueth you,
My good intent, my gentle hart, nor yet my kinde so true.
But that your will is such to lure me to the trade,
As other some full many yeres trace by craft ye made.
And thus behold our kindes how that we differ farre,
I seke my foes, and you your frendes do threaten still with warre.
I fawne where I am fed, you slay that seke to you,
I can deuour no yelding pray, you kill where you subdue.
My kinde is to desire the honour of the field,
And you with blood to slake your thirst on such as to you yeld.
Wherefore I would you wist that for your coped lookes,
I am no man that will be trapt, nor tangled with such hookes.
And though some lust to loue where blame full wel they might,
And to such beastes of currant sort that would haue trauail bright.
I will obserue the law that nature gaue to mee,
To conquer such as will resist and let the rest go free.
And as a fawcon free that soreth in the ayre,
Which neuer fed on hand nor lure, nor for no state doth care.
While that I liue and breathe such shall my customs be,
In wildnes of the woodes to seke my pray where pleaseth me,
Where many one shall rue, that neuer made offence,
Thus your refuse against my power shal boote them no defence.
And for reuenge er erst I vow and swere therto,
A thousand spoiles I shall commit I neuer thought to do.
And if to light on you my luck so good shall be,
I shal be glad to fede on that that wold haue fed on me.

And thus farewell vnkinde to whom I bent and bow,
I wold pe wist the ship is sake that bare his saules so low,
Sith that a Lions hart is for a wolfe no play,
With bloody mouth go slake your thrist on simple shepe I say,
With more despite and ire than I can now expresse,
Which to my paine though I refraine, the cause you may well gesse.
As for because my self was author of the game,
It bootes me not that for my wrath I should disturbe the same.

The faithfull lover declareth his paines and his vncertaine ioyes, and with onely hope recomforteth somwhat his vvo-full heart.

IF care do cause men cry, why do not I complaine?
If eche man do bewayle his wo, why shew not I my paine?
Since that amongst them all I dare well say is none,
So farre from weale, so full of wo, or hath more cause to mone
For all thinges having life some time hath quiet rest,
The bearing Asse, the drawing Oxe, and euery other beast,
The peasant and the post, that serues at all assayes,
The shipboy and the galley slaue haue time to take their ease,
Saue I, alas, whom care of force doth so constraine
To wayle the day and wake the night continually in paine.
From pensiuenes to plaine, from plaint to bitter teares,
From teares to painfull plaint againe and thus my life ..weares,
Nothing vnder the sunne that I can heare or see,
But moueth me for to bewaile my cruell destinie.
For where men do reioyce since that I can not so
I take no pleasure in that place, it doubleth but my wo,
And when I heare the soun of song or instrument,
Me thinke eche tune there dolfull is, and helpes me to lament.
And if I se some haue their most desired sight,
Alas thinke I eche man hath weale saue I most wofull wight.
Then as the striken Dere withdrawes him self alone,
So do I seke some secrete place where I may make my mone.
There do my flowing eyes shew forth my melting hart,
Wherby the streames of those two welles right well declare my smart.

And

And in those cares so colde I force my self a heate,
As sick men in their shaking fittes procure them self to sweate,
with thoughtes that for the time do much appease my paine
But yet they cause a farther feare and brede my woe againe
Me thinke within my thought I see right plaine appere,
My hartes delighe my sorowes leche mine earthly goddesse here,
with euery sundry grace that I haue sene her haue,
Thus I within my wofull brest her picture paint and graue,
And in my thought I roll her bewties to and fro,
Her laughing chere, her louely looke my hart that persed so.
Her strangenes when I sued her seruant for to be
And what she said and how she smiled when that she pitied me,
Then comes a sodaine feare that riueth all my rest,
Lest absence cause forgetfulnesse to sinke within her brest,
For when I think how farre this earth doth vs deuide,
Alas me semes loue throwes me downe I fele how that I slide,
But then I thinke againe why should I thus mistrust,
So swete a wight so sad and wise that is so true and iust,
For loth she was to loue, and wauering is she not,
The farther of the more desirde thus louers tye their knot.
So in dispaire and hope plunged am I both vp and downe
As is the ship with winde and waue when Neptune list to frowne,
But as the watery showers delay the raging winde,
So doth good hope clene put away dispaire out of my minde
And bids me for to serue and suffer paciently.
For what wot I the after weale that fortune willes to me.
For those that care do know and tasted haue of trouble,
when passed is their wofull paine eche toy shall seme them double.
And bitter sendes she now to make me tast the better,
The pleasant swete when that it comes to make it seme the sweter
And so determine I to serue vntill my breath,
Ye rather dye a thousande times thē once to false my fayth.
And if my feble corps through weight of wofull smart
Do faile or faint my will it is that styll she kepe my hart.
And when this carcas here to earth shalbe refarde.
Ado bequeth my weried ghost to serue her afterward.

The meanes to attaine
happy life.

Martia

MArtiall, the thinges that do attain
The happy life, be these I finde,
The richesse left, not got with pain,
The fruitfull grounde, the quiet minde,
The egall frend, no grudge no strife,
No charge of rule, nor gouernance,
Without disease the helthfull life.
The houshold of continuance
The meane diet no delicate fare,
True wisdoome ioynde with simplenesse,
The night discharged of all care,
Where wine the wit may not oppresse,
The faithfull wife without debate,
Such slepes as may begile the night
Contented wyth thine owne estate,
Ne wish for death, ne feare his might.

praise of meane and constant estate.

OF thy life, Thomas, this compasse well mark
Not aye with full sailes the hie seas to beat,
Ne by coward dred, in shonning stormes dark,
On shalow shores thy keele in perill fret:
who so gladly halseth the golden meane
Voide of daungers aduisdly hath his home
Not wit lothsome muck, as a den vncleane
Nor palacelike, wherat disdain may glome.
The lofty pine the great winde often riues,
With violenter swey falne turrets stepe,
Lightninges assault the hie mountaines, & cliues,
A hart wel staide, in auerthwartes depe,
Hopeth amendes, in sweete, doth feare the sowre,
God that sendeth, withdraweth winter sharp,
Nowil, not aye thus once Phebus to lowre,
With bow vnbent shall cesse, and frame to harp
His voice in straite estate appere thou stout
And so wisely, when lucky gale of winde
All thy puft saile shal fill, looke well about.
Take in a rift, hast is wast, profe doth finde

Praise of certaine psalmes of Dauid trauslated by sir T.w. the elder.

The great Macedon, that out of Perse chased
Darius of whose huge power all Asie rong,
In the rich ark Dan Homers rimes he placed,
Who fained gestes of heathen princes song,
What holy grauer what worthy scripture
To write Psalmes should Christians then purchase
Where he doth paint the liuely faith and pure,
The stedfast hope, the swete returne to grace
Of iust Dauid, by perfite penitence.
Where rulers may see in a mirrour clere
The bitter fruit of false concupiscence:
How Jewry bought Vrias death full dere,
In princes hartes Gods scourge imprinted deepe,
Ought them awake out of their sinfull sleepe.

Of the death of the same sir T.w.

Dwers thy death do diuersly bemone
Some that in presence of thy liuelyhed
Lurked, whose breastes enuy with hate had swolne,
Peld Caesars teares vpon Pompetus hed.
Some, that watched with the murdres knife,
With eger thurst to drink thy guiltles blood,
Whose practise brake by happy end of life,
With enuious teares to here thy fame so good,
But I, that knew what harbred in that hed.
What vertues rare were tempred in that brest,
Honour the place, that such a iewell bred.
And kisse the ground, whereas the corse doth rest,
With vapord eyes, from whence such streames auaile,
As Piramus did on Thisbes brest bewaile.

Of the same.

What resteth here, that quick could neuer rest,
Whose heauenly gifts encreaseth by disdayn,

And vertue sank the deper in his brest,
Such profit he by enuy could obtain.
A hed, where wisdome misteries did frame,
Whose hammers bet still in that lerned braine,
As on a stythe, where that some werke of fame
Was dayly wrought, to turne to Britaynes gaine.
A visage, sterne, and milde: where both did growe,
Dyce to contemne, in vertue to reioyce:
Amyd great stormes, whom grace assured so,
To liue vpright, and simple at fortunes choyce.
A hand that taught, what might be sayd in rime
That reft Chaucer the glory of his wit.
A marble, the which (vnparfited, for time)
Some may approche, but neuer none shall hit:
A tong, that serued in forein realmes his king,
Whose courteous talke to vertue did enflame
Eche noble heart, a worthy guide to bring
Our english youth, by trauaile vnto fame.
An eye, whose iudgement none affect could blind
Frendes to allure, and foes to reconcyle,
Whose perfing looke did represent a minde
With vertue fraught, reposed, voide of guyle.
A hart, where dreade was neuer so imprest,
To hyde the thought, that myght the trouth auaunce,
In neyther fortune lost, nor yet represt,
To swell in welth, or yelde vnto mischaunce.
A valiaunt corps, where force and beauty met:
Happy, alas, to happy, but for foes:
Liued, and ran the race, that nature set:
Of manhodes shape, where she the mold did lose.
But when to the heauens that simple soule to fled:
Which left with such as couet Christ to knowe,
Witnes of faith, that neuer shalbe dead,
Sent for our health, but not receiued so.
Thus for our gilt, this iewell haue we lost,
The earth his bones, the heauens possede his ghost:

Of the same.

IN the rude age when knowledge was not ryfe,
If Ioue in Crete and other were that taught.

Artes to conuert to profite of our life,
wend after death to haue their temples sought.
If vertue yet no boyde vnthankefull time,
Foyled of some to blast her endles fame,
A goodly meane both to deterre from crime,
And to her steppes our sequele to enflame,
In dayes of trueth if Pyates frendes then wayle,
The only det that dead of quicke may clayme,
That rare wit spent, employed to our auaile,
Where Christ is taught we led to vertues trayne.
His lyuely face their breastes how did it frear,
Whose eyndyes yet, with enuy they do eate.

Of Sardanapalus dishonorable life, and miserable death.

Thassirian king in peace, with foule desire,
And filthy lustes, that staynde his regall harte
In warre that should set princely heartes on fyre,
Did peld, vanquisht for want of martiall arte,
The dint of swordes from kisses semed strange,
And harder, than his ladies side, his targe,
From glutton feastes, to souldiers fare, a change,
His helmet, farre aboue a garlandes charge,
Who scace the name of manhod did retaine,
Drenched in slouth, and womannish delight,
Feble of spirite, impacient of paine,
When he had lost his honor, and his right
Proud, time of wealth, in stormes appalled with dread,
Murthered himselfe, to shew some manfull dede,

How no age is content with his owne estate, and how the age of children is the happiest if they had skill to vnderstand it.

Layde

LYd in my quiet bed, in ſtudy as I were
I ſaw within my troubled head, a heape of thoughtes appere.
And euery thought did ſhew ſo lyuely in myne eyes.
That now I ſight & thē I ſmilde, as cauſe of thoughtes did ryſe
I ſaw the little boy, in thought how oft that he
Did wyſhe of god to ſcape the rod, a tall yong man to be
The pongman eke that feeles, his bones with paines oppreſt
How he would be a ryche olde man, to liue and lye at reſt,
The ryche olde man that ſees his end draw on ſo ſore,
How he would be a boy agayne to liue ſo much the more,
Wherat full oft I ſmylde, to ſe, how all theſe thyng,
From boy to man, from man to boy, would chop and change degree
And muſing thus, I thinke, the caſe is very ſtrange,
That man from welth, to liue in wo, doth euer ſeke to change
Thus thoughtful as I lay, I ſawe my withered ſkyn,
How it doth ſhew my dented chewes, the fleſh was worne ſo thyn
And eke my toteles chaps, the gates of my right way,
That opes and ſhuttes as I doe ſpeake, doe thus vnto me ſay
The white and horiſh heres, the meſſengers of age,
That ſhew lyke lines of true beliefe, that this life doth aſſwage.
Bidding the lay hand, and feele them hanging on thy chin.
The which do write two ages paſt, the third now comming in,
Hang vp therfore the bitte, of thy yong wanton tyme,
And thou that therin beaten art, the happieſt life deſyne.
Wherat I ſighed, and ſaide, farewel my wonted toy
Trueſſe vp thy packe, and trudge from me, to euery little boy,
And tell them thus from me, their tyme moſt happy is,
If they: tyme they reaſon had, to know the truth of this.

Bonum eſt mihi quod
humiliaſti me.

THe ſtormes are paſt, theſe cloudes are ouerblowne,
And humble chere, great rigour hath repreſt,
For the deſaute is ſet a payne forknowne,
And patience graft in a determed breſt.
And in the heart where heapes of griefes were growne
The ſweete reuenge hath planted mirth and reſt,
No company ſo pleaſant as myne owne,
Thraldome at large hath made this priſon free,
Danger well paſt remembred workes delight,

Of lingring doubtes such hope is spring pardie,
That nought I find displeasant in my light:
But when my glasse presented vnto me
The endeles wound that bleedeth day and night,
To thinke (alas) such hap should graunted be
Vnto a wretch that hat so oft ben shed,
For Britannes sake (alas) and now is ded.

Exhortacion to learne by others trouble.

My Ratclif, when thy retcheles youth offendes
Receyue thy scourge by others chastisement
For such calling, when it woorkes none amendes
Then plagues are sent without aduertisement:
yet Salamon sayd, the wronged shal recure:
But wyat saide true, the skarres doth aye endure:

The fansie of a waried louer.

The fansy, which I haue reserued long,
That hath alway been enmy to myne ease,
Semed of late to rue vpon my wrong,
And bade me flye the cause of my mislease
And I forth with did prease out of the throng.
That thought by slight my paynful heart to please
Some other way: til I saw faith moze strong,
And to my self I saide: alas, those dayes
In vain wer spent, to runne the race so long:
And with that thought, I met my guide. ỹ plain,
Out of the way wherin I wandred wrong,
Brought me amidoes the hilles in base Bullayn,
Where I am now, as restiesse to remain,
Against my will, full pleased with my pain.

SVRREY.

The louer for shamefastnesse hideth his desire within his faiths full heart.

THe long lone, that in my thought I harber,
And in my heart doth kepe his residence.
Into my face preaseth with bold pretence,
And there campeth, displaying his banner,
She that me learnes to lone, and to suffer,
And willes that my trust, and lustes negligence
Be reyned by reason, shame and reuerence,
With his hardinesse takes displeasure,
Wherwith lone to the harres forth he fleeth,
Leaning his enterprise with payne and cry,
And there him hideth and not appeareth.
What may I doe when my maister feareth,
But in the field with him to line and dye.
For good is the life, ending faithfully.

The louer waxeth wiser, and will not die for affec= cion.

YEt was I neuer of your loue agreued,
Nor neuer shall, while that my life doth last:
But of hating my self, that date is past,
And teares continual sore hath me wered,
I will not yet in my graue be buried.
Nor on my tombe your name haue fired fast
As cruell cause, that did my spirite soone hast.
From thunhappy bones by great sighes stirred,
Then if an heart of amorous faith and will
Content your mind without en doing grief:
Please it you so to this to doe relefe,
If other wise you seke for to fulfill
your wrath you ere and shall not as you went.
And you your self the cause therof haue bene.

The abused louer seeth his foly and entendeth to trust no more.

WAs neuer file yet halfe so well I filed,
To fyle a file for any smithes entent,
As I was made a kilyng instrument,
To frame other, while that I was begyled,
But reason loe, hath at my foly smiled,
And pardoned me, sins that I me repent
Of my last yeres, and of my time mispent.
For youth led me, and faishod me misguided,
yet, this trust I haue of great apparence,
Sins that diseete is aye returnable,
Of very force it is agreable,
That therwithall be done the recompence,
Then gyle begiled, playnd should be neuer
And the reward is little trust for euer.

The louer describeth his being striken with sight of his loue.

THe liuely sparkes, that issue from those eyes,
Against the which there vaileth no defence,
Haue perst my heart, and done it none offence,
With quaking pleasure, more then once or twise,
Was neuer man could any thing deuyse,
Sunne beames to turne with so great vehemence
To dase mans sight, as by their bright presence
Dased am I, much like vnto the gyse
Of one striken with dint of lightening,
Blind with the stroke, and crying here and there,
So call I for helpe, I not when, nor where,
The payn of my fall pacientlly bearing.
For streight after the blase (as is no wonder)
Of deadly noyse here I the fearefull thunder.

The wauering louer willeth, and dreadeth, to moue his desire.

SUch vayn thought, as wonted to misleade me,
In desert hope by well assured mone,
Makes me from company to lyue alone,
In folowing her whom reason biddes me flee,
And after her my heart would faine be gone,
But armed sighes my way do stop anone,
Twixt hope and dreade locking vp libertie,
So fleeth she by gentle cruelties.
Yet as I gesse vnder disdainfull brow
One beame of ruth is in her cloudy looke.
which comfortes the mind, that erst for feare shooke
That bolded straight the way then seeke I how
To vtter furth the smart I byde within,
But such tyds, I not how to begyn.

The louer hauing dreamed enioying of his loue, complaineth that the dreame is not either longer or truer

VNstable dreame according to the place,
Be stedfast ones, or els at least be true,
Be tasted sweetenesse, make me not to rew
Vp good respect in such a dangerous case.
Thou broughtest not her into these tossing seas,
But madest my spryt to liue, my care tencrease,
My body in tempest her delight embrace,
The body dead, the sprite had his desyre,
Painlesse was thone, the other in delight.
Why then, alas, did it not kepe it right,
But thus returne to leape into the fyer,
And where it was at wish, could not remayne?
Suche mockes of dreames do turne to deadly payne.

The louer vnhappy biddith happy louers reioice in May, while he wayleth that moneth to him most vnluckly

YE that in loue find lucke and swete aboundance
and liue in lust of ioyful iolitie,
aryse for shame, do way our sluggardy:
aryse I say, doe May some obseruance:
Let me in bed lye, dreaming of mischaunce,
Let me remember my mishappes vnhappy,
That me betide in May most commonly:
as one whom loue list little to aduaunce,
Stephan said true, that my natiuitie
Mischaunced was with the ruler of May.
He gest (I proue) of that the veritie,
In may my welth, and eke my wittes, I say,
Haue stand so oft in such perplexitie,
Ioy, let me dreame of your felicitie.

The louer confesseth him in loue vvith Phillis.

IF waker care, if sodayne pale colour,
If many sighes with little speche to playne,
Now ioy, now wo, if they may chere distaine
For hope of smal, if much to feare cherfore,
To hast or slacke, my pace to lesse, or more,
Be sygne of loue, then doe I loue againe,
If thou aske whom, sure syns I did refraine
Brunet that set my welth in such a rore,
Thunfayned chere of Phillis hath the place
That Brunet had, she hath and euer shall
She from my self now hath me in her grace,
She hath in hand my wit, my will and all
My heart alone well woorthy she doth stay,
without whose helpe skant do I liue a day.

Of others fained sorow, and the louers fained mirth.

CEsar, when that the traytour of Egipt
with thonorable head did him present,
Couering his heartes gladnesse, did represent
Playne with his teares outward, as it is writ,
Eke Hanniball, when fortune him out shit
Clene from his reigne, and from all his entent,
Laught to his folke, whom sorow did torment,
His cruel dispyte for to disgorge and quit,
So chaunced me, that euery passion
The mynd hydeth by colour contrary,
with fayned visage, now sad, now mery,
wherby if that I laugh at any season,
It is because I haue none other way,
To clocke my care, but vnder sporte and play.

Of change in minde.

EChe man me telth, I change most my deuise
And on my faith, me think it good reason,
To chaunge purpose, like after the season
For in eche case to kepe styll one guyse,
Is mete for them, that would be taken wyse
And I am not of such maner condition.
But treated after a diuers fashion,
And therupon my diuerrsenesse doth ryse.
But you, this diuersenesse that blamen most,
Change you no more, but still after one rate
Treate you me well, and kepe you in that state
And while with me doth dwell this weried ghost,
My woord nor I shall not be variable.
But alwayes one, your owne both firme & stable.

How the louer perisheth in his delight, as the flye in the fier

Home

SOme fowles there be that haue so perfite sight
Against the sunne their eyes for to defend,
And some, because the light doth them offend
Neuer appere, but in the darke or night,
Other reioyce to see the fire so bright,
And wene to play in it, as they pretend
But fynd contrary of it, that they entende
Alas, of that sort my J be by right,
For to withstand her looke J am not able,
Yet can J not hyde me in no darke place,
So followeth me remembrance of that face,
That with my teary eyen, swoine, and vnstable,
My desteny to behold her doth me leade,
And yet J know J runne in to the gleade.

Against his tong that failed to vtter his suites.

BEcause J still kept ther fro lyes and blame:
And to my power alwayes thee honoured,
Unkind tongue, to yll hast thou me rendred,
For such desert to doe me wreke and shame.
In nede of succour most when that J am,
To aske reward, thou standes lyke one afrayde
Alway most cold, and if one would be sayde,
Is in a dreame, vnperfit is the same.
And ye salt teares, against my will eche night,
That are with me when J would be a lone,
Then are ye gone, when J should make my mone.
And ye so ready sighes, to make me shright,
Then are ye slack, when that ye should out start,
And only doth my loke declare my hart.

Description of the contrarious passions in a louer.

I Fynde no peace, and all my warre is done,
J feare and hope, J burne, and freese lyke yse,

I flye a loft, yet can I not aryfe,
And nought I haue, and all the world I feason.
That locketh not, loseth, holdeth me in prison,
And holdes me not, yet can I scape no wyse,
Nor letteth me liue, nor die, at my deuise,
And yet of death it geueth me occasion.
Without eye I see, without tong I plaine,
I wish to perish, yet I aske for helth,
I loue another, and I hate my selfe.
I fede me in sorow, and laugh in al my payne,
Lo, thus displeaseth me both death and lyfe,
And my delight is causer of this strife.

The louer compareth his state to a shippe in perilous storme tossed on the sea.

My galley charged with forgetfulnesse
Through sharpe seas, in winter nightes doth passe,
Twene rocke, and rocke and eke my foe (alas)
That is my lord, stereth with cruelnesse,
And euery houre, a thought in readinesse.
As though that death were light in such a case,
An endelesse winde doth teare the saile apace
Of forced sighes and trusty fearefulnesse,
A raine of of teares, a cloude of darke disdaine
Haue done the wered coardes great hinderance,
Wretched with errour and with ignorance.
The starres be hidde, that leade me to this paine,
Drownde is reason that should be my comfort,
And I remaine, dispairing of the port.

Of doubfull loue.

Kissing the bright beames of those faire eyes,
Where he abides that mine oft mayles and washeth,
The wered mind streight from the heart departeth,
To rest within his worldly Paradise,

And

And bitter sindes the swete, vnder his gise.
What webbes there he hath wrought, well he perceiueth,
Whereby then with himself on loue he plaineth,
That spurs with fire and bridleth eke with pie,
In such extremitie thus is he brought:
Frosen now cold, and now he standes in flame:
Twixt wo and wealth: betwixt earnest and game,
With seldome glad, and many a diuers thought.
In sore repentance of his hardinesse,
Of such a roote for commeth frute frutelesse.

The louer sheweth how he is for-saken of such as he som-time enioyed.

They flee from me, that somtime did me seke
with naked foote stalking within my chamber,
Once haue I seene them gentle, tame, and meke.
That now are wyld, and doe not once remember
That sometime they haue put themselues in danger
To take bread at my hand, and now they range
Busely seking in continuall change,
Thanked be fortune, it hath ben otherwise
Twenty tunes better, but once especiall,
In thinne aray, after a pleasant guise
When her loose gowne did from her shoulders fall,
And she me caught in her armes long and small,
And therwithall, so sweetely did me kisse,
And softly sayd: dere heart, how like you this?
It was no dreame: for I lay brode awaking,
But all is turnd now through my gentilnesse,
Into a bitter fashion of forsaking:
And I haue leaue to goe of her goodnesse,
And she also to vse new fangilnesse.
But sins that I vnkindly so am serued:
How like you this, what hath she now deserued?

The Lady to aunswer directly with yea or nay.

Madame

MAdame, withouten many woordes:
Snce I am sure, you will, or no.
And if you wil, then leaue your boordes,
And vse your wit, and shew it so:
For with a becke you shall me call,
And if of one, that burnes alwaye,
Ye haue pitie, or ruth at all:
I unswere him faire with yea or nay,
If it be nay, frendes, as before,
you shall another man obtayne,
And I myne own, and yours no more.

To his loue whom he had kissed against her wil.

ALas madame, for steling of a kisse,
Haue I so much your minde therin offended:
Or haue I done so greuously amisse
That by no meanes it may not be amended:
Reuenge you then, the readiest way is this:
Another kisse my life it shall haue ended,
For, to my mouth the first my hart did sucke:
The next shal cleane out of my brest it plucke.

Of the gealous man that loued the same woman and espied this other sitting with her

THe wandring gadling in the sommer tyde,
That kindes the adder with his rechles foote,
Starres not dismayde so sodeynly astyde,
Ielous despite did, though ther wer no boote,
When that he saw me sitting by her side,
That of my health is very crop and roote.

It

It pleased me then to haue so faire a grace,
To stynge the heart, that would haue had my place.

To his loue from vvhom he had her gloues.

VVHat nedes these threatning woordes, and wasted winde?
All this cannot make me restoze my pray,
To robbe your good, pwis is not my mind,
Noz causelesse your faire hand did I displaye,
Let loue be iudge, oz els whom ner: we finde,
That may both heare what you and I can say,
She rest my heart and I a gloue from her,
Let vs see then, if one be woyth the other.

Of the sayned frende.

RIght true it is, and sayd full pore ago,
Take hede of him that by the backe thee claweth,
For, none is woorse, then is a frendly foe
Though thee seeme good, al thing that thee deipteth
Yet know it well, that in thy bosome creepeth,
For, many a man such faire oft tymes he kindleth,
That with the blase his beard him selfe he singeth.

The louer taught, mistrusteth allurementes.

IT may be good, tyke it who list,
But I do doubt who can me blame?
Foroft assured, yet haue I mist,
And now a gayne I feare the same,
The woozdes, that from your mouth last came,
Of sodeyn change make me agast
For dread to fall, I stand not fast.
Alas I treade an endles maze
What seeke to accorde two contraries,
And hope thus still, and nothing haze,

Im-

Imprisoned in liberties.
To one vnheard, and still that cries.
Alwayes thrilly, and nought doth calle,
For dreade to fall I stand not fast.
Assured I doubt I be not sure,
Should I then trust vnto such surete?
That oft hath put the proofe in vre,
And neuer yet haue found it trustie:
May sit in faith, it were great folly,
And yet my like thus do I waste,
For dread to fall, I stand not fast.

The louer complaineth that his loue doth not pittie him.

RESounde my voice ye woods, that heare me plaine,
Both hilles and vales causing reflexion,
And riuers eke record ye of my payne,
Which haue oft forced ye by compassion,
As iudges to to heare my exclamation.
Among whom, ruth (I find) yet do remaine,
Where I it seke, alas, there is disdayne.
Oft ye riuers, to heare my wofull sound,
Haue stopt your cours, and plainly to expresse,
Many a teare by mopsture of the ground,
The earth hath wept to heare my heauinesse,
Which causeles I endure without redresse,
The hugy okes haue roared in the wynde,
Eche thing me thought, complaining in theyr kinde.
Why then alas, doth not she on me rew,
Or is her heart so hard that no pitie
May in it sinke, my sop for to renew?
O stony heart, who hath thus framed thee,
So cruelle, hat art cloked with beauty,
That from thee may no grace to me procede,
But as reward, death for to be my mede.

The louer reioiseth against fortune that by hindering his suite had happely made him forsake his folly.

In

IN faith I wot not what to say,
Thy chaunces been so wonderous,
Thou for me with thy diuers play
That makst the ioyfull dolorous,
Yet though thy chaine hath me enwrapt
Spite of thy hap, hap hath well hapt.
Though thou hast set me for a wonder,
And seekest by change to doe me paine:
Mens myndes yet may thou not so order,
For honestie if it remaine,
Shall shine for al thy cloudy rayne.
In vayne thou seekest to haue me trapt,
Spite of thy hap, hap hath well hapt.
In hindring me, me didst thou further
And wade a gap, where was a style,
Cruell willes been oft put vnder.
Meaning to lower, then didst thou smile,
Lord, how thy self thou didst begyle,
That in thy cares would me haue wrapt,
But spyte of hap, hap hath well hapt.

A renouncing of hardlie escaped loue.

FArewel the heart of cruelty,
Though that with pain my liberty
Deare haue I bought, and wofully
I inight my fearefull tragedy,
Of force I must forsake such pleasure,
A good cause iust, sins I endure,
Therby my wo, which be ye sure,
Shall therwith go me to recure.
I fare as one escapt that feeth,
Glad he is gone, and yet still feareth
Spied to be caught and so dredeth
That he for nought his pain leseth.
In ioyfull pain, reioyce my hart,
Thus to smile in of eche apart.

Let not this song from thee astart,
Welcome among my pleasant smart,

The louer to his bed, with describing of his of vnquiet state.

THe restfull place, renewer of my smart,
The labours salue encreasing my sorow,
The bodies ease, and troubler of my heart
Quieter of mind, mine vnquiet so,
Forgetter of paine, remembrer of my wo,
The place of slepe, wherin I do but wake,
Besprent with teares, my bed, I thee forsake
The frosty snowes may not redresse my heate,
Nor heate of sunne abate my feruent cold,
I know nothing to ease my pain so great.
Eche cure causeth encrease by twenty fold,
Renewing cares vpon my sorowes old,
Such ouerthwart effectes in me they make
Besprent with teares, my bed for to forsake.
But all for nought, I find no better ease
In bed or out. This most causeth my paine,
Where I do seeke how best that I may please
My lost labour (alas) is all in vayne.
My heart once set, I cannot it refraine,
No place from me my griefe away can take,
Wherfore with teares, my bed I thee forsake.

Comparison of loue to a streame falling from the Alpes.

FRom these hye hilles as when a spring doth fall,
It trilleth downe with still and suttle course,
Of this and that, it gathers aye and shall,
Till it haue iust downe flowed to streame and force,
Then at the foote it rageth ouer all.
So fareth loue, when he hath tane a course,
Rage is his traine, Resistance vayleth none,
The first eschue is remedy alone,

wyates complaint vpon loue to reason with loues aunswere.

MJne olde dere enmy, my frowarde maister,
Afore that Quene, J cause to be accepted,
Which holdeth the deuine parte of our nature,
That like as golde, in fyre he mought be tryed,
Charged with dolour, there J me presented,
With horrible feare, as one that greatly dreadeth
J wrongfull death, and iustice alway seketh.
And thus J sayd: Once my left foote, Madame,
When J was pong, J set within his raigne:
wherby other then fyry burning flame
J neuer felt, but many a greuous paine.
Torment J suffred, anger and disdayne
That mine oppressed pacience was past,
And J mine own like hated at the last.
Thus hitherto haue J my time passed
In pain and smart. what wayes profitable,
How many pleasant dayes haue me escaped,
In serving this false lyer so deceyuable?
What wit haue wordes so prest and forceable,
That may contain my great mishappinesse?
And iust complaintes of his vngentlenesse?
So small hony, much aloes, and gall,
In bitternesse my blind life haue J tasted.
His false semblance, that turneth as a ball,
with faire and amorous daunce, made me be feared,
And where J had my thought, and mind aracted,
From earthly fraynesse, and from vaine pleasure,
Me from my rest he tooke, and set in errour.
God made he me regardlesse, than J ought,
And to my self to take right title hede:
And for a woman haue J set at nought
All other thoughtes, in this onely to spede.
And he was onely counseler of this deede,
whetting alwayes my youthly fraile desire
On cruell whetstone, tempered with fire.
But (oh alas) where had J neuer wit?

Or other gift geuen to me of nature?
That sooner shalbe changed my wered spryte
Then the obstinate will, that is my ruler,
So robbeth he my fredome with displeasure.
This wicked traytour, whom I thus accuse:
That bitter life hath turned in pleasant vse,
He hath me hasted, through diuers regions:
Through desert woodes, and sharpe hye mountaines
Through froward people, and through bitter passions,
Through rocky seas, and ouer hilles and plaines:
with werp trauell, and with laborous paines:
Alwayes in trouble and in tediousnesse
All in errour, and daungerous distresse.
But nother he, nor she, my tother fo,
For all my flight, did euer me forsake:
That though my timely death hath been to slowe
That me as yet, it hath not ouertake:
The heauenly Gods of pitie doe it slake,
And note they this his cruel tyrannye
That feedes him, with my care, and misery,
Sins I was his, howre rested I neuer,
Nor locke to doe, and eke the waky nightes
The banished slepe may in no wise recouer.
By guyle and force, ouer my thralled spyrites,
He is ruler, sins which bell neuer strikes,
That I heare not as sounding to renue,
My plaintes. Him self, he knoweth that I say true
For neuer woormes, olde rotten stocke haue eaten,
As he my heart, where he is resident
And doth the same with death dayly threaten,
Thence come the teares, and thence the bitter torment,
The sighes: the woordes, and eke the languishement
That noy doth me, and peraventure other,
Judge thou that knowest the one, and eke the other,
Mine aduersarie, with such grieuous reproofe,
Thus he began, Heare Lady, thother part:
That the plain trouth, from which he drayweth aloofe,
This vnkind man may shew, ere that I part,
In his yong age, I toke him from that art,
That selleth woordes, and make a clattering knight,
And of any wealth I gaue him the delight,
Now shames he not on me for to complain,

That held him euermore in pleasant gayne,
From his desyre that might haue been his paine,
Yet therby alone I brough him to some frame:
Which now as wretchednes, he doth so blame:
And toward honour quickned I his wit,
Wheras a dastard els he mought haue sit.
He knoweth how great Atride that made Troy freat,
And Hannibal to Rome so troublous:
Whom Homer honoured Achilles that great,
And Thaffricane Scipion the famous,
And many other, by much honour glorious,
Whose fame and actes, did lift them vp aboue,
I did let fall in base dishonest loue,
And vnto him, though he vnworthy wer,
I chose the best of many a Milion:
That vnder sunne yet neuer was her pere,
Of wisdome, womanhod, and of discrecion,
And of my grace I gaue her such a facion,
And eke such way I taught her for to teache,
That neuer base thought his hart so hye might reache,
Euermore thus to content hys maistresse,
That was his onely frame of honestie,
I virred him stil toward gentleneise,
And causde him to regard fidelitie,
Pacience I taught him in aduersitie
Such vertues learned he in my great scoole:
Whereof repenteth now the ignorant foole.
These wer the same deceites, and bitter gall,
That I haue vsed, the torment and the anger,
Sweter, then euer dyd to other fall,
Of right good seede, ill frute to thus I gather,
And so shall he that the vnkind doth further.
A Serpent nourysh I vnder my wing,
And now of nature, ginneth he to sting.
And for to tell, at last, my great seruice,
From thousand dishonesties haue I him drawen,
That by my meanes, him in no maner wyse,
Neuer vyle pleasure once hath ouerthrowen,
Where in his dede, shame hath him alwayes gnawen:
Douting report that should come to her eare,
Whom now he blames, her wonted he to feare.
What euer he hath of any honest custome,

Of

Other, and me. that holdes he euery whit,
But lo, yet neuer was there nightly fantome
So farre in errour, as he is from his wit,
To plaine on vs, he striueth with the bit,
Which may rule him and do him ease, and paine:
And in one howre, make all his griefe his gaine,
But one thing yet there is, aboue all other:
I gaue him winges, wherwith he might vp flye
To honour and fame: and if he would to hyghest
Then mortall thinges, aboue the starry skye:
Considering the pleasure, that an eye
Might geue in earth, by reason of the loue,
What should that be that lasteth still aboue?
And he the same himself hath said ere this,
But now, forgotten is both that and I,
That gaue him her, his onely wealth and blisse,
And at this woord, with deadly shreke and crye,
Thou gauest her once (quod I) but vp and by
Thou tookst her ayen from me, that wo worth thee
Nor I, but price: more worth than thou (quod he.)
At last, eche other for himselfe, concluded,
I trembling still, but he, with smal reuerence,
Lo, thus, as we eche other haue accused,
Dere Lady, now we wayte thine onely sentence,
She smiling, at the whilst audience,
It liketh me, quod she, to haue heard your question
But, lenger time doth aske a resolution.

The louers sorowfull state maketh him write sorowful songes, but Souche, his loue may change the same.

MAruell no more altho
The songes, I syng do mone
For other life then woe,
I neuer proued none.
And in my heart also
Is grauen with letters deepe,
A thousand sighes and mo
A flood of teares to weepe.

How many a man in smart
Finde matter to reioyce?
How many a mourning hart
Set foorth a pleasant voice?
Play who so can that part,
Nedes must in me appere,
How fortune ouerthwart
Doth cause my mourning chere.
Perdy there is no man,
If he saw neuer sight,
That perfitly tell can
The nature of the light.
Alas how should I than,
That neuer tast but sowre,
But do as I began,
Continually to lowre.
But yet perchance some chance
May chance to change my tune,
And when (Houch) chance doth chance,
Then shall I thanke fortune.
And if I haue (Houch) chance,
Perchance ere it belong,
For (Houch) a pleasant chance,
To sing some pleasant song.

The louer complaineth himselfforsaken.

WHere shall I haue at mine owne will,
Teares to complaine: where shall I set
Such sighes: that I may sigh my fill,
And then againe my plaintes repete.
For, though my plaint shal haue none end,
My teares cannot suffise my wo,
To mone harme, haue I no frend,
For fortunes frend, is mishappes fo,
Comfort (God wot) els haue I none,
But in the wynd to wall my woozdes,
Nought moueth you my dedly mone,
But still you turne it into boozdes.

I speake

I speake not, now, to moue your hart,
That you should rue vpon my pain,
The sentence giuen may not reuert.
I know such labour wer but vayn.
But sins that I for you (my dere)
Haue lost that thing, that was my best:
I right small losse it must appere,
To lese these woorldes, and all the rest.
But though they sparkle in the wind:
yet, shall they shew your falshed sayth
which is returned to his kind,
For lyke to like, the yourde sayth.
Fortune, and you did me auance,
Me thought I swem, and could not drowne
Happiest of all, but my mischaunce
Did lift me vp, to throw me downe,
And you with her, of cruelnesse,
Did set your foote vpon my necke:
Me, and my welfare to oppresse,
without offence your heart to wrecke.
where are your pleasant woordes (alas)
Where is your sayth: your stedfastnesse?
There is no more but all doth passe.
And I am left all comfortlesse,
But sins so much it doth you greue,
And also me my wretched lyfe:
Haue here my trouth. Nought shal reuerse,
But death alone, my wretched strife.
Therfore farewel, my life, my death,
My gayne my losse, my saluc, my sore,
Farewell also, with you my breath:
For, I am gone for euermore.

Of his loue that pricked her finger with a nedle.

She sat, and sowed that hath done me wrong,
Wherof I plaine, and haue done many a day:
And, whilst she heard my plaint, in pitteous song

She wisht my hart the sampler, that it lay,
The blind maister, whom I haue serued so long
Grudging to heare, that he did heare her say,
Made her own weapon do her finger bleede,
To feele, if pricking were so good in deede,

Of the same.

WHat man hath heard such cruelltie before?
That, when my plaint remedyed her my woe,
That caused it, she cruell more and more,
Wished eche stitch as she did sit and sow,
Had pricht my heart, for to encrease my sore,
And, as I thynke, she thought yt had been so,
For as she thought, this is his heart in deede,
She pricked hard, and made her self to bleede

Request to Cupid for reuenge of his vnkind loue.

BEhold, Loue thy power how she despyseth,
My grieuous payne: how little she regardeth
The solemne othe, wherof she takes no cure,
Broken she hath, and yet, she bydeth sure,
Right at her ease, and litle thee she dredeth,
weaponed thou art, and she vnarmed sitteth
To the disdainfull, all her lyfe she leadeth
To me spitefull, without iust cause or measure,
Behold Loue, how proudly she triumpheth,
I am in hold, but if thee pittie meueth,
Go, bend thy bow, that stony hearted breaketh,
And with some stroke, reuenge the great displeasure
Of thee, and him that sorow doth endure,
And as his Lord the lowly here entreateth.

Complaint for true loue vnrequited.

what

VVhat vaileth troth? or by it, to take pain
To striue by stedfastnes, for to attain
How to be iust: and flee from doublenesse?
Since all alike, where ruleth craftinesse.
Rewarded is both crafty, false, and plain,
Soonest he spedes, that most can lye and fayne
True meaning hart is had in hye disdaine.
Against deceit and cloked doublenesse,
What vaileth troth, or parfit stedfastnesse.
Deceiued is he, by false and craftie train
That meanes no gile, and faithful doth remain,
within the trape, without help or redresse,
But for to loue, lo, such a sterne maistresse.
where crueltie dwelles, alas it were in vain,

The louer, that fled loue, now folowes it with his harme

SOmtime I fled the fire, that me so brent,
By sea, by land, by water, and by winde,
And now the coales I folow, that be quent,
From Douer to Cales, with willing minde
Lo, how desire is both forth sprong, and spent,
And he may see, that whilom was so blinde,
And all this labour, laughes he now to scorne,
Meashed in the briers, that erst was onely torne.

The louer hopeth of better chaunce.

HE is not dead, that somtime had a fal,
The Sune returnes, & hid was vnder clowde,
And when fortune hath spit out all her gall,
I trust, good luck to me shall be allowed,
For I haue sene a ship in hauen fal,
After that storme hath broke both maste, and shroud,
The willow eke, that stoupeth with the winde,
Doth rise again, and greater wood doth binde,

The

The louer compareth his hart to the ouercharged gonne.

The furious gonne in his most ragyng yre.
When that the boule is rammed in too sore:
And that the flame cannot parte from the fire
Crackes in sunder, and in the aper do rore
The sheuered peces. So doth my desire,
whyle flame encreaseth ape from more to more
which to let out, I dare not loke, nor speke,
So inward sore my heart doth al to breke.

The louer suspected of change praieth that it be not beleued against him.

Accused though I be without desert:
Sith none can proue, beleue it not for true.
For neuer yet: since that you had my hart,
Intended I to false, or be vntrue.
Sooner I would of death sustain the smart,
Than breake one worde of that I promysd you,
Accept therfore my seruice in good part,
None is alyue, that can il tonges eschew.
Hold them as falsetand let not vs depart
Our frendship old in hope of any new.
Put not thy trust in suche as vse to fain
Except thou minde to put thy frend to pain.

The louer abused renounceth loue.

My loue to scorne, my seruice to retaine,
Therin my thought) you vsed cruelte,

Since with good will I lost my libertie,
Might neuer wo yet cause me to refrain,
But only this, which is extremitie,
To giue me nought (alas) nor to agree,
That as I was your man I might remains,
But since that thus ye list to order mee.
That would haue ben your seruāt true and fast
Displease you not, my doting time is past,
And with my losse to leaue I must agree
For as there is a certaine time to rage,
So is there time such madnes to asswage.

The louer professeth himselfe constant.

WIthin my brest I neuer thought it gaine
Of gentle mynds the fredome for to lose
Nor in my hart sank neuer such disdaine,
To be a forger, fautlesse for to disclose.
Nor I can not endure the truth to glose,
To set a glosse vpon an earnest paine.
Nor I am not in nombre one of those,
That list to blow retreate to euery traine.

The louer sendeth his complaintes and teares to sue for grace.

PAsse forth my wounted cryes,
Those cruel cares to pearce,
Which in most hatefull wise
Doe still my plaintes reuerse.
Doe you, my teares, also
Go wet her barrein hart:
That pitie there may grow,
And crueltie depart.
For though hard rockes among

The

She semes to haue ben bred,
And of the Tigre long
Bene nourished and fed.
Yet shall not nature change,
If pitie once win place,
whom as vnknowen & strange
She now away doth chase.
And as the water soft,
Without forcing or strength,
Where that it falleth oft
Heard stones doth perse at lēgth:
So in her stony hart
My plaintes at last shal graue,
And, rigour set apart
Winne graunt of that I craue.
Wherfore my plaintes, present
Still so to her my sute,
As ye, through her assent
May bring to me some frute.
And as she shall me proue,
So bid her me regarde,
And render loue for loue,
Which is a iust rewarde,

The louers case cannot be hidden how euer he dissemble.

YOur lokes so often cast,
Your eyes so frendly rolde,
Your sigh: fixed so fast,
Alwaies one to beholde.
Though hide it faine ye would,
It plainely doth declare,
Who hath your hart in hold,
And where good will ye bare.
Faine would ye finde a cloke
Your brenning fire to hide.
Yet both the flame and smoke
Breakes out on euery side,

ye can not loue so guide,
That it no issue winne,
Abrode nedes must it glide,
That brennes so hotte within.
For cause your self do winde,
Ye iudge all other blinde,
And secrete it you thinke,
which euery man doth kinde,
In waste ost spende ye winde
your self in loue to quit,
For agues of that kinde
wyll show, who hath the fit.
Your sighes you let from farre,
And all to wry your wo,
yet are ye neare the narre
Men are not blinded so,
Depely ost swere ye no
But all those othes are vaine,
So well your eye doth shew,
who puttes your hart to paine.
Thinke not therfore to hide,
That still it selfe betraies.
Nor seke meanes to prouide
To darke the sunny dayes,
Forget those wonted waies,
Leaue of such frowning chere,
There will be found no staies,
To stoppe a thing so clere.

The louer praieth not to be disdained, refused, mistrusted, nor forsaken.

DIsdaine me not without desert,
Nor leaue me not so sodenly,
Since well ye wot, that in my hert
I meane ye not but honestly.
Refuse me not without cause why.
For thynk me not to be vniust,

Since

Sithce that by lot of fantise,
This carefull knot neded knit I must
Mistrust me not though some there be:
That faine would spot my stedfastnesse
Beleue them not, sins that ye se,
The profe is not, as they expresse.
Forsake me not, till I deserue:
No: hate me not, til I offende.
Destroy me not, till that I swerue,
But sins ye know what I entend:
Disdaine me not that am your owne:
Refuse me not, that am so true:
Mistrust me not till al be knowne:
Forsake me not, now for no new.

The louer lamenteth his estate with sute for grace.

FOr want of will in wo I plaine:
Under colour of soberneſſe:
Renewing with my sute my paine,
My wanhope with your stedfastnesse.
I wake therfore of gentlenesse,
Regard at length, I you require,
My swellinge paines of my desire,
Betimes who geueth willingly,
Redoubled thankes aye doth deserue,
And I that sue vnfainedly,
Infruitlesse hope, alas do sterue.
How great my cause is for to swerue?
And yet how stedfast is my sute:
Lo, here ye see: where is the frute.
As hound that hath his keper lost,
Seke I your presence to obtaine:
In which my hart deliteth most,
And shall delight though I be slaine,
You may release my band of paine,
Lose then the care that makes me tree.
For want of helpe or els I die,

I dye

Hope, though not incontinent,
By processe yet consumingly
Is wast of fire, which doth relent.
If you as wilfull will deny.
Wherfore cease of such cruelty:
And take me wholy in your grace:
Which lacketh will to change his place:

The louer waileth his changed ioyes.

If euery man might him auant
Of fortunes frendly chere:
It was my self I must it grant,
For I haue bought it dere:
And derely haue I held also
The glory of her name:
In yelding her such tribute, lo,
As did set forth her fame.
Sometime I stode so in her grace:
That as I would require,
Eche ioy I thought did me embrace.
That furdered my desire,
And all the le pleasures, lo, had, I,
That fansie might support,
And nothing she did me deny,
That was vnto my comfort.
I had (what would you more perde?)
Eche grace that I did craue,
Thus fortunes will was vnto me
All thing that I would haue,
But all to rathe alas the while,
She built on such a ground:
In little space, to great a guile
In her now haue I found.
For she hath turned so her whele,
That I vnhappy man
May waile the time that I did fele
Wherwith she fed me than
For broken now are her behestes,
And pleasant lookes she gaue,

And therfore now al my requestes.
From perill can not saue.
Yet would I well it might appere
To her my chief regard:
Though my desertes haue ben to dere
To merite such reward.
Hins fortunes will is now so bent,
To plage me thus poze man:
I must my self therwith content:
And beare it as I can,

To his loue that hath giued him aunswere of refusall.

THe aunswere that ye made to me my dere,
When I did sue for my poze hartes redresse,
Hath so appalde my countinaunce and my chere,
That in this case, I am all comfortlesse,
Hins I of blame no cause can well expresse.
I haue no wrong, where I can claime no right
Nought tane me fro, where I haue nothing had,
Yet of my wo, I can not so be quite:
Namely hins that a nother may be glad
With that, that thus in sozow makes me sad.
Yet none can claime (I say) by former graunt,
That knoweth not of any graunt at all.
And by desert, I dare well make auant,
Of faithfull will, there is no where that shall
Beare you moze truth, moze ready at your call.
Now good then, call againe that bitter wozd:
That toucht your frend so nere w panges of paine,
And say my dere that it was said in bozd.
Late, oz to sone, let it not rule the gaine
Wherwith free will doth true desert retaine.

To his Ladie, cruel ouer her yelden louer.

Such

SUch is the course, that natures kinde hath wrought,
That snakes haue time to cast away their stinges.
Against thsinde prisoners what nede defence be sought:
The fierce Lion will hurt no yelden thinges:
Why should such spight be nursed then by thoughte
Sith al these powers are prest vnder thy winges
And eke thou seest, and reason the hath taught:
What mischief malice many wates it bringes:
Consider eke, that spight, auaileth nought.
Therfore this song thy fale to thee it singes:
Displease thee not, for saying thus (me thought)
Nor hate thou him frō whom no hate forth springes
For furies that in hell be execrable,
For that they hate, are made most miserable.

The louer complaineth that deadly sickneſſe can not help his affection.

THe enmy of life, decaper of all kinde,
That with his colde withers away the grene:
This other night me in my bed did finde:
And offred me to rid my feuer clene
And I did graunt, so did dispaire me blinde,
He drew his bow with arrowes sharp and kene
And strake the place, where loue had hit before:
And drawe the first dart deper more and more.

The louer reioiceth the enioying of his loue.

ONce as me thought, fortune me kist:
And bad me aske, what I thought best,
And I should haue it as me list,
Therwith to set my hart in rest:
I asked but my ladies hart,
To haue for euermore mine owne,
Then at an end were all my smart,
Then should I nede no more to mone.

yet for all that a stormy blast
Had ouerturnde this goodly nay:
And fortune semed at the last
That to her promise she sayd nay.
But like as one out of dispayre
To sodeine hope reuiued I.
Now fortune sheweth her helf so faire
That I content me wonderly.
My most desire my hand my reach:
My will is alway at my hande,
We nede not long for to beseech
Her, that hath power me to commaunde.
What earthly thing more can I craue?
What would I wishe more at my will?
Nothing on earth more would I haue,
Saue that I haue, to haue it still.
For fortune now haue kept her promesse
In graunting me my most desire
Of my soueraigne I haue redresse,
And I content me with my hire.

The louer complaineth the vnkindnes of his loue.

My lute awake performe the last
Labour that thou and I shall wast:
And end that I haue now begonne:
And when this song is song and past,
My lute be still for I haue done.
As to be heard where eare is none:
As lede to graue in marble stone,
My song may pearse her hart as sone.
Should we than sigh, or sing, or mone?
No, no, my lute for I haue done.
The rockes do not so cruelly
Repulse the waues continually
As she my sute and affection:
So that I am past remedy.
Wherby my lute and I haue done.
Proude of the spoile that thou hast gotte

Of simple hartes through loues shot:
By whom vnkinde thou hast them wonne,
Thinke not he hath his bow forgot,
Although my lute and I haue done.
Vengeance shall fall on thy disdain
That maiest but game on earnest paine,
Think not alone vnder the sunne
Vnquit to cause thy louers plaine
Although my lute and I haue done.
May chance thee lye withered and old
In winter nightes that are so colde
Plaining in vayne vnto the mone,
Thy wishes then dare not be tolde,
Care then who list for I haue done.
And then may chance thee to repent
The time that thou hast lost and spent
To cause thy louers sighe and swowne.
Then shalt thou know beautie but lent,
And wish and want as I haue done.
Now cease my lute this is the last
Labour that thou and I shall wast
And ended is that we begonne,
Now is this song both song and past,
My lute be still for I haue done.

How by a kisse he found both his life and deth

NAture that gaue the Bee so fraite a grace
To finde hony of so wondrous fashion,
Hath taught the spider out of the same place
To fetche poyson by strange alteration,
Though this be strange, it is a stranger case
With one kisse by secret operation,
Both these at once in those pour lips to finde,
In change wherof, I leaue my hert behinde.

The louer describeth his being taken with sight of his loue.

VNwarely so was neuer no man caught,
With stedfast loke vpon a goodly face,
As I of late: for sodenly me thought,
My hart was torne out of his place
Thorow mine eye the stroke from hers did slide,
And downe directly to my hart it ranne,
In help wherof the blood therto did glide,
And left my face both pale and wanne,
Then was I lyke a man for wo amased,
Or like the fowle that fleeth into the fire
For while that I vpon her beautie gased
The more I burnde in my desire.
A none the blood start in my face againe,
Inflamde with heat, that it had at my hart,
And brought therwith throughout in euery vaine,
A quaking heate with pleasant smart.
Then was I like the strawe, when that ỹ flame
As driuen therin, by force and rage of wynde,
I can not tell, alas, what I shall blame,
Nor what to seke, nor what to finde.
But well I wot, the griefe doth hold me fore
In heate and colde, betwixt both hope and dreade,
That, but her helpe to health do me restore,
This restles life I may not leade.

To his louer to loke vpon hym.

ALl in thy loke my lyfe doth whole depende,
Thou hydest thy selfe, and I must dye therfore,
But sins thou mayst so easely helpe thy frende
Why dost thou sticke to saue that thou madest fore
Why doe I dye since thou maist me defende,
And if I dye, thy lyfe may last no more,
For eche by other doth liue and haue relief,
I in thy loke, and thou most in my griefe.

The

The louer excuseth him of wordes wherwith he was vniustly charged.

Perdy I said it not:
Nor neuer thought to do.
As well as I ye wot:
I haue no power thereto,
And if I did, the lot.
That first did me enchaine:
May neuer slake the knot,
But straite it to my paine.
And if I did eche thing,
That may do harme or woo.
Continually may wring
My hart where so I go.
Repoyt may alwaies ring
Of shame on me for aye:
If in my hart did spring
The wordes that you do lay.
And if I did, eche starre
That is in heauen aboue,
May frowne on me to marre
The hope I haue in loue.
And if I did. Such warre
As they brought vnto Troy,
Bring all my life as farre
From all his lust and toy.
And if I did so say,
The beautie that me bounde,
Encrease from day to day
More cruell to my wounde,
With al the mone that may,
To plaint may turne my song
My life may sone decay.
Without redresse by wrong.
If I be clere from thought,
Why do you then complaine
Then is this thing but sought
To turne my hart to paine,

Then this that you haue wrought,
You must it now redresse,
Of right therfore you ought
Such rigour to represse.
And as I haue deserued,
So graunt me now my hier.
You know I nener swarued,
You neuer found me lier.
For Rachel haue I serued,
For Leo cared I neuer
And her I haue reserued
Within my hart for euer.

Of such as had forsaken him.

LUx, my faire fawlcon, and thy felowes all:
How well pleasant it were your libertie:
Ye not forsake me, that faire mought you fall,
But they that somtime liked my company:
Like lice away from dead bodies they crall.
Loe, what a proofe in light aduersitie,
But ye my birdes, I swere by all your belles,
Ye be my frendes, and very few elles.

A description of such a one as he would loue.

A Face that should content me wonderous well
Should not be faire, but louely to behold:
Of liuely loke, all grief for to repell,
With right good grace, so would I that it should
Speake without word, such wordes as none cā tel
Her tresse also should be of cripsed golde,
With wit, and these perchance I might be tride,
And knit againe with knot, that should not slide.

How vnpossible it is to finde quiet in loue.

Euer

Euer my hap is slack and slow in comming
Desire encresing aye my hope vncertaine:
With doubtfull loue that but encreaseth paine
For Tigre like so swift it is in parting.
Alas the snow black shall it bee and scalding,
The sea waterlesse and fishe vppon the mountaine:
The temmes shall back retourne into his fountaine:
And where he rose the sunne shall take his lodging.
Ere I in this finde peace or quietnesse,
Or that loue or my ladie right wisely
Leaue to conspire against me wrongfully
And if I haue after such bitternesse:
One drop of swete, my mouth is out of taste,
That all my trust and trauell is but waste.

Of loue fortune, and the louers minde.

Loue fortune and my minde which do remembre
Eke that is now, and that once hath bene
Torment my hart so sore that very often
I hate and enuy them beyonde all measure.
Loue sleeth my harte while Fortune his depriuer,
Of all my comfort, the folish minde than,
Burneth and plainth, as one that very seldam
Liueth in rest. So still in displeasure
My pleasant daies they flete and passe.
And dayly doth mine yll change to the worse.
While more then halfe is runne now of my course.
Alas not of steele, but of brittle glasse,
I se that from my hand falleth my trust,
And all my thoughtes are dashed into dust.

The louer praieth his offred hart to be receiued.

How oft haue I, my dere and cruell so,
With my great pain to get some peace or truce,
Geuen you harte but you do not vse,
In so hie thinges, to cast your minde so low.

If any other loke for it, as you trow,
Their vame weake hope doth greatly them abuse
And that thus I disdayne, that you refuse,
It was once mine it can no more be so,
If you it chase, that it in you can finde,
In this exile, no maner of comforte:
Nor liue alone, nor where he is cald, resort
He may wander from his natural kinde.
So shall it be great hurt vnto vs twaine,
And yours the losse: and mine the deadly paine.

The louers life compared to the Alpes.

LIke vnto these vnmeasurable mountaines,
So is my painfull life the burden of yre,
For hie be they, and hie is my desire,
And I of teares, and they be ful of fountaines,
Under craggy rockes they haue barren plaines
Hard thoughtes in me my wofull minde doth tire,
Small fruit and many leaues their toppes do attire
With small effect great trust in me remaines.
The boystrous windes oft their hie boughes do blast
Hotte sighes in me continually be shed
Wilde beastes in them, fierce loue in me is fed,
Vnmoueable am I, and they stedfast,
Of singing birdes they haue the tune and note
And I alwayes plaintes passing through my throte

Charging of his loue as vnpiteous and louing other.

IF amorous faith, or if an hart vnfained
A swete languour, a great louely desire
If honest will, kindled in gentle fire,
If long errour in a blinde mase chained,
If in my visage eche thought distained
Or my sparkeling voice, lower, or hier,

which

Which feare and shame, so wofully doth tyre,
If pale colour, which loue, alas hath stained,
If to haue another then my self more dere,
If wailing or sighing continually
With sorowfull anger feding busily
If burnid farre of, and if frising nere,
Are cause that I by loue my selfe destroy,
Yours is the fault, and mine the great annoy.

A renouncing of loue.

FArewel loue, and all thy lawes for euer,
Thy baited hookes shall tangle me no more,
Senec, and Plato call me from thy lore
To parfit welth my wit for to endeuer.
In blinde errour when I did perseuer
Thy sharp repulse, that pricketh ay so sore
Taught me in trifles that I set no store,
But scape forth thence, since libertie is leuer.
Therfore, farewel, go trouble yonger hartes,
And in time claime no more auctoritie,
With ydle youth go vse thy propertie
And theron spend thy many brittle dartes.
For, hitherto though I haue lost my time,
He list no lenger rotten bowes to clime.

Tthe louer forsaketh his vnkinde loue.

MY Hart I gaue thee, not to do it pain,
But to preserue, lo it to thee was taken
I serued thee not that I should be forsaken
But, that I should receiue reward again,
I was content thy seruant to remain,
And not to be repayed on this fashion
Now, since in thee there is none other reason
Displease the not, if that I do refrain.
Unsaciat of my wo: and thy desire,
Assured by craft for to excuse thy fault.
But, sins it pleaseth thee to fain default.

Farewell, I say departing from the fire
For he, that doth beleue bearing in hand,
Ploweth in the water, and soweth in the sand.

The louer describeth his restlesse state.

The flaming sighes that boyle within my brest
Somtime breake forth and they can well declare
The hartes vnrest and how that he doth feare
The pain therof the griefe and all the rest.
The shatered eyen from whence the teares do fall,
Do tell some force or else they would be dry,
The wasted flesshe of colour ded can try,
And somtime tell what sweetnes in the gal,
And he that lust to see and to discerne,
How rare can force within a werried minde,
Come he to me I am that place assynde,
But for all this no force it doth no harme,
The wound alas happe in some other place,
From whense no toole away the shaft can race.
But you which of suche like haue had your part,
Can best be iudge. Wherfore my frend so dere
I thought it good my state should now appere.
No you and that there is no great desart.
And whereas you in weighty matters great,
Of fortune saw the shadow that you know,
For trifling thinges I now am striken so,
That thoughe I fele my hart doth wound and beat,
I sit alone saue on the second day,
Wyth fewer comes with whom I spend my time,
In burning heat while that she list assigne.
And who hath helth and libertie alway,
Let him thank God and let him not prouoke,
To haue the like of this my painfull stroke.

The louer lamentes the death of his loue.

The pitter perisht is wherto I lent,
The strongest stay of mine vnquiet minde

The

The like of it no man again can finde
From East to west still seking though he went,
To mine vnhappe for happe away hath rent.
Of all my ioy the very bark and rinde:
And I (alas) by chance am thus assinde,
Dayly to mourne till death do it relent,
But sins that thus it is by destenie,
what can I more but haue a wofull hart,
Wy penne in plaint, my voice in carefull crye
Wy minde in woe, my body full of smart.
And I my self, my self alwaies to hate,
Till dreadfull death do ease my dolefull state.

The louer sendeth sighes to mone his sute.

GO burning sighes vnto the frosen hart,
Go breake the yse which pities painfull dart:
Might neuer perce and if that mortall plaier,
In heauen be heard: at lest yet I desire.
That death or mercy end my wofull smart,
Take with the pain, wherof I haue my part,
And eke the flame from which I cannot start.
And leaue me than in rest, I you require,
Go burning sighes fulfill that I desire.
I must go worke I see my craft and art,
For truth and faith in her is laid apart:
Alas, I can not therfore now assaile her,
With pitefull complaint and scalding fier,
That, from my brest discernably doth start.

Complaint of the absence of his loue.

SO feble is the thredc, that doth the burden stay,
Of my poore life: in heauy plight, that saileth in decay:
That, but it haue, elsewhere some ayde or some succours:
The running ipindle of my fate anone shall end his course.
For sins thunhappy hower, that did me to depart,
From my sweete weale: one onely hope hath staied my life apart:
Which doth perswade such worldes vnto my sored minde,

Wain-

Maintain thy self, O wofull wight, some better lucke to finde.
For though thou be deprived from thy desired sight,
Who can the tell, if thy returne be for thy more delight?
Or, who can tell, thy losse if thou maist once recouer?
So me pleasant hower thy wo may wrap, & thee defend, and couer
Thus in this trust as yet it hath my life sustained,
But now (alas) I see it faint, and I, by trust, am trained.
The time doth flete, and I see how the howers, do bende
So fast, that I haue scant the space to marke my comming ende,
Westward the sunne from out the East scant shewes his light.
When in the West he hies him strait, within the dark of night.
And comes as fast, where he began, his path awry,
From East to West, from West to East so doth his iourney lye.
The life so short, so fraile that mortall men liue here?
So great a weight so heauy charge the bodies, that we bere.
That when I think vpon the distance and the space,
That doth so farre deuide me from my dere desired face.
I know not, how tattain the winges that I require,
To lift me vp, that I might flye, to folow my desire.
Thus of that hope, that doth my life some thing sustaine,
Alas, I feare, and partly fele, full little doth remaine.
Eche place doth bring me grief where I do not behold
Those liuely eyes, which of my thoughts wer wont ẏ keis to hold
Those thougtes wer pleasant swete, whilst I enioyed that grace,
My pleasure past, my present pain, when I might well embrace.
And, forbecause my want should more my wo encrease:
In watch and slepe, both day and night, my will doth neuer cease.
That thing to wish, wherof sins I did lese the sight,
Was neuer thing that mought in ought my wofull hart delight,
Thuneasy life I lead, doth teach me for to mete
The floods, the seas, the land, the hilles, that doth them enterrete.
Twene me, and those shene lightes, that wonted for to clere
My darked pāges of cloudy thoughtes, as bright as Phebꝰ sphere
It teacheth me also what was my plesant state,
The more to sele, by such record, how that my welth doth bate.
If such record (alas) prouoke thenflamed minde,
Which sprong that day, that I dit leaue the best of me behinde.
If loue forget himself, by length of absence let
Who doth me guide (O woful wretch) vnto this bayted net?
Where doth encrease my care, much better were for me,
As dumme as stone, all thing forgot, still absent for to be,
Alas, the clere christall, the bright transplendant glasse

Doth not bewray the colours hid, which vnderneth it haue.
Ys doth thaccumbred spyte the thoughtfull throwes discouer.
Of teares delyte, of feruent loue, that in our hartes we couer
Out by these eyes, it sheweth that euermore delight,
In plaint and teates to seeke redresse, and eke both day & nighe.
those kyndes of pleasures most wherin men so reioyce,
to me they do redouble still of stormy sighes the voyce.
For, I am one of them. whom playnt doth well content.
It sits me well my absent wealth me semes for to lament.
And with my teares, tassay to charge myne eyes twayne,
Like as my hart aboue the brinke is fraughted ful of payne.
And for because therto, that these faire eyes doe treate,
Do me prouoke, I will returne, my plaint thus to repeate.
For there is nothyng els, so toucheth me within,
where they rule all, and I alone nought but the cale or skyn.
wherfore I shall returne to them, as well, or syting,
From whom descendes my mortall wo, aboue all other thyng.
So shall myne eyes in payne accompany my hart,
that were the guydes, that dyd it leade of loue to feele the smart.
The crisped gold, that doth surmount Apollos pride,
the lyuely streames of pleasant starres that vnder it doth glyde,
wherein the beames of loue do still encrease their heate,
which yet so farre touche me to nere, in colde to make me sweate.
The wyse and pleasaunt talke. so rare, or els alone
that gaue to me the curteys gift, that erst had neuer none,
We farre from me, alas, and euery other thyng.
I might forbeare with better will, then this that dyd me bring
with pleasant woord and chere, redresse of ingred payne,
And wonted oft in kindled will to vertue me to trayne.
Thus am I forst to heare, and harken after newes,
My comfort scant, my large desire in doubtfull trust renewes.
And yet with more delyte to mone my woefull ease,
I must complayn those hands, these armes y firmely do embrace
Me from my selfe, and rule the sterne of my poore lyfe.
the swete disdaynes, the pleasant wrathes, & eke the lowely strife,
that wonted well to tune in temper iust and mete.
the rage, that oft dyd make me erre, by furour vndiscrete.
All this is hid fro me, with sharpe and ragued hilles,
At others will my longe abode, my dere dispayre fulfilles.
And of my hope sometyme tyse vp, by some redresse.
Je stumbleth straite, for feable faint my feare hath such expresse.
Such is the sort of hoape, the lesse for more desyre.

And

And yet I trust ere that I dye, to see that I require.
The resting place of loue, where vertue dwelles and growes,
There I desyre my wery lyse, sometyme may take repose.
My song, thou shalt attaine, to fynde the pleasaunt place
wher she doth liue, by whō I liue, may chaūce to haue this grace
when she hath read, and sene the griefe, wherein I serue,
Betwene her brestes she shall the put, there shall she the reserue.
Then tell her, that I come, she shall me shortly see,
And ifforwaight the body fayle, the soule shall to her flee.

The louer blameth his loue for renting of the letter he sent her.

SUffised not (madame) that you dyd teare
My wofull hart, but this also to rent,
The weping paper that to you I sent,
whereof eche letter was written with a teare,
Could not my present paynes (alas) sustise
your gredy heart: and that my start doth feele,
Torments that pricke more sharper then the stele?
But new and new must to my lot aryse,
Use then my death, so shall your crueltie,
Spite of your spite rid me from all my smart,
And I no more such tormentes of the hart
Fele as I doo this shall you gayne thereby.

The louer curseth the tyme when fyrst he fell in loue.

VVhen fyrst myne eyes did viewe and marke,
Thy fayre beauty to beholde,
And when my eares lystned to harke
the pleasaunt wordes that thou me tolde,
I would as then I had bene free.
From eares to heare and eyes to see.
And when my lippes gan fyrst to mone,
whereby my hart to thee was knowne,
And when my tonge dyd talke of loue,

To thee that hast true loue down throwne:
I would my lips and tong also:
Had then ben dum, no deale to go.
And when my handes haue handled ought,
That thee hath kept in memorie,
And when my fete haue gone and sought.
To finde and get the companie,
I would, ech hand a foote had bene,
And I eche foote a hand had sene,
And when in minde I did consent,
To solow this my fankles will,
And when my hart did first relent.
To taste such baite, my life to spill,
I would my hart had bene as thine,
Or els thy hart had bene as mine.

The louer determineth to serue faithfully.

SInce loue will nedes that I shall loue,
Of very force I must agree,
And since no chance may it remoue,
In wealth and in aduersitie,
I shall alway my selfe apply
To serue and suffre patiently.
Though for good will I finde but hate,
And cruelty my life to wast,
And though that still a wretched state
Should pine my dayes vnto the last,
Yet I profesle it willingly,
To serue and suffre patiently.
For since my hart is bound to serue,
And I not ruler of mine owne,
What so befall, tyll that I sterue,
By proofe full well it shall be knowne,
That I shall still my self applie
To serue and suffer patientlye.
Yea though my griefe finde no redresse,
But still encrease before mine eyes,
Though my reward be cruelnesse,
With all the harme, hap can deuise,

Yet

Yet I professe it willingly
To serue and suffer paciently
Yea though fortune her pleasant face
Should shew, to set me vp a loft,
And straight my welth for to deface,
Should writhe away, as she doth oft,
Yet would I still my self apply
To serue and suffer paciently,
There is no grief, no smart, no wo,
That yet I fele, or after shall,
That from this minde may make me go,
And what so euer me befall,
I do professe it willingly
To serue and suffre paciently.

The louer suspected blameth ill tonges.

MIstrustfull mindes be moued
To haue me in suspect,
The trouth it shalbe proued,
Which time shall once detect.
Though falshed go about
Of crime me to accuse,
At length I do not dout
But truth shall me excuse,
Such sawce, as they haue serued
To me without desert,
Euen as they haue deserued,
Therof god send them part.

The louer complaineth and his ladie comforteth.

Louer IT burneth yet, alas my hartes desire,
Ladye What is the thing, that hath inflamde thy hert?
Louer A certain point as feruent as the fire:
Ladie The heate shall cease, if that thou wilt conuert:
Louer I can not stop the feruent raging yre,

La. What may I do, if thy self cause thy smart?
Lo. Heare my request, and rew my weping chere.
La. With right good will, say on. lo, I thee here.
Lo. That thing would I, that maketh two content.
La. Thou seekest, perchance, of me, that I may not.
Lo. Would God, thou wouldst, as thou mayst, well assent.
La. That I may not the grieke to mine God wot.
Lo. But I it feele, whatso thy wordes haue ment.
La. Suspect me not: my wordes be not forgot.
Lo. Then say, alas, shall I haue helpe or no.
La. I see no time to answere, yea, but no.
Lo. Say yea, dere heart: and stand no more in dout,
La. I may not grant a thing that is so dere.
Lo. Lo, with delayes thou driues me still about,
La. Thou wouldst my death: it plainly doth appere.
Lo. First, may my heart his blood, and life blede out.
La. Then for my sake, alas, thy will forbeare.
Lo. From day to day, thus wastes my life away
La. Yet, for the best, suffre some small delay.
Lo. How good, say yea: do once so good a dede.
La. If I said yea: what should therof ensue?
Lo. In heart in payn of succour so should spede
Twixt yea, and nay, my dout shall still renew.
Why swete, say yea: and do away this drede
La. Thou wilt nedes so: be it so: but then be trew.
Lo. Nought would I els, nor other treasure none.
Thus, harted be wonne, by loue, requist, and mone.

why loue is blind.

OF purpose, loue chose first for to be blinde
For, he with sight of that, that I beholde,
Long sithe had ben, against all godly kynde.
His bow your hand, and trusse should haue vnfolde,
And he with me to serue had ben assinde.
But, for he blind, and recheteles would him holde:
And still, by chance, his dredly strokes bestow:
With such, as see, I serue, and suffer wo.

To his vnkind loue.

VVHat rage to this? what furor? of what kynde?
What power? what plage doth wery thus my mynde,
Within my bones to rankle is assynde,
What poyson pleasant swete?
Lo, see, myne eyes flow with continual teares
The body still away slepelesse it weares,
My foode nothing my fainting strength repayres,
Nor doth my limmes sustaine.
In depe wyde wounde, the dedly stroke doth turne
To curelesse skarre that neuer shall returne
Go to, triumph, reioyce thy goodly turne,
Thy trend thou doest oppresse.
Oppresse thou doest, and hast of him no cure,
Nor yet my plaint no pitty can procure,
Fierce Tygre, fell, hard rocke without recure,
Cruell rebell to loue.
Once may thou loue, neuer beloued againe,
So loue thou still, and not thy loue obtaine,
So wrathfull loue, with spites of iust disdaine,
May thret thy cruell heart.

The louer blameth his instant desyre.

DEstre (alas) my maister and my fo
So sore altered thy self, how mayst thou see?
Somtime thou sekest, and dryues me to and fro,
Somtime thou leadst, that leadeth thee and mee,
What reason is to rule thy subiectes so?
By forced law, and mutabilitie.
For where by thee I doubted to haue blame,
Euen now by hate again I dout the same.

The louer complaineth his estate.

I See, that chance hath chosen mee
Thus secretly to liue in paine,
And to another geuen thee free.

Of all my losse to haue the gayne.
By chaunce assinde thus doe I serue..
And other haue that I deserue.

Unto my selfe somtime alone
I doe lament my wofull case
But what auaileth me to mone?
Since troth and pitie hath no place
In them, to whom I sue and serue.
And other haue that I deserue.

To seke by meane to change this mynde
I finde, I proue, it will not be,
For in my hart I cannot find
Once to refraine, but still agree,
In bound by force, alway to serue
And other haue that I deserue.

Such is the fortune that I haue
To loue them most, that loue me lest,
And to my payne to seeke, and craue
The thing, that other haue possest.
So thus in vayne alway I serue,
And other haue that I deserue.

And till I may appeale the heate,
If that my happe will happe so well,
To wayle my wo my heart shall breate,
Whose penfik payn my tong can tell,
yet thus vnhappy must I serue,
And other haue, that I deserue.

Of his loue called Anna.

What woord is that, that changeth not,
Though it be turnde and made in twaine
It is mine Anna, God it wot,
The onely cauſer of my payne,
My loue that wedeth with disdayne.
yet is it loued what will you more,
It is my saluc, and eke my sore.

That pleasure is mixed with euery paine.

VEnemous thornes that are so sharpe and kene,
Beare flowers we see, ful fresh and fayre of hue
Poyson is also put in medecine.
And vnto man his health doth oft renue
The fyer that all thinges else consumeth clene
May hurt and healeathen if that this be true,
I trust somtime my harme may be my health,
Sins euery woe is toyned with some wealth.

Ariddle of a gyft geuen by a Ladie.

A Lady gaue me a gyft she had not,
And I receiued her gift which I tooke not,
She gaue it me willingly, and yet she would not
And I receiued it, albeit, I could not,
If she geue it me, I force not,
And if she take it againe she cares not.
Conster what this is, and tell not,
For I am fast sworne I may not.

That speaking or profering bringes all way speding.

SPeake thou and spede where will or power ought helpeth
Where power doth want, wyll must be woone by welth.
For nede will spede, where will woothes not hys hynd,
And gapne, thy foes thy frendes shall cause thee fynd,
For sute and golde, what doe not they obtaine,
Of good and bad, the tryers are these twaine.

He ruleth not though he reigne ouer realmes, that is subiect to his own lustes.

If thou wilt mighty be, flee from the rage
Of cruell will, and see thou kepe thee free.
From the foule yoke of sensuall bondage,
For though thine empire stretche to Indian sea,
And for thy feare trembleth the fardest Thylee,
If thy desire haue ouer thee the power,
Subiect then art thou and no gouernour.
If to be noble and high thy minde be moued,
Consider well thy ground and thy beginning,
For he that hath eche starre in heauen fixed,
And gyues the Moone her hornes and her eclipsing
Alike hath made the noble in his working,
So that wretched no way may thou be,
Except foule lust and vyce do conquer thee.
All were it so thou had a flood of golde,
Unto thy thirst yet should it not suffice,
And though with Indian stones a thousand folde,
More precious then can thy selfe deuise,
Discharged were thy thy backe, thy coustise,
And busy byting yet should neuer let,
Thy wretched life, ne do thy death vproket,

whether libertie by losse of life, or life in prison and thraldome be to be preferred.

Like as the birde within the cage enclosed,
The more vnspared, her for the hawke without,
Twixt death and prison piteously oppressed,
Whether for to chose standeth in dout,
Lo, so do I, which seke to bring about,
Which should be best by determinacion,
By losse of life libertie, or life by prison.
O mischief by mischief to be redressed,
Where payne is best, there lieth but litle pleasure,

By short death better to be deliuered,
Then bide in painfull life, thraldome and doler.
Small is the pleasure, where much paine we suffer,
Rather therfore to chuse me thinketh wisdome,
By losse of life libertie, then life by prison,
And yet me thinkes although I liue and suffer.
I doe but waste a time and fortunes chance,
Oft many thinges do happen in one hower,
That which opprest me now may me aduance.
In time is trust which by deathes greuance
Is wholy lost. Then wer it not reason,
By death to chuse libertie, and not life by prison,
But death wer deliuerance where life lengthens paine,
Of these two illes let see now chuse the best,
This bird to deliuer that here dothe plaine,
What say ye louers? which shalbe the best?
In cage thraldome, or by the hauke opprest.
And which to chuse make plaine conclusion.
By losse of life libertie, or life by prison.

Against hourders of money.

FOr shamefast harme of great, and hatefull nede,
In depe dispaire, as did a wretch go,
with ready corde, out of his life to spede,
His stumbling foote did finde an hoorde, lo,
Of gold, I say, where he preparde this dede,
And in eschange, he left the corde, tho.
He, that had hyd the golde, and found it not,
Of that he found, he shapt his neck a knot.

Discription of a gonne.

VUlcane begat me, Minerua me taught.
Nature my mother. Craft nourisht me yere by yere,
Three bodies are my foode, my strength is in naught,
Anger, wrath, waste, and noyse, are my children dere,
Gesse frende, what I am, and how I am wrought,
Mariner of sea, or of lande, or of els where.
Know me, and vse me, and I may thee defende
And if I be thine enmy, I may thy life ende,

wyate being in prison, to Brian.

Syghes are my foode, my drinke are my teares,
Clinking of fetters would such musike craue,
A tinke, and close ayre, away my lyfe it weares.
Poore innocence is all the hope I haue,
Rayne, wynde, or weather, iudge I by mine eares.
Malice assautes that righteousnesse should haue.
Dure am I, Bryan, this wound shal heale againe,
But yet alas, the skarre shall stil remayne.

Of dissembling woordes.

Throughout the world if it wer sought
Fayre wordes ynough a man shall fynde,
They be good chepe they cost right nought
Their substance is but onely wynde,
But well to say and so to mene,
That swete accorde is seldome sene,

Of the meane and sure estate.

Stande who so list vpon the slipper wheele,
Of hye estate, and let me here reioyce,
And vse my life in quietnesse eche dele,
Unknowen in court that hath the wanton iayes,
In hydden place my time shall slowly passe
And when my yeres be past withouten noyse
Let me dye olde after the common trace,
For grypes of death doth he too hardly passe
That knowen is to all, but to himselfe, alas
He dyeth vnknowen, dased with dreadfull face.

The courtiers life.

In court to serue decked with freshe araye,
Of sugred meates feling the swete, repast,
The lyfe in bankets, and sundry kyndes of playe,

Amid the preſſe, of worldly lookes to waſt,
Hath with it ioynde ofte times ſuch bitter taſte.
That who ſo ioyes ſuch kynd of life to holde,
In priſon ioyes fenered with chaynes of golde.

Of diſapointed purpoſe by negligence.

Of Charthage he that worthy warriour
Could ouercome, but could not vſe his chance
And I likewiſe of all my long endeuour
The ſharpe conqueſt though fortune did auance,
Ne could I vſe. The hold that that is geuen'ouer,
Is vnpoſſeſt, ſo hangeth now in balance
Of warre, my peace, rewarde of all my payne,
At Mountz on thus I reſticle: reſt in Spayne.

Of his returne from Spayne

TAgus farewell that Weſtward with thy ſtremes,
Turnes vp the graynes of golde already tryde,
For I with ſpurre and ſayle go ſeke the temmes,
Gayneward the ſunne that ſheweth her welthy pride
And to the towne that Wntes ſought by dreames,
Lyke bended moone that leanes her luſty lyde,
My king, my countrey, I ſeke for whom I liue
O mighty Ioue the wyndes for this me giue,

Of ſodayne truſting.

DRiuen by deſyre I did this dede
To danger my ſelf withoute cauſe why,
To truſt thuntrue not lyke to ſpede,
To ſpeake and promiſe kyndfully,
But now the proſe doth verify,
That who ſo truſteth ere he knowe,
Doth hurt himſelf and pleaſe his foe.

Of

Of the mother that eat her chylde at the siege of Ierusalem.

IN doubtfull brest whyles motherly pitty.
With furious famine standeth at debate,
The mother sayth, O childe vnhappy,
Returne thy bloodwhere thou hadst mylke of late
Yeld me those lymmes that I made vnto thee,
And enter there where thou wer generate,
For of one body against all nature,
To an other must I make sepulture.

Of the meane and sure estate written to Iohn Poynes.

NY mothers maydes when they doe sow and spinne,
They sing a song made of the fieldish mouse:
That forbicause her liuelod was but thynne
Would nedes go see her townish sisters house,
She tought, her self endured to grieuous payne
The stormy blastes her cause so sore did souse:
That when the furrous swimmed with the rayne,
She must lye colde, and wett in sory plight,
And woorse then that, bare meate there did remaine
To comfort her, when she her house had dight,
Somtime a barley corne, somtyme a beane,
For which she laboured hard both day and night,
In haruest tyme, whyle she might go and gleane.
And when her store was stroyed with the floode,
Then welaway for she vndone was clene.
Then was she fayne to take in stede of foode,
Slepe if she might, her honger to begyle.
My sister (quod she) hath a liuing good:
And hence from me she dwelleth not a myle.
In colde and storme, she lyeth warme and drye,
In bed of downe the durt doth not defyle
Her tender foote, she labours not as I.

Richely

Nichely she fedes, and at the ryche mannes cost,
And for her meate she needes not craue nor cry,
By sea, by land of delicates the most,
Her tater sekes, and spareth for no perell,
She fedes on boyld meat, bake meate and rost
And hath therfore no whit of charge nor trauell
And when she list the licour of the grape
Doth glad her heart, till that her bel'y swel
And at this iourney makes she but a iape,
So forth she goes, trusting of all this wealth
With her sister her part so for to shape:
That if she might there kepe her selfe in health
To liue a Lady whyle her lyfe doth last.
And to the doze now is she come by stealth:
And with her foote anone she scrapes ful fast,
Thother for feare, durst not well scarce appeare:
Of euery noyce so was the wretch agast.
At last she asked softly who was there,
And in her language as well as she could.
Pepe (quod the other) sister I am here.
Peace (quod ẏ towne mouse) why speakest thou so
And by the hād she toke her fayre & well (loude
welcome (quod she) my sister by the roode,
She feasted her, that ioy it was to tell
The fare they had, they dranke the wyne so clere
And as to purpose now and then it fell,
So chered her, with how sister what chere?
Amid this ioy befell a sory chance,
That (welaway) the stranger bought full dere
The fare she had. For as she lookte a skance:
Under a stoole, she spyed two steming eyes,
In a rounde head, with sharpe eares In France
was neuer mouse so ferde, for the vnwyse
Had not ysene such a beast before.
Yet had nature taught her after guyse
To know her fo, and dread him euermore.
The towne mouse fled, she knew whither to go,.
The other had no shift, but wonders sore
Ferde of her lyfe, at home she wisht her tho,
And to the doze (alas) as she did skyppe
The heauen it wou'd, lo, & eke her chaunce was so
At the thresholde her selfe foote did trippe,

And

And ere she might recouer it againe,
The traytour cat had caught her by the hyppes
And made her there against her will remayne,
That had forgot her power liuerie, and rest.
For seking welth, wherin she thought to raigne,
Alas (my Lorde) how men do seke the best,
And find the worse, by errour as they strape,
And no maruell, when sight is so oppresst.
And blindes the gupde, anone out of the way
Goeth gupde and all in seking quyet life.
O wretched mindes, there is no golde that may
Graunt that you seke, no warre, no peace, no strife.
No, no, although thy head wer hoopte with golde,
Bergeate with mace, with halbart, swoorde nor knife.
Can not repulse the care that followe should
Eche kynde of life, hath with him his disease,
Liue in delites, euen as thy lust would,
And thou shalt find, when lust doth most the please
It pyketh straight, and by it selfe doth fade.
A small thing is it: that may thy minde appease
None of you all there is, that is so madde,
To seke for grapes on brambles or on bryers?
Nor none I trow, that hath a witte so badde,
To set his haye for conies ouer riuers,
Nor pet not a dragge net for an hare.
And yet the thing, that most is your desire,
You do mislike, with more trauell and care.
Make plaine thine heart, that it be not knotted
With hope or dreade, and see thy will be bare
From al affectes, whom vice hath neuer spotted,
Thy selfe content with that is the assynde,
And vse it well that is to the alotted,
Then seke no more out of thy self to finde
The thing that thou hast sought so long before,
For thou shalt feele it sticking in thy minde.
Madde, if ye list to continue your seze,
Let present passe, and gape on time to come,
And depe thy self in trauell more and more.
Henceforth (my Loines) this shall be all and some,
These wretched fooles shall haue nought els of me,
But, to the great God, and to his dome,
Some other payne pray I for them to be,

But

But when the rage doth leade them from the right,
That loking backeward, Vertue they may see,
Euen as she is, so goodly faire and bright.
And whylst they claspe their lustes in armes a crosse:
Graunt them good lord, as thou mayst of thy might,
To freat inward, for losing such a losse.

Of the Courtiers life, written to Iohn Poynes.

Myne own John Poines, sins ye delite to know
The causes why that homeward I me draw,
And flee the prease of courtes, where so they go,
Rather then to liue thrall vnder the awe,
Of lordly lookes, wrapped within my cloke,
To will and lust learning to set a law,
It is not that because I skorne or mocke
The power of them whom fortune here hath lent
Charge ouer vs, of right to strike the stroke,
But true it is that I haue alwayes ment
Lesse to esteme them, then the common sort,
Of outward thinges, that iudge in their entent
Without regard, what inward doth resort,
I graunt, somtime of glory that the fire
Doth touch my heart. Me list not to report
Blame by honour, and honour to desire.
But how may I this honour now attayn?
That cannot dye the colour blacke a lyer.
My Poynes, I cannot fraine my tune to fayne,
To cloke the trueth, for praise without desert,
Of them that list all vice for to retaine.
I cannot honour them, that set their part
With Venus, and Bacchus, al their life long,
Nor held my peace of them, although I smart,
I cannot crouch nor knele to such a wrong:
To worship them like God on earth alone:
That are as wolues these sely lambes among,
I cannot with my wordes complaine and moue,
And suffer nought nor smart without complaint,
Nor turne the worde that from my mouth is gone
I cannot speake and looke lyke as a saint:
Vse wyles for wit, and make discert a pleasure:

Call

Call craft counsayle, for lucre still to paynt.
I can not wrest the law to fyll the coffere
with innocent blode to feede my self fatte
And do most hurt, where that most helpe I offer.
I am not he, that can allow the state
Of hye Caesar, and damne Cato to dye,
That with his death did scape out of the gate.
From Caesars handes, if Liuy doth not lye,
And would not liue, where liberty was lost,
So did his heart the common wealth apply.
I am not he, such eloquence to bost:
To make the crow in singing, as the swanne,
Nor call the Lyon of coward beastes the most,
That can not take a mouse, as the cat can
And he that dyeth for honger of the golde,
Call him Alexander, and say that Pan
Passeth Appollo in musike manifolde,
Praise syr Topas for a noble tale,
And scorne the story that the knight tolde,
Praise him for counsell, that is dronke of ale,
Grine when he laughes, that beareth al the sway,
Frowne, when he frownes, and grone when he is pale
On others lust, to hang both night and day.
None of these pointes could euer frame in me,
My wit is nought, I can not learne the way.
And much the lesse of things that greatter be,
That asken helpe of colours to deuyse
To ioyne the meane with eche extremitie,
with nerest vertue ay to cloke the vyce,
And as to purpose likewise it shall fall,
To presse the vertue that it may not ryse
As drunkennesse good felowship to call.
The frendly foe, with his faire double face
Say he is gentle, and curties therwithall,
Affirme that fauell hath a goodly grace,
In eloquence: And crueltie to name
zeale of Justice, and change in time and place,
And he that suffereth offence without blame,
Call him pittiefull: and him true and playne,
That rayleth rechelesse vnto eche mans shame.
Say he is rude, that can not lye and fayne,
The lecher a louer, and tyranny.

To

To be right of a Princes raygne.
I cannot I, no no, it will no bee
This is the cause that I could neuer yet
Hãg on their slyues, that weigh (as thou maist see)
A chippe of chaunce, more then a pound of wit,
This make'h me at home to hunt and hauke,
And in foule weather at my booke to sit.
In frost and snow, then with my bowe stalke,
No man doth marke wherso I ryde or go,
In lusty leas at liberty I walke,
And of these newes I fele nor weale nor wo,
Saue that a clogge doth hang yet at my hele.
No force for that, for it is ordred so,
That I may leape both hedge and dyke full wele,
I am not now in Fraunce, to iudge the wyne,
With sauery sauce those delicates to feele
Nor yet in Spayne, where one must him incline,
Rather then to be, outwardly to seme,
I meddle not with wittes that be so fyne,
Nor Flandrers there lettes not my sight to deme
Of blacke, and white, nor takes my wittes away,
With beastlinesse, such doe those beastes esteme
Nor I am not, where truth is geuen in pray.
For money, poyson, and treason, of some
A common practise, vsed night and day.
But I am here in Kent and christendome
Among the Muses, where I reade and ryme,
Where if thou list, mine own Iohn Poyns to come,
Thou shalt be iudge, how I doe spend my time.

How to vse the court and him self therin, written to syr Fraunces Bryan.

A Spending hand that alway powreth oute,
Had nede to haue a bringer in as fast,
And on the stone that still doth turne about,
There groweth no mosse: These prouerbes yet do last,

Reason hath set them in so sure a place,
That length of yeres their force can neuer waste.
When I remember this, and eke the case,
Wherin thou standst, I thought forthwith to write
(Bryan) to thee, who knowes how great a grace
In writing is to counsayle man the right.
To thee therfore that trottes styll vp and downe,
And neuer restes, but running day and night,
From realme to realme, from citie, strete, and towne.
Why doest thou weare thy body to the bones?
And mightest athome slepe in thy bedde of downe.
And drinke good ale so nappy for the nones,
Fede thy selfe fatte, and heape vp pounde by pounde.
Likest thou not this? No. Why? For swine so grones.
In stye, and chaw dung moulded on the ground,
And driuel on pearles, with head still in the maunger,
So of the harpe the asse doth heare the sound.
So sackes of durt be filde. The neat courtier
So serues for lesse, then doe these fatted swine.
Though I seme leane and drye, withouten moyster,
Yet will I serue my prince, my lord and thyne
And let them liue to fede the paunch that list,
So I may liue to feede both me and mine.
By God well sayd But what and if thou wist
How to bring in, as fast as thou doest spende,
That would I learne. And it shall not be mist,
To tell thee how. Now harke what I intende.
Thou knowest well first, who so can seke to please,
Shall purchase frendes, where trouth shal but offēde,
Flee therfore truth, it is both welth and ease.
For though that trouth of euery man hath praise,
Full neare that wynde goeth trouth in great misease,
Use verrue, as it goeth now a dayes:
In word alone to make thy language swete:
And of thy dede, yet do not as thou sayes,
Els be thou sure: thou shalt be farre vnmete
To geat my bread, eche thing is now so skant.
Seke still thy profit vpon thy bare fete
Lend in no wyse: for feare that thou do want:
Unlesse it be, as to a calfe a cheese:
But if thou can be sure to win a cant
Of half at least. It is not good to lerse.

Learne at the ladde, that in a long white cote
From vnder the stall, withouten landes or fees.
Hath lept into the shoppe, who knowes by rote
This rule that I haue tolde thee here before,
Somtime also, rich age begynnes to dote,
Se thou when there thy gaine may be the more.
Stay him by the arme where so he walke or go,
Be nere alway, and if he coffe to sore.
what he hath spit treade out and please him so.
A diligent knaue that pickes his maisters purse,
May please him so, that he withouten mo
Executour is. And what is he the woorse?
But if so chance, thou geat nought of the man,
The widow may for all thy paine discurse.
A riueld skinne, a stinking breath, what than?
A toothelesse mouth shall do thy lippes no harme,
The golde is good, and though she curse or banne,
Yet where thee list, thou mayst lye good and warme
Let the olde mule bite vpon the bridle:
whilst there do lye a sweter in thine arme.
In this also see that thou be not ydle,
Thy nece, thy cosin, sister, or thy daughter,
If she be faire, if handsome be her middle,
If thy better hath her loue besought her,
Auaunce his cause and he shall helpe thy nede,
It is but loue, turne thou it to a laughter.
But ware I say, so golde the helpe and spede,
That in this case thou be not so vnwyse,
As Pander was in such a like dede.
For he the foole of conscience was so nyce,
That he no gain wold haue for all his pain,
Be next thy self for frendship beares no pryce.
Laughest thou at me, why? doe I speake in vaine?
No not at thee, but at thy thrifty test,
wouldest thou, I should for any losse or gaine,
Change that for golde, that I haue taue for best,
Next godly thynges, to haue an honest name?
Should I leaue that? then take me for a beast.
Nay then farewell, and if thou care for shame
Content the then with honest pouertie,
with free tong what the mislikes, to blame,
And for thy trouth, somtime aduersitie.

And

And therwithall this gift I shall thee giue,
In this world now little prosperitie:
And qoyne to kepe: as water in a siue.

The song of Iopas Vnfinished.

VVhen Dido feasted first the wandring Troyan knight:
whō Junos wrath w̄ stormes did force in Libik sāds to light
That mighty Atlas taught, the supper lasting long,
With crisped lockes on golden harpe, Iopas sange in song.
That same (quod he) that we the world do call and name:
Of heauen and earth with all contents, it is the very frame.
Of thus, of heauenly powers by more poure kept in one
Repugnant kindes, in mids of whom the yearth hath place alone:
Firme, round, of liuing thinges, the mother, place and nourse,
without the which in egall weight, this heuē doth hould his course
And it is cald by name, the first and moning heauen,
The firmament is placed next, contening other seuen,
Of heauenly powers that same is planted full and thicke,
As shining lightes as which we cal stars, that therin cleue & sticke
With great swift swap, the first, and with his restlesse sours,
Carieth it self, and all those eyght, in euen continuall cours.
And of this world so round within that rolling case,
Two points there be that neuer moue, but firmly kepe their place,
The tone we see alway the tother standes obiect
Against the same, deuiding iust the grounde by line direct,
Which by ymagination, drawen from the one to thother
Touching the centre of the earth, for way there is none other,
And these be calde the Poles, discryde by starres not bright.
Artike the one northward we see: Antartike thother hight.
The line, that we deuise from thone to thother so:
As axel is vpon the which the heauens about do go
which of water nor earth, of ayre nor fire haue kinde,
Therefore the substance of those same were hard for man to finde.
But they bene vncorrupt, simple and pure vnmixt:
And so we say been all those starres, that in those same be fixt.
And eke those erring seuen, in circle as they stray:
So calde because against that first they haue repugnant way,
And smaller by wayes to, skant sensible to man,
To busy worke for my poore harpe, let sing them he that can.
The wydest saue the first of all these nine aboue
One hundered yere doth aske of space, for one degree to moue.

Of which degrees we make in the first mouing heauen,
Three hundred and three score in parts iustly, deuided euen.
And yet there is another betwene those heauens two:
Whose mouing is so sly so slack, I name it not for now,
The seuenth heauen or the shell, next to the starry sky,
All those degrees that gathereth vp, with aged pace to fly:
And doth perfourme the same, as elders count hath bene,
In nine and twenty yeres complete, and daies almost sixtene
Doth carry in his bouwghe the starre of Saturne old,
A threatner of all liuing thinges, with drought and with his cold.
The sixt whom this conteins, doth stalke with yonger pase,
And in twelue yere doth somwhat more then thothers viage was.
And this in it doth beare the starre of Ioue benigne,
Twene Saturns malice and vs men, frendly defending signe,
The fift beares bloody Mars, that in three hundrede dayes
And twise eleuen with one full yere, hath finisht al those waies
A yere doth aske the fourth, and howers thereto sixe,
And in the same the daies eye the sunne, therin he stickes,
The third that gouernd is by that, that, gouerns mee:
And loue for loue, and for no loue prouokes: as oft we see:
In like space doth perfourme that course, that did the tother,
So doth the next vnto the same, that second is in order.
But it doth beare the starre, that cald is Mercury.
That many a crafty secrete steppe doth tread, as Calcars try,
That sky is last, and fixt next vs those waies hath gone,
In seuen and twenty common dai s, and eke the third of one
And beareth with his sway, the diuers Moone about:
Now bright, now brown, now bēt, now full, & now her light is out
Thus haue they of their own two mouinges al these seuen
One, wherein they be caried still, eche in his seuerall heauen.
An other of them selues, where their bodies be layd
In by wayes, and in lesser rowndes, as I afore haue sayd,
Haue of them all the Sunne doth stray lest from the streight,
The starry sky hath but one course, that we haue cald the eight.
And all these mouinges eight are ment from West to East:
Although they seme to clime aloft, I say from East to West.
But that is but by force of their first mouing sky,
In twise twelue houres from east to east that carieth them by & by
But marke we well also, these mouing of these seuen,
Be not aboue the exeltree of the first mouing heauen,
For they haue their two poles directly tone to the tother. &c.

S. T. wyate the elder.

The complaint of a louer with sute to his loue for pitie.

IF euer woful man might moue pour hartes to ruthe,
Good ladies here his wofull plaint, whose deth shal try his truth
And rightful iudges be on this his true report:
If he deserue a louers name among the faithfull sort.
Fiue hundred times the Sunne hath lodged him in the West,
Sence in my hart I harbred first of al the goodliest gest
Whose worthinesse to shew, my wits are all to faynt,
And I lack conning of the scholes, in coulours her to paynt,
But this I briefly say in wordes of egal weight:
So bolde of vice was neuer none, nor with such vertues freight.
And for her beauties praise, no wight, that with her warres.
For, where she comes, she shewes her self as sun emong the starres
But Lorde, thou wast to blame, to frame suche perfitnesse;
And putte no pity in her hart, my sorowes to redresse.
For if ye knew the pames, and panges, that I haue past:
I wounder would it be to you, how that my life hath last.
When all the Gods agreed, that Cupide with his bow
Should shote his arrowes from her eyes, on me his might to show
I knew it was in vaine my force to trust vpon:
And well I wist, it was no shame, to yelde to such a one,
Then did I me submit with humble hart and myndе
To be her man for euermore, as by the Gods allmde,
And since that day, no wo, wherwith loue might torment
Could mone me from this faithfull band: nor make me once repent,
Yet haue I felt full oft the hottest of his fire
The bitter teares, the scalding sighes, the burnyng hote desire
And with a sodain sigh the trembling of the hart,
And how the blood doth come, and go, to succour euery part,
When that no pleasant loke hath lift me in the ayer:
A frowne hath made me fall as fast in to a deps dispayer.
And when that I ere this, my tale could well by hart,
I.o that my tong had learned it, so that no word mpght starte.
The sight of her hath set my wittes in such a stay
That to be lord of all the world, one word I could not say

And many a sodayn crampe my hart hath p'nched so:
That for the tyme, my sences all, felt neither weale, nor woe,
Yet saw I neuer thing, that might my minde content:
But wisht it hers, and at her will if she could so consent
Nor neuer heard of woe, that did her will displease,
But wisht the same vnto my self, so it might do her ease,
Nor neuer thought that fayre, nor neuer liked face:
Vnlesse it did resemble her, or some part of her grace
No distance yet of place could vs so farre deuide,
But that my hart, and my good will did still with her abide
Nor yet I neuer lay in any fortunes powre,
To put that swete out of my thought, one minute of an howre
No rage of drenching sea, nor woodnesse of the winde
Nor cannōs wt their thundring crackes coulde put her frō my minde
For when both sea and land asunder had vs set:
My hole delight was onely then, my selfe alone to get.
And thyther warde to looke, as nere as I could gesse,
Where as I thought, that she was then, that might my wo redresse,
Ful oft it did me good, that wayes to take my winde,
So pleasant ayre in no place els, me thought I could not finde,
I saying to my self, my life is ponder way,
And by the winde I haue her sent, a thousand sighes a day,
And sayd vnto the sunne, great giftes are geuen thee,
For thou mayst see mine earthly blisse, where euer that she be
Thou seest in euery place, would God I had thy might
And I the ruler of my self, then should she know no might.
And thus from wish to wish, my wits haue been at strife,
And wanting all that I haue wisht, thus haue I led my life.
But long it cannot last, that in such wo remaines,
No force for that, for death is swete to him, that feles such paines,
yet most of all me greues, when I am in my graue,
That she shall purchase by my death a cruel name to haue
Wherfore all you that heare this plaint, or shall it see,
wish, that it may so perce her hart, that she may pitie mee,
For and it wer her will, for both it were the best
To saue my life, to kepe her name, and set my hart at rest,

Of the death of master Deuorox
the lord Ferres
sonne

who

VV Do iustly may reioyce in ought vnder the skye?
As life, or landes: as frends, or fruites: which only liue to dye
Or who doth not well know all worldly workes are vaine:
And geneth nought but to the lendes, to take the same again,
For though it lift some vpras we long vpward all:
Such is the sort of slipper welth, all thinges do rise to fall,
Thuncertainties is such, experience teacheth so:
That what thinges men do couet most, them sonest they forgo,
Lo deuorox where he lieth, whose life men held so deare
What now his death is sorowed so, that pittie it is to heare.
His birth of auncient blood, his parents of great fame,
And yet in vertue farre, before the formest of the same,
His king, and contrey both he serued to so great gaine:
That with the Brutes record doth rest, and euer shall remaine.
No man in warre so mete, an enterprise to take:
No man in peace that pleasurde more of enmies frends to make,
A Cato for his counsell, his bed was surely such.
Ne Theseus frendship was so great, but Deuorox was as much.
A graffe of so small grothe, so much good feute to bring.
Is seldome heard, or neuer senerit is so rare a thing.
A man sent vs from God, his life did wel declare,
Vno now sent for by God again, to teach vs what we are.
Death and the graue, that shall accompany all that liue,
Hath brough him heuē, though sōwhat sone, which life could neuer (giue
God graunt well all that shall professe as he profest:
To liue so well, to dye no worse: and sende his soule good rest.

They of the meane estate, are happiest.

If right be ract, and ouercome,
And power take part with open wrong,
If feare my forte do yeld to sone,
The lack to like to last to long.
If God for goodes shalbe vnplaced:
If right for riches loses his shape,
If world for wisdome be embraced:
The gesse is great, much hurt may hap:
Among good thinges, I proue and finde,
The quiet life doth most abound:

And sure to the contented minde
There is no riches may be found.
For riches hates to be content:
Rule is enmy to quietnesse.
Power is most part impacient,
And seldom likes to liue in peace.
I heard a herdman once compare:
That quiet nightes he had mo slept,
And had mo mery dates to spare:
Then he, which ought the beastes, he kept,
I would not haue it thought hereby
The Dolphin swimme I meane to teache:
Nor yet to learne the Fawlcon fly:
I row not so farre past my reache,
But as my part aboue the rest,
Is well, to wish and well to will:
So till my breath shall fail my brest,
I will not ceasse to wish you still.

Comparison of life and death.

The life is long, that lothsomly doth last:
The dolefull dayes draw sloly to their date
The present panges, and paynful plagues fore past
Yelde griefe aye grene to stablish this estate.
So that I feele, in this great storme, and strife,
The death is swete that endeth such a life.
Yet by the stroke of this strange ouerthrow,
At which conflict in thraldom I was thrust:
The lord be praised: I am well taught to know,
From whence man came, and eke wherto he must,
And by the way, vpon how feble force
His terme doth stãd, till death doth end his course
The pleasant yeres that seme, so swift that runne
The mery dayes to end, so fast that flete,
The ioyfull nightes, of which day daweth so soone,
The happy howers which mo do misse then mete.
Do all consume: as snow against the sunne:
And death makes ende of all, that life begonne.

Since death shall dure, til al the world be wast,
What meaneth man to drede death then so sore?
As man might make, that life should alway last,
without regard, the lord hath led before
The daunce of death, which all must runne on row,
Though how, or when: the lord alone doth know.
If man would minde, what burdens life doth bring:
What greuous crimes to God he doth commit:
what plages, what panges, what perilles thereby spring
with no sure hower in all his daies to sit:
He would sure thinke, as with great cause I do:
The day of death wer better of the two,
Death is a port, wherby we passe to ioy
Life is a lake, that drowneth all in payn,
Death is so dere, it ceaseth all annoy,
Life is so leude, that all it yeldes is vayn.
And as by life to bondage man is brought:
Euen so like wise by death was fredome wrought.
wherfore with Paul, let all men wish and pray
To be dissoulde of this foule fleshly masse:
Or at the least be armde against the day:
That they be found good, prest to passe
From life to death, from death to life againe
To such a life, as euer shall remain,

The tale of pigmalion with conclusion vpon the beautie of his loue.

IN grece somtime there dwelt a man of worthy fame:
To graue in stone his cunning was: Pygmalion was his name.
To make his fame endure, when death had him bereft:
He thought it good, of his own hand some filed worke were left
In secrete studie then such worke he gan deuise
As might his cunnyng best commend, and please the lookers eyes,
I courser faire he thought to graue, barbd for the field:
And on his back a semely knight, well armd with speare and shild:
Or els some foule, or fish to graue he did deuise:
And still, within his wandering thoughtes, new fansies did aryse

Thus varied he in minde, what enterpriſe to take.
Till fanſy moued his learned hand a woman fayre to make:
whereon he ſtayde, and thought ſuche perfecte fourme to frame,
wherebp he might amaſe all Greece and winne immortall name.
Of puopre white he wade ſo faire a woman thant
That nature ſcorned her perfectnes ſo tangh bp craft of man,
well ſhaped were her limb, full comly was her face:
Ech little liuely couche, eche parte had femely grace.
Twixt nature & Pigmalion, there might appere great ſtrife
So ſcrutly was this ymage wrought, it lackt nothing but life,
His curious eye beheld his own deuiſed worke,
And gaſing oft theron, he founde muche benome there to lurke,
For all the featurde ſhape ſo did his fanſie moue:
That, with his idoll, whom he made, Pygmalion fell in loue
To whome he honour gaue, and decke with garlandes ſweete
And did adourn with iewels rich, as is for louers meete
Sometimes on it he ſaund, ſometime in rage would cry:
It was a wonder to beholde, fanſy diſcarde his eye.
Since that this ymage dum enflamed ſo wiſe man:
Why dere alas ſince I you loue, what wounder is it then,
In whom hath nature ſet the glozy of her name:
And blake her moulde in great diſpaire, pour like ſhe couldе not (frame

The lotter ſheweth his wofull ſtate, and praieth pittie.

LIke as the Larke within the Marlians foote
with pitcous tunes doth chirp her yelden lay:
So ſing I now, ſeyng none other boote,
My rendering ſong, and to your will obey.
your vertue mountes aboue my foyce ſo hye,
And with your beautie ſeaſed I am ſo ſure:
That there auaile reſiſtance, none in me,
But pacientlp your pleaſure to endure,
For on your wyll my fanſy ſhall attend
My life my death, I put both in your choyce:
And rather had my life bp you to end,
Than liue, bp other alwayes to reioice,
And if your cruelitie do thirſt my blood:
Then let it forth if it may do you good

Upon

Vpon consideration of the state of this life he wisheth death.

The lenger life, the more offence:
The more offence the greater paine,
The greater paine, the lesse defence:
The lesse defence, the lesser gaine
The losse of gaine long pll doth repe:
Wherfore come death and let me dye.
The shorter life, lesse count I fynde,
The lesse account, the soner made:
The count soone made, the merrier mynde:
The merrier mynde doth thoughts exuade,
Short life in truth this thing doth trie.
Wherefore come death, and let me dye.
Come gentle death, the ebbe of care,
The ebbe of care the flood of lyfe,
The flood of life, the toilfull fare,
The toylfull fare, the end of strife,
The ende of strife, that thing wishe I:
wherefore come death, and let me dye.

The louer that once disdained loue is now become subiect being caught in his snare.

O this my songe greue care who list
And mine entent iudge as ye will,
The time is come, that I haue myste,
The thing wherein I hoped styll,
And from the toppe of all my trust,
Mishap hath throwen me in the dust.
The time hath bene and that of late:
My hart and I might leape at large,
And was not shut within the gate
Of looues desire: nor take no charge
Of any thing, that did pertaine

To touching loue in any payn
My thought was free, my hart was lyght,
I marked not, who lost, who saught,
I playd by day, I slept by night
I forced not, who wept, who laught.
My thought from al such thinges was free
And I my self at libertie.
I toke no hede to tauntes nor toys,
As leek to see them frowne as smyle:
where fortune laught I scornde their toyes
I founde their fraudes and euery wyle.
And to my self oft tymes I smiled.
To see howe loue had them begiled
Thus in the net of my conceyt
I mashed still among the sort
Of such as fed vpon the bayte,
That Cupide laide for his disport,
And euer as I saw them caught:
I them beheld, and therein laught.
Till at the length when Cupide spied
My scornefull wyll and spitefull vse
And how I past not who was tyed,
So that my self myght still liue loose:
He set him self to lye in waite,
And in my way he threw a baite
Such one as nature neuer made,
I dare well say saue she alone,
Such one she was as would inuade
A hart, more hard then marble stone,
Such one she is, I know it right,
Her nature made to shew her might
Then as a man in a mase,
when vse of reason is away:
So I began to stare and gase,
And sodenly, without delay,
Or euer I had the wit to loke:
I swalowed vp both bait and hoke.
Whych dayly greues me more and more,
By sundry sortes of carefull woe:
And none alyue may saue the sore,
But onely she that hurt me so.
In whom my lyfe doth now consist

To

To saue or slay me as she list.
But seing now that I am caught,
And bounde so fast, I cannot slee:
Be ye by myne ensample taught,
That in your fansies fele you free,
Despise not them, that louers are:
Lest you be caught within his snare,

Of Fortune, and fame.

The plage is great, where fortune frounes:
One mischiefe bringes a thousand woes
Where trumpets geue their warlike sownes:
The weke susteyne, sharp ouerthrowes,
No better life they take and fele,
Th[illegible] subiect are to fortunes whele.
[illegible] happy chaunce may last no time:
He [illegible]leasure threatneth paines to come,
She is the fall of those that clime:
And yet her whele auanceth some
No force where that she hates, or loues:
Her fickle minde so oft remoues
She geues no gift, but craues as fast.
She sone repentes a thankfull dede,
She turneth after euery blast,
She helpes them oft, that haue no nede.
Where power dwelles, and riches rest:
False Fortune is a common gest.
Yet some affirme and proue by skyll:
Fortune is not a fleing fame,
She neyther can do good, nor yll,
She hath no fourme, yet beares a name,
Then we but striue against the stremes,
To frame such ioyes on fansies dreames.
If she haue shape, or name alone:
If she do rule or beare no sway:
If she haue bodie, lise or none:
Be she a sprite I can not say.
But well I wot, some cause there is:
That causeth wo, and sendeth blisse.
The causes of thinges I will not blame:

Lest I offende the prince of peace,
But I may chide, and breuse with fame:
To make her crie, and neuer cease
To blow the trumpe within her eares:
That may appease my wofull teares.

Against wicked tonges.

O Guill tonges, which clay at euery winde:
Ye slea the quicke, and eke the dead desame:
Those that line well, some faute in them ye finde,
Ye take no thought in sclaundring their good name,
Ye put hill men oft times to open shame,
Ye ryng so loude, ye sounde vnto the skyes:
Ass yet in proofe, ye sow nothing but lyes.
Ye make great warre, where peace hath ben of lon,
Ye bring rich realmes to ruine and decay,
Ye pluck downe right: ye enhaunce the wrong.
Ye turne swete mirth to wo, and well away
Of mischiefes all ye are the grounde I say.
Happy is he, that lives on such a sort:
That nedes not feare such tonges of false report.

Hell tormenteth not the damned gostes so sore, as vnkindnesse the louer.

The restlesse rage of depe deuouring hell,
The blasing brandes, that neuer do consume:
The roring route, in Plutoes den that dwell,
The fiery breath, that from those ympes doth fume:
The dropsy dryeth, that Tantale in the flood
Endureth ay, all hopelesse of reliefe:
He hongeth ferueu, where fruite is ready food
So wretchedly his soule doth suffer griefe:
The liuer gnawne of gylefull Prometheus,
Which Vultures fell with strained talant tire:
The labour lost of wetted Sisiphus:

These

These hellish houndes with paines of quencheleſſe fyre,
Cannot ſo ſore the ſilly ſoules torment,
As her untruth my hart hath all to rent.

Of the mutabilitie of the worlde.

BY fortune as I lay in bed, my fortune was to finde,
Such fanſies, as my careful thought had brought into my mind
And when eche one was gone to reſt full ſoft in bed to lye
I would haue ſlept, but than the watch dyd followe ſtil mine eye,
And ſodeynly I ſawe a ſea of woful ſorowes preſt,
whoſe wicked wayes of ſharpe repulſe bred mine unquiet reſt.
I ſaw this world, and howe it went, eche ſtate in his degree.
And that from wealth ygraunted is, both life and libertie.
I ſawe howe enuy it did rayne, and beare the greateſt price,
Ye greater poyſon is not found within the Cockatrice.
I ſaw alſo, how that diſhayne oft times to ſorge my wore.
Gaue me the cuppe of better ſwerre to pledge my mortall to.
I ſaw alſo, how that deſyre, to reſt no place could finde,
But ſtil conſtraynde in endleſſe payne to followe natures hinde.
I ſaw alſo moſt ſtraunge of all, how nature dyd forſake,
The blond, ẏ in her wombe was wrought, and doth ẏ lothed ſnake
I ſaw how fanſie would retayne to lenger then her luſt,
And as the wind how ſhe doth chaunge, and is not for to truſt.
I ſaw how ſtedfaſtnes did flee with winges of often chaunge,
A flyeng byrd, but ſeldome ſee, her nature is ſo ſtraunge
I ſaw how pleaſant times did paſſe, as flowrea doe in the mene,
To day that riſeth red as roſe, to morowe faſteth dede.
I ſay my time how it dyd runne, as ſand out of the glaſſe,
Euen as eche howre appointed is from time and cyde to paſſe.
I ſaw the yeres that I had ſpent, and loſſe of al my gayne,
And how the ſpot of youthfull playes my folly dyd retayne.
I ſaw how that the litle ant in ſummer ſtill doth ronne,
To ſeeke her foode, ſwerby to liue in winter for to come.
I ſawe eke vertue how ſhe ſate, the threde of lyfe to ſpinne,
Which ſheweth the ende of euery worke, before it doth beginne.
And when all theſe I thus beheldt with many moe perdy,
In me, me thoughe, eche one had wrought a perfite propertie.
And then I ſayde unto my ſelfe, a leſſon this ſhalbe
For other, that ſhal after come, for to beware by me.

Thus al the night I did deuise, wich way I might constraine.
To forme a plot, ẏ wit might worke theie brañches in my brain.

Harpalus complaint of Phillidaes loue, bestowed on Corin, who loued her not and denied him that loued her.

Phillida was a faire mayde,
As freshe as any slowre,
Whom Harpalus the heardman prayd
To be his paramour.
Harpalus and eke Corin
Were heedmen both yferre:
And Phillida could twist and spinne
And thereto sing full clere.
But Phillida was all to coy
For Harpalus to winne,
For Corin was her onely ioy,
Who forse her not a pinne.
How often would she slowres twine,
How often garlaudes make?
Of Cousips and of Columbyne,
And all for Corins sake.
But Corin he had hawkes to lure,
And forced more the field:
Of louers lawe he tooke no cure
For once he was begylde.
Harpalus preuayled nought
His labour all was lost,
For he was farthest from her thought
And yet he loued her most.
Therfore wax he both pale and leane
And drye as clod of clay,
His fleshe it was consumed cleane
His colour gone away.
His beard it had not long be shane,
His heare hong all vnkempt,
A man most fit euen for the graue
Whom spitefull loue had shent.

His eyes were red and all forewatched
His face besprent with teares:
It seemed vnhap had him long hatched,
In midst of his despaires.
His clothes were blacke and also bare
As one forlorne was he,
Upon his head alwaies he ware,
A wreath of willow tree.
His beastes he kept vpon the hyll,
And he sate in the dale:
And thus with sighes and sorowes shyll,
He gan to tell his tale.
O Harpalus (thus would he say)
Unhappiest vnder sunne
The cause of thine vnhappy day
By loue was first begunne.
For thou wentst first by sute to seeke
A Tigre to make tame:
That yeldes not by thy loue a leeke
But makes thy griefe her game.
As easy it were for to conuert
The froste into the flame:
As for to turne a froward hart
Whom thou so faine wouldest frame.
Corin he liueth careleste
He leapes among the leaues
He eates the fruites of thy trauaile
Thou reapest: he takes the sheaues,
My beastes a whyle your foode refraine
And harke your heardmans sounde,
Whom spitefull loue alas hath slaine
Through girt with many a wounde,
O happy be ye beastes wilde
That here your pastures takes,
I see that ye be not begilde
Of theis your faithfull makes.
The hart he feedeth by the Hynde
The Buck harde by the Do
The turtle Doue is not vnkinde
To him that loues her so,
The Ewe she bath by her the Ramme
The yong Cow hath the Bull,

The

The Calfe with many a lusty Lambe
To fede their hunger full,
But wela way that nature wrought
Thee Philiday so faire,
For I may say that I haue bought
Thy beauty all to deare.
What reason is it that crueltie
With beautie shoulde haue parte,
Or els that such great tirany
Should dwell in womans hart.
I see therefore to shappe my death
She cruelly is prest,
To thende that I may wāt my breath
My dayes been at the best.
O Cupide graunt this my request
And do not stoppe thine eares,
That she may feele within her brest,
The paynes of my dispayres.
Of Corin that is carelesse,
That she may craue her fee,
As I haue done in great distresse
That loued her faithfully.
But sins that I shall die her slaue
Her slaue and eke her thrall,
Write you my frendes, vpon my grave
This chaunce that is befall.
Heere lieth vnhappy Harpelus
By cruel loue now slaine,
Whom Philida vniustly thus
Hath murdred with disdayne.

Vpon sir Iames wilfordes death.

LO here the end of man the cruell sisters three
The web of wilfordes life vneth had halfe espon..e,
When rash vppon misdede they all accorded bee
To breake of vertues course ere halfe the race were ronne
And trip him on his way that els had wonne the game
And holden highest place within the house of fame,
But yet though he be gone, though sence with him be past,

Which trode the euen steppes that leaden to renowne,
We that remayn aliue, ne suffer shall to waste
The fame of his desertes, so shall he lose but sowne,
The thing shall aye remayne, aye kept as freshe in store
Is if his eares should ring of that he wrought before.
Wayle not therfore his want, sith he so left the stage
Of care and wretched life, with ioy and clappe of handes
Who playeth lenger partes, may well haue greater age,
But few so well may passe the guile of fortunes sandes
So tryedly did he treade ay prest at vertues beeke
That fortune found no place to giue him once a checke.
The fates haue ryd him hence, who shall not after go,
Though earthed be his corps yet florish shall his fame,
I gladsome thing it is, that ere he stept vs fro,
Such mirrours he vs left our life therby to frame,
Wherfore his praise shall last aye freshe in britons sight,
Tyll sunne shall cease to shine, and lend the earth his light.

Of the wretchednes in this world.

VVho list to liue vpright, and hold himself content,
Shal see such wonders in this world, as neuer erst was sent,
Such groping for the swete, such tasting of the sower,
Such wandring here for worldly welth that lost is in one hower.
And as the good or badde, get vp in hye degree,
So wades the world in right or wrong, it may none other bee.
And looke what lawes they make, eche man must them obay,
And yoke hymself with pacient heart, to dryue and draw that way
Yet such as long ago, great rulers wer assynde,
Both liues and lawes are now forgot a worne clene out of mynd.
So that by this I see, no state on earth may last
But as their times appointed be, to rise and fall as fast,
The goodes that gotten be, by good and iust desart,
Yet vse them that so neady handes may help to spend the part,
For looke what heape thou, hordst of rusty gold in store,
Thine enemies shall waste the same, that neuer swat therfore.

The repentant sinner in durance and aduersitie.

VNto the liuing Lord for pardon do I pray,
From whom I graunt, euen frō the wel, I haue run ſtil aſtray.
And other liues there none (my death ſhall well declare)
On whom I ought to grate for grace, as faulty folkes do fare.
But thee, O Lord alone, I haue offended ſo,
That this ſmall ſcourge is much to ſcant for mine offence I know
I ranne without returne, the way the world lyke hell,
And what I ought moſt to regard, that I reſpected leſt.
The through wherin I thruſt, hath throwen me in ſuch caſe
That lord my ſoule is ſore beſet without thy greater grace.
My gyltes are growen ſo great, my power doth ſo appayre,
That with great force they argue off, and mercy much diſpayre.
But then with faith I flee to thy prepared ſtore,
Where there lye helpe for euery hurt, and ſalue for euery ſore.
My loſt time to lament, my vayne wayes to bewaile,
No day, no night no place no hower, no moment I ſhall faile.
My ſoule ſhall neuer ceaſe with an aſſured fayth
To knocke, to craue, to call, to crye, to thee for helpe, which ſayth
Knock and it ſhalbe heard, but aſke, and geuen it is,
And all that lyke to kepe this courſe of mercy ſhall not miſſe.
For when I call to minde how the one wandring sheepe,
Did bring more ioy with his returne, then al the flocke did keepe.
It prides full hope and truſt, my ſtraped and wandring ghoſt,
Shalbe receiued and held more dere, then thoſe wer neuer loſt.
O Lord my hope behold, and for my helpe make haſte,
To pardon the forepaſſed race that carelelſe I haue paſt.
And but the day draw neare that death muſt pay the det,
For loue of life which thou haſt lent and time of payment ſet.
From this ſharpe ſhoure me ſhielde which threatned is at hande,
Wherby thou ſhalt great power declare, & I the ſtorme withſtande
Nor my will Lord, but thine fulfilde be in eche caſe,
To whoſe great wyſe mighty power, al powers ſhal once gene place
My faith, my hope, truſt, my God and eke my guide,
Stretch forth thy hande to ſaue the ſoule, what to the body bide,
Refuſe not to receiue that thou ſo deare haſt bought,
For but by thee alone I know, all ſafetie in vayne is ſought.
I know and knowledge the, albeit very late,
That thou it is I ought to loue and dreade in eche eſtate.
And with repentant heart, doe laude the Lord on hye,
That haſt ſo gently ſet me ſtraight, that erſt walkte ſo awry,
Now graunt me grace my God to ſtande thine ſtrong in ſpite,
And let the worlde the worlde ſuch wayes, as to the worlde ſemes mete.

The

The louer here telleth of his diuers ioyes and aduersities in loue and lastly of his ladies death.

Syth singing gladdeth oft the hartes,
Of them that fele the panges of loue:
And for the whyte doth ease their smartes,
My self I shall the same way proue.
And though that loue hath smyt the stroke,
Wherby is lost my libertie:
Which by no meanes I may reuoke,
Yet shall I sing, how pleasantly.
Aye twenty yeres of youth I past
which all in libertie I spent:
And so from first vnto the last,
Ere aught I knew what louing ment
And after shall I sing the wo,
The payne, the grief, the deply smart,
when loue this lyfe dyd ouerthowe,
That hidden lyes within my hart.
And then, the ioyes that I did fele,
When fortune lifted after this.
And set me hye vpon her whele,
And changde my wo to pleasant blisse.
And so the sodeyn fall againe,
From al the ioyes that I was in,
All you that list to heare of payne
Geue eare, for now I doe beginne.
Loe, first of all when loue began,
With hote desires my heart to burne:
Me thought, his might auailde not than,
From libertie my heart to turne.
For I was free, and did not knowe,
How much his might, mans heart may grene,
I had professt to be his fo
His law, I thought not to belene.
I went vntyed in lusty leas,
I had my wish al wayes at will:

There was no wo, might me displease,
Of pleasant toyes I had my fil.
No painfull thought did passe my hart:
I spilt no teare to wet my brest:
I knew no sorow, sigh nor smart,
My greatest grief was quiet rest.
I brake no slepe I tolled not:
Nor did delyte to sitte alone,
I felt no change of colde and hote,
Nor nought a nightes could make me mone.
For all was toy that I did fele:
And of boyde wandring I was free,
I had no clogge tyde at my hele:
This was my lyfe at liberte.
That yet me thinkes it is a blisse,
To thinke vpon that pleasure past,
But furth withall I finde the misse,
For that it might no lenger last.
Those dayes I spent at my delyte
without wo or aduersitie
Till that my heart was set a fyre
with loue, with wrath, and iealousie,
For on a day (alas the whyle)
Lo, heare my hapne how it began,
The blinded Lord, the God of guyle
Had list to end my fredome than,
And through myne eye into my hart
All sodainly I felt it glyde,
He shot his sharped fiery dart,
So hard, that yet vnder my syde
The head (alas) doth still remayne,
And since could I neuer know,
The way to wring it out againe,
Yet was it nye three yere agoe.
This sodain stroke made me agast,
And it began to vexe me sore,
But yet I thought it would haue past,
As other such had done before.
But it did not, then (wo is me)
So deepe imprinted in my thought,
The stroke abode, that yet I see
Nye thinkes my harme how it was wrought.

Ryuds

Kynd taught me straight that this was loue
And I perceiued it perfectly,
yet thought I thus: Nought shall me moue,
I will not thrall my libertie,
And diuers wayes I did assay,
By slight, by force, by frend, by fo,
This fiery thought to put away.
I was so loth for to forgo
My libertie, that me was leuer,
Then bondage was, where I heard say,
Who once was bounde, was sure neuer
Without great paine to scape away.
But what for that there is no choyce
For my mishappe was shaken so,
That those my dayes that did reioyce,
Should turne my blisse to bitter wo.
For with that stroke my blisse toke ende,
In stede wherof forthwith I caught
Hotte burning sighes, that sins haue brende,
My wretched heart almost to naught.
And sins that day, O lord my life
The misery that it hath frit.
That nought hath had, but wo and strife,
And hotte desires my heart to melt.
O lord how sodaine was the change,
From such a pleasant libertie!
The very thraldome semed straunge
But yet there was no remedie.
But I must yelde, and geue vp all,
And make my guide my chiefest fo,
And in this wise became I thrall,
Lo, loue and happe would haue it so.
I suffred wrong and held my peace,
I gaue my teares good leaue to ronne,
And neuer would seke for redresse,
But hopte to liue as I begonne.
For what it was that might me ease,
He liued not that might it knowe,
Thus dranke I all myne own disease
And all alone bewaylde my wo.
There was no sighe that might me please,
I fled from them that did reioyce,

And oft alone my heart to ease,
I would bewayle with wofull voyce.
My life, my state, my misery.
And curse my selfe and all my dayes,
Thus wrought I with my fantasy,
And sought my helpe none other wayes,
Save sometime to my selfe alone,
When farre of was my helpe, God wot,
Loude would I crye, My life is gone,
My dere, if that ye helpe me not,
Then wisht I straight that death might end
These bitter panges, and all this griefe
For nought, me thought, might it amend,
Thus in despayre to haue relefe.
I lingred forth till I was brought
With pining in so piteous case,
That all, that saw me, sayd, me thought,
Lo, death is painted in his face.
I went no where, but by the way
I saw some sight before mine eyes
That made me sigh, and oft time say,
My life, alas I thee despyse.
This lasted well a yere, and more,
Which no wight knewe, but only I,
So that my life was nere forlore,
And I dispayred vtterly.
Till on a day, as fortune would:
(For that, that shalbe, nedes must fall)
I sat me downe as though I should
Haue ended then my life, and all.
And as I sat to write my plaint,
Meaning to shew my great vnrest,
With quaking hand, and hart full faynt,
Amid my playntes among the rest.
I wrote with yuke, and bitter teares,
I am not myne, I am not myne,
Behold my life, away that weares
And if I dye the losse is thine.
Herewith a little hope I caught,
That for a while my life did stay,
But in effect, all was for naught,
Thus liued I still: till on a day.

Jo J sat staring on those eyes:
Those shyning eyes, that first me bound,
My inward thought the eyed, aryse,
Lo, mercy where it may be found.
And therewithall J drew me nere,
With feble heart, and at a brayde,
(But it was sokily in her eare)
Mercy, Madame, was all J sayde.
But woo was me, when it was tolde
For therwithall fainted my breath
And J sate still for to beholde,
And heare the iudgement of my death.
But loue nor hap would not consent,
To end me then, but wellawaye,
Therefore me thinke, that J repent
To thinke J liue to see this day.
For after this J playned still,
So long, and in so pitcous wyse:
That J my wish had at my will,
Graunted: as J would it deuise.
But lord who euer heard, or knewe
Of halfe the ioy that J felt thane
Or who can thinke it may be true,
That so much blisse had euer man,
Lo, fortune thus set me aloft:
And more my sorowes to relene,
Of pleasant ioyes J tasted oft:
As much as loue or happe might gene.
The sorowes old, J felt before,
About my heart, wer driuen thence,
And for ech grief, J felt afore,
J had a blisse in recompence.
Then thought J all the tyme well spent,
That J in playnt had spent so long.
So was J with my lyfe content,
That to my self J sayd among.
Sins thou art ridde of all thine ill,
To shew thy ioyes set furth thy voyce,
And sins thou hast thy wish at will
Thy happy heart, reioyce reioyce.
Thus felt J ioyes a great deale mo
Then by my song may well be tolde:

And thinking on my passed wo,
My blisse did double manifolde.
And thus I thought with mannes blood
Such blisse might not be bought to deare
In such estate my ioyes then, stode:
That of a change I had no feare
But why sing I so long of blisse?
It lasteth not, that will awaye,
Let me therfore bewayle the misse
And sing the cause of my decay.
Yet al this whyle there liued none
That lead his lyfe more pleasantly
Nor vnder hap there was not one,
We thought, so well at ease, as I.
But O blynde ioy, who may thee truste?
For no estate thou canste assure:
Thy fayre hfull vowes proue all vniust
Thy fayre beheستes be full vnsure
Good proofe by me, that but of late
Not fully twenty dayes ago,
which thought my lyfe was in such state
That nought might worke my hart this wo.
Yet hath the enmy of myne ease,
Cruell mishape, that wretched wight,
Now when my life did most me please
Deuyled me such cruel spyght.
That from the hyest place of all,
As to the pleasing of my thought
Downe to the depest am I fall,
And to my helpe auaileth nought
Lo thus are all my ioyes quite gone
And I am brought from happinesse,
Continually to wayle and mone,
Lo, such is fortunes stable nesse
In welth I thought such suertie
That pleasure should haue ended never,
But now (alas) aduersitie
Doth make my singing cease for euer
O brittle ioy O welth vnstable,
who seies ther most, he shall not misse,
at length to be made miserable.

For

For al must ende as doth my bliſſe,
There is none other certaintie.
And at the ende the worſt is this
That moſt hath knowen proſperitie
For he that neuer bliſſe aſſaied,
May well away with wretchednesſe,
But he shal finde that hath it saide,
a pain to part from pleasantnesſe
as I do now, for ere I knew
what pleasure was, I felt no griefe,
Like vnto this, and it is trew
That bliſſe hath brought me this miſchiefe.
But yet I haue not longen, how
This miſchiefe came, but I intend
with woful voice to ſing it now,
and therwithall I make an end
But lord, now that it is begonne,
I feele my ſpirites are vexed ſore.
Oh geue me breth till this be done,
And after let me liue no more.
Alas the enmy of this life,
The ender of all pleasantnesſe,
Alas he bringeth all this ſtrife,
And cauſeth al this wretchednesſe.
For in the middes of al the welth.
That brought my hart to happinesſe,
This wicked death he came by ſtelth,
And robbe me of my ioyfulnesſe
He came, when that I litle thought
Of ought that myght me vexe ſo ſore,
And ſodenly he brought to nought
My pleasantnesſe for euermore.
He ſlew my ioy, alas, the wretch,
He ſlew my ioy, or I was ware
And now, alas, no might may ſtretch
To ſet an end to my great care.
For by this curſed deadly ſtroke,
My bliſſe is loſt, and I forlore,
And no help may the leſſe reuoke,
For loſt it is for euermore.
And cloſed vp are thoſe faire eyes,
That gaue me firſt the ſigne of grace,

My

My fayre swete foes, mine enemies,
And earth doth hide her pleasant face.
The loke which did my life vphold,
And all my sorowes did confound,
with which more blisse then may be told,
Alas, now lieth it vnder ground.
¶ But ceasse, for I will sing no more,
Since that my harme hath no redresse,
But as a wretche for euermore:
My life will wast with wretchednesse.
And ending this my wofull song,
Now that it ended is and past,
I would my life were but as long
And that this word might be my last
For lothsome to that life (men say)
That liketh not the lincrs mind
Lo, thus I seke mine own decay,
And will, till that I may it finde.

Of his leue named white.

FAll faire and white she is, and white by name,
whose white doth striue, the lilies white to staine
who may contemne the blast of black defame,
who in darke night, can bring day bright againe
The ruddy rose in pleaseth with clere hew,
In lippes and chekes, right orient to behold,
That the nerer gaser may that rew,
And cele disperit in limmes the chilling cold,
For white, al white his bloodlesse face will be
The ashy pale so alter will his cheare,
But I that do possesse in full degree
The harty loue of this my hart so deare,
So oft to me as she presents her face.
For ioy do fele my hart spring from his place,

Of the louers vnquiet state.

VVHat thing is that which I both haue and lacke,
with good will graunted, yet it is denyed
How may I be releiued and put abacke
I way doing and yet vnoccupied,
Most slow in that which I haue most applied,
Still thus to seke, and lose that I win,
And that was doon is newest to begin.
In riches finde I wilfull pouertie,
In great pleasure, liue I in heauinesse,
In much fredome I lacke my libertie,
Thus am I both in ioy and in distresse.
And in few wordes, if that I shall be plaine,
In Paradise I suffer all this paine.

where good will is, some proofe will appere.

IT is no fire that gyues no heate,
Though it appere neuer so hot,
And they that runne and cannot sweate,
Are very leane and dry God wot,
A perfect leche applieth his wittes,
To gather herbes of all degrees:
And leuers with their feruent fittes,
Be cured with their contraries.
New wine will search to finde a vent,
Although the caske be set so strong:
And wit will walke when will is bent,
Although the way be neuer so long.
The Rabbets runne vnder the rockes,
The snailes do clime the highest towers,
Gunpowder cleaues the sturdy blockes,
A feruent will all thing deuowers.
When wit with will and diligent
Applie themselues, and match as mates,
There can no want of resident,
From force defend the castell gates.
Forget idlenesse makes little haste,
And sloth delighteth to lie full soft,
That resteth the deaf, his tale doth waste
And is full dyle that craues full oft.

Verses

Verſes written on the picture of ſir Iames wilford knight.

Alas that euer death ſuch vertues ſhould forlet,
As compaſt was within his corpo, whoſe picture is here ſet,
Or that it euer lay in any fortunes might,
Through depe diſdain to end his life that was ſo worthy a wight
For ſuch he firſt began in armour to be clad,
A worthier champion then he was, yet England neuer had.
And though recure be paſt, his like to haue againe,
Yet would I wiſh hys worthineſſe in writing to remaine.
That men to minde might call how farre he did excell,
At all aſſaies to winne the fame, which were to long to tell.
And eke the reſtleſſe race that he full oft hath runne,
In painfull plight from place to place, wher ſeruice was to don.
Then ſhould men well perceiue, my tale to be of trouth,
And he to be the worthieſt wight that euer nature wrought.

The Ladie prayeth the returne of her louer abiding on the ſeas.

Shall I thus euer long, and be no whit the nere
And ſhall I ſtill complain to ther, the which me will not here?
Alas ſay nay, ſay nay, and be no more ſo dome,
But open thou thy manly mouth, and ſay that thou wilt come.
Wherby my hart may think, although I ſee not ther,
That thou wilt come thy word to ſweare, if thou a liues man ber,
The roaring hugy waues, they threaten my poor ghoſt,
And toſſe the vp and downe the ſeas, in daunger to be loſt.
Shal they not make me feare that they haue ſwalowed ther?
But as thou art moſt ſure eſtime, ſo wilt thou come to mee.
Wherby I ſhall goſe thy ſhip ride on the ſtrande,
And think and ſay lo where he comes, and ſure here will he lande.
And then I ſhall lift vp to ther my little hand.
And thou ſhalt think thine hart in eaſe, in hetch to ſe me ſtand.
And if thou come in dede (as Chriſt the ſend to do)
Thoſe ſtunes which miſſe ther yet, ſhall than embrace the to.
Eche vain to euery ioint, the liuely blood ſhall ſpred,

which

which now for want of thy glad sight, doth show full pale & dead
But if thou slip thy trouth and do not come at all,
As minuts in the clok do strike so call for death I shall
To please both thy false hart, and rid my self from wo,
That rather had to dye in thouth then liue forsaken so

The meane estate is best.

The doutfull man hath feuers strange
And constant hope is oft disceaude,
Wispaire cannot but bryede a change
For fleting hartes cannot be pleasde
Of all these bad, the best I thinke,
Is well to hope, though fortune shrinke,
Desired thinges are not ay prest,
Not thinges denide left all vnsought,
For new thinges to be loued best,
For all offers to be set at nought,
where faithfull hart hath ben refusde,
The cholers wit was there abusde.
The wofull ship of carefull spite,
Fletinge on seas of wailing teares,
with sailes of wishes broken quite,
Hanging on waues of dolefull feares,
By surge of sighes at wrecke nere hand,
May fast no anker hold on land.
What helpes the dyal to the blinde,
Or els the clock without it sound
Or who by dreames doth hope to finde,
The hidden gold within the grond,
Shalbe as free from cares and feares,
As he that holdes a wolfe by the eares.
And how much mad is he that thinkes
To climbe to heauen by the beames
what ioy alas, hath he that winkes,
At Titan or his golden streames
His ioyes not subiect to reasons lawes,
What ioyeth more then he hath cause.
For as the Phenix that climeth highe
The sunne lightly in ashes burneth
Againe, the Faulcon so quick of eye.

Sone

Sone on the grounde the net masheth
Experience therefore the meane assurance
Prefers before the doutfull pleasance.

The louer thinkes no paine to great, wherby he may obtain his ladie.

SIth that the way to welth is wo,
And apter paine is pleasure prest.
Why should I than dispaire so,
Ty bewailing mine vnrest,
Or let to leade my life in paine,
So worthy a lady to obtaine.
The fisher man doth count no care.
To cast his nets to wrack or wast,
And in reward of ech mans share
A gogen gift is much embrast.
Should I then grudge in grief or gall,
That loke at length to whelme a Whall?
The pore man ploweth his grounde for grain,
And soweth his seede increase to craue,
And for thexpence of all his pain,
Oft holdes it hap his sede to saue.
These pacient paines my part doth show
To long for loue ere that I know.
And take no scorne to scape from skill,
To spend my sprites to spare my spech,
To win for welth the want of will
And thus for rest to rage I reche
Running my race as rect vpright
Till teare of truth appease my plight.
And plant my plaint within her brest,
Who doutles may restore againe,
My harmes to helth, my ruth to rest.
That laced is within her chaine,
For earst ne are the griefes so great,
As is the ioy when loue is met.
For who couets so high to clime,
As doth the bird that pitfoll toke

Or who delightes so swift to swim,
As doth the fish that skapes the hoke,
If these had neuer entred wo,
How mought they haue reioysed so,
But yet alas ye louers all,
That here my ioye thus lesse reioyce,
Judge not amys what so befall.
In me there lieth no power of choyse,
It is but hope that doth me moue,
Who standerd bearer is to loue.
On whose ensigne when I behold,
I see the shadow of her shape,
Within my faith so fast I fold,
Through drede I die, through hope I scape,
Thus ease and wo full oft I finde,
What will you more she knoweth my minde.

Of a new maried studient that plaied fast or lose.

A Studient at his boke so placed,
That welth he might haue wonne,
From boke to wife did fleete in hast,
From welth to wo to runne.
Now, who hath plaied a feater cast,
Since iugling first begonne?
In knitting of himselfe so fast,
Himselfe he hath vndonne.

The meane estate is to be accompted the best.

VVho craftly castes to stere his boate
And safely scours the flattering flood,
He cutteth not the greatest waues,
For why, that way were nothing goood,
Neffeteth on the croked shore
Lest harme him happe awayting lest
But wines away betwene them both,
As who would say the meane is best.

Who walteth on the golden meane,
He put in point of sickernes,
Hides not hys head in sluttishe coates,
Ne shroudes himself in filthynes.
Ne sittes a loft in hye estate,
where hateful hartes enuie his chance,
But wisely walkes betwixt them twaine,
Ne proudly doth himself auance,
The highest tree in all the wood
Is rifest rent with blustring windes,
The higher hall the greater fall
Such chance haue proude and lofty mindes,
When Jupiter from hye doth threat
With mortall mace and dint of thunder
The hyest hilles been batered eft
When they stode still that stoden vnder,
The man whose hed with wit is fraught
In welth will feare a worser tide
When fortune failes dispaireth nought
But constantly doth still abide.
For he that sendeth grisely stormes
with whisking windes and bitter blastes.
And fowlth with haile the winters face,
And frotes the soile with hory frostes,
Euen he adawth the force of cold
The spring in sendes with somer hote,
The same full oft in stormy hartes
Is cause of bale, of ioy the roote.
Not alwaies yll though so be now
When cloudes ben driuen, then rides the racke,
Phebus the freshe ne shooteth still,
Somtime he harpes his muse to wake,
Stand stif therfore, pluck vp thy hart,
Lose not thy port though fortune faile,
Againe whan winde doth serue at will,
Take hede to hie to hoyse thy saile.

The louer refused, lamenteth his estate.

I Lent my loue to losse and gaged my life in vaine,
If hate for loue and death for life of louers be the gaine.

And curse I may by course the place eke time and howre,
That nature first in me did fourme to be a liues creature.
Sith that I must absent my selfe so secretly,
In place desert where neuer man my secretes shall espy.
In doling of my dayes among the beastes so brute,
Who with theyr tonges may not bewray the secretes of my sute.
Nor I in like to them may once to moue my minde,
But gase on them and they on me as beastes are wount of kynde.
Thus ranging as refusde to reache some place of rest,
All ruff of heere, my nayles vnnocht as to such semeth best.
That wander by their wittes, deformed so to bee,
That men may say, such one may curse the time he first gan see.
The beauty of her face, her shape in such degree,
Is God himselfe may not discerne, one place mended to bee.
Nor place it in like place, my fansy for to please.
Who would become a heardmans hire, one hower to haue of ease,
Wherby I might restore to me some stedfastnesse,
That haue moe thoughts heapt in my hed, thē life may long disgesse
As oft to throw me downe vpon the earth so colde,
Wheras with teares most rufully, my sorowes do vnfolde.
And in beholding them, I chiefly call to mynde,
What woman could find in her hart, such bonding for to binde.
Then rashely forth I yede, to cast me from that care,
Lyke as the byrde for foode doth flie, and lighteth in the snare.
From whence I may not meue, vntyll my race be roune,
So trayned is my truth through her ẏ thinkes my life wel wonne.
Thus tosse I to and fro, in hope to haue reliefe,
But in the fine I find not so, it doubleth but my griefe.
wherfore I will my want a warning for to be,
Unto all men, wishing that they, a mirrour make of me.

The felicitie of a minde imbracing vertue, that beholdeth the wretched desires of the world.

VVhen dredful swelling seas, through boysterous windy blastes
So tosse the ships, that all for nought, serues ancor, sayle and mastes.
who takes not pleasure then safely on shore to rest,
And see with drede and depe dispayre, how shipmen are distrest.
Not that we pleasure take, when others felen smart,
Our gladnes groweth to see their harmes, and yet to fele no part.

Delight we take also, wel ranged in aray,
When armies meete to see the fight, yet free be from the fray,
But yet among the rest, no toy may match with this,
Taspire vnto the temple hie where wisdome troned is,
Defended with the sawes of hory heades expert,
Which clere it kepe from errours mist, that might the truth peruert,
From whence thou mayst loke downe, and see as vnder foote,
Mans wãdring will & doutfull life frõ whẽce they take their roote.
How some by wit contend, by prowes some to ryse,
Riches and rule to gayne and holde, is all that men deuyse.
O miserable mindes, O hartes in folly drent,
Why see you not what blindnesse in this wretched life is spente
Body denoyde of grief, minde free from care and drede,
Is all and some that nature craues, wherwith our life to fede,
So that for natures turne few thinges may well suffice,
Dolour and grief clene to expell, and some delight surprice.
Yea and it falleth oft, that nature more content
Is with the lesse, then when the more to cause delight is spent.

Al worldly pleasures vade.

The winter with his griesly stormes ne lenger dare abide,
The pleasant grasse with lusty grene, the earth hath newly dide
The trees haue leues, the bowes don spred, new chãged is the yere
The water brokes are cleane lonke downe, the plesant bãkes apere
The spring is come, the goodly nimphes now daunce in euery place
Thus hath the yere most pleasantly of late ychaungde his face,
Hope for no immortalitie, for wealth will weare away,
As we may learne by euery yere, yea howers of euery day.
For Zephirus doth molifie the colde and blustring windes,
The somers drought doth take away the spring out of our mindes
And yet the sommer cannot last, but once must step aside,
Then Autumn thinkes to kepe his place, but Autumn cãnot bide.
For whẽ he hath brought forth his fruits, & stuft the barns & corn
Then winter cates and empties all, and thus is Autumne worn.
Then hory frostes possesse the place, then tẽpests work much harme
Thẽ rage of stormes, don make all colde, which somer had made so (warme
Wherfore let no man put his trust in that, that wil decay
For flipper welth wil not continue, pleasure wil weare away,
For when that we haue lost our life, and lie vnder a stone,
what are we then: we are but earth, then is our pleasure gone.

No man can tell what god almight of euery wight doth cast,
No man can say to day I liue, tyl morne my life shall last.
For when thou shalt before thy iudge stand to receiue thy dome,
What sentēce Minos doth pronounce that must of thee become
Then shall not noble stocke and blood redeme the from his hands
Nor fugred talke with eloquence shall lose thee from his bandes
Nor yet thy life vprightly lead, can helpe the out of hell,
For who descendeth down so depe, must there abide and dwell
Diana could not thence deliuer chaste Hypolitus,
Nor Theseus could not call to life his frende Perithous

A complaint of the losse of libertie by loue.

I Nsecking rest, vnrest I finde,
I finde that welth is cause of wo,
Wo worth the tyme that I enclynde,
To fixe in minde her beauty so.
That day be darkened as the night.
Let furious rage it cleane deuoure,
Ne Sunne nor Moone therin geue light.
But it consume with streame and showre.
Let no smal birdes strain furth their voyce,
With pleasant tunes, ne yet no beast
Fynd cause wherat he may retoyce,
That day when chaunced mine vnrest
Wherin alas from me was raught,
Myne own free choyce and quiet minde,
My lyfe my death in balance braught
And reason rasde through barke and rynde
And I as yet in flower of age
Both wit and wil did still aduance
Ay to resist that burinng rage:
But when I darte then did I glaunce:
Nothing to me did seme so hye,
In minde I could it strait attayne:
Fansy perswaded me therby,
Loue to esteme a thing most vayne:
But as the byrd vpon the bryer,
Doth pricke and prune her without eare:

Not knowing alas (poore foole) how nere,
She is vnto the fowlers snare.
So I amid discreetfull trust,
Did not mistrust such wofull happe:
Tyll cruell loue ere that I wist
Had caught me in his carefull trappe.
Then did I fele, and partly know,
How little force in me did raygne,
So soone to yelde to ouerthrowe
So frayle to flit from ioy to paine.
For when in welth will did me leade.
Of libertie to hoyse my sayle:
To hale at shete, and cast my leade,
I thought free choyce would stil preuaile
In whose calme streames I saylde so farre
No raging storme had in respect,
Untill I raylde a goodly starre,
Wherto my course I did direct.
In whose prospect in dolefull wyse,
My tackle faylde, my compasse brake,
Through hote desyres such storme did ryse,
That sterne aud top went al to wrake:
Oh cruell hap, oh fatal chaunce,
O fortune why wer thou vnkynde,
Without regard thus in a traunce,
To reue from me my ioyful mynde.
Where I was free now must I serue,
Where I was lose now am I bound.
In death my life I do preserue,
As one through gyrt with many a wound.

A prayse of his Ladie.

GEue place you Ladies and be gone
Boaste not your selues at all,
For here at hand approcheth one:
Whose face will stayne you all
The vertue of her liuely lookes
Excels the pcetious stone:
I wish to haue none other bokes
To reade or loke vpon,

In eche of her two christall eyes,
Smyleth a naked boy.
It would you all in heart suffice,
To see that lampe of ioy.
I think nature hath lost the mould,
Where she her shape did take,
Or els I doubt if nature could,
So faire a creature make.
She may be well comparde
Unto the Phenix kynde,
Whose like was neuer seen nor heard,
That any man can fynde.
In life she is Diana chast,
In truth Penelopey,
In woord and eke in dede stedfast.
What will you more we say,
If all the world wer sought so farre,
Who could finde such a wight,
Her beauty twinkleth like a starre,
Within the frosty night.
Her rosiall colour comes and goes,
With such a comely grace.
More ruddier too, then doth the rose,
Within her lively face.
At Bacchus feast none shall her mete,
Ne at no wanton play,
Nor gasing in an open strete,
Nor gadding as a stray.
The modest mirth that she doth vse,
Is mixt with shamefastnesse,
All vice she doth wholy refuse,
And hateth ydlenesse.
O lord it is a world to see,
How vertue can repaire,
And decke in her such honestie,
Whom nature made so faire.
Truely she doth as farre excede,
Our women now a dayes,
As doth the Iessamine flowre, a wede,
And more a thousand wayes.
How might I de to get a grafte,
Of this vnspotted tree?

For all the reſt are plaine but chaffe,
Which ſeme good corne to be,
This gift alone I ſhall her geue,
When death doth what he can:
Her honeſt fame ſhall liue,
Within the mouth of man.

The poore eſtate to be holden for beſt.

EXperience now doth ſhow what God vs taught before,
Deſpyed pompe is vaine, and ſeldome doth it laſt.
Who clymbes to raigne with kinges, may rue his fatefull fore,
Alas the wofull end that comes with care full faſt,
Reiect him doth renowne, his pompe full low is caſt.
Deceiued is the birde by ſweetneſſe of the call,
Expell that pleaſant taſte, wherin is bitter gall.
Such as with oten cakes in poore eſtate abydes,
Of care haue they no cure, the crab with mirth they roſt.
More eaſe feele they then thoſe, that from their height down ſlydes,
Exceſſe doth bryde their wo they ſayle in Scillas coſt,
Remaining in the ſtormes till ſhip and all be loſt,
Serue God therfore thou poze, for lo, thou liueſt in reſt,
Eſchue the golden hall, thy thatched houſe is beſt.

The complaint of Theſtilis amid the deſert wood.

THeſtilis a ſely man, when loue did him forſake,
In mourning wyſe, amid the woods thus gā his plaint to make
Th woful man (quod he) fallen is thy lot to mone,
And pine away with carefull thoughtes, vnto thy lone vnknowne.
Thy Lady thee forſakes whom thou didſt honor ſo,
That aye to her thou wer a frend, and to thy ſelf a foe.

ye lo:

ye louers that haue lost your hartes desyred choyse,
Lament with me my cruel happe, and helpe my trembling voyce.
Was neuer man that stode so great in fortunes grace
Nor with his swete alas to deare possest so hygh a place,
Yo I whose simple hart ape thought himself ful sure,
But now I see hye springing tydes they may not ape endure
She knowes my gyltlesse heart, and yet she lets it ppyne
Of her vntrue professed loue, so feble is the twine.
what wonder is it than, if I berent my heares,
And craues death continually do bath my selfe in teares.
When Cresus king of Lide was cast in cruel bandes,
And yelded goodes and lyfe also into his enemies handes,
what tong could tell his wo, yet was his grieke much lesse
Then myne, for I haue lost my loue which might my wo redresse
ye woodes that shroude my kins geue now your hollow sound,
That ye may helpe me to bewayle the cares that me confound,
ye riuers rest a while and stay the streames that runne,
Rew Thestilis most woful man that restes vnder the sunne.
Transport my sighes ye wyndes vnto my pleasant foe,
My trickling teares shal witnesse beare of this my cruel woe
O happy man wee I, if all the goddes agreed,
That now the sisters three should cut in twaine my fatall threde.
Till lyke with loue shal ende, I here respyte al iop
Thy pleasant swete I now lament, whose lacke breedes mine annoy
Farewel my dere therfore farewel to me wel knowne
If that I dye it shalbe sayd that thou hast slayne thyne owne.

An aunswer of comfort.

Thestilis thou sely man, why dost thou so complayne
If nedes thy loue wil thee forsake, thy mourning is in vayne
For none can force the streames agaynst their course to ronne
Nor yet vnwilling loue with teares or wayling can be wonne,
Cease thou therfore thy playnts, let hope thy sorowes ease
The shipmen though they sayles be rent, yet hope to scape the seas,
Though strange she seme a whyle, yet thinke she wil not change
Good causes driue ladies loue, somtime to seme ful strange.

No louer that hath wit, but can forelee such happe,
That no wight can at wish or will slepe in his ladies lappe.
Achilles for a tyme fayre Brises did forgo,
Yet did they mete with ioy againe. Then thinke thou mayst do so
Though he, and louers al, in loue sharpe stormes do finde,
Dispayre not thou poore Thestilis, though thy loue seme vnkynd,
Yh thinke her grafted loue cannot so sone decay,
Hye springes may cease from swelling still, but neuer drye away
Oft stormes of louers pre, do more their loue encrease
As shyning sunne refresh the frutes, when raining cloudes do cease
when springes are waxen lowe, then must they flowe againe
So shall thy hart aduaunced be, to pleasure out of payne
when lacke of thy delight most bitter grief apperes,
Think on Etrascus worthy loue, that lasted thyrty yeres
Which could not long atcheue, his harmes desyred choyce,
yet at the ende he found reward, that made him to reioyce.
Since he so long in hope with patience did remayne,
Cannot thy feruent loue forbeare thy loue a month or twaine?
Admit she minde to chaunge and nedes will there forgo,
Is there no more may thee delight but she that paynes thee so?
Thestilis draw to the towne and loue as thou hast done,
In tyme thou knowest by faithful loue, as good as she is wonne.
And leaue the deserte woodes and waping thus alone
And sethe to salue thy sore els where, if al her loue be gone.

The louer prayeth pitie shewing that nature hath taught his dog as it were to sue for the same by kissing his ladies handes.

NAture that taught my sely dog god wat
Euen for my sake to like where I doo loue,
Inforced him wherasmy lady sat
with humble sute before her sitting flat.
As in his sort he might her pray and woue
To rue vpon his lord and not forgeat,
The stedfast faith he beareth her, and loue,
Kissing her hand whom she could not remoue.

Away

I way that would for frowning nor for threat
As though he would haue sayde in my behoue,
Pity my lord your slaue that doth remayne,
Lest by his death, you gyltlesse slay vs twayne.

Of his ring sent to his ladie.

SInce thou my ring maist go, where I ne may,
Since thou mayst speake where I must holde my peace,
Say vnto her that is my liues stay.
Grauen within which I doe here expresse,
That soner shall the sunne not shyne by day
And with the rayne the floodes shall waxen lesse.
Soner the tree the hunter shall bewray,
Then I for change, or choyce of other loue,
Do euer seke my fansy to remoue.

The changeable state of louers.

FOr that a restlesse hed must some what haue in vre
wherwith it may acquainted be, as falcon is with lure
Fansy doth me awake out of my drowsy slepe,
In seing how the little mouse, at night begins to crepe.
So the desyrous man, that longes to catche his pray.
In spying how to watch his time, lyeth lurking still by day.
In hoping for to haue, and fearing for to finde
The salue that should recure his sore, & sorowеth but the mynde,
Such is the guyse of loue, and the vncertayne state,
That some should haue their hoped hap, and other hard estate
That some should seme to ioy in that they neuer had
And some againe shall froñe as fast, where causlesse they be sad
Such trades do louers vse, when they be most at large.
That guyde the stere when they thē selues lye fettered in the barge
The grenesse of my youth cannot therof expresse,
The processe for by proofe vnknowen, al this is but by gesse.
wherefore I hold it best, in tyme to hold my peace
But wanton will it cannot hold, or make my pen to cease,

I pen of no auayle, a fruitlesse labour eke,
My troubled hed with fansies fraught, doth payn it self to seke:
And if parhaps my wordes of none auaile do pricke
Such as do seke the hidden harmes, I would not they should kicke
As causelesse me to blame which thinketh them no harme,
Although I serue by others eye, sometime my self to warme
Which clerely I denye, as spitlesse of that cryme,
And though wrong demde I be therin, truth it wil trye in tyme,

A prayse of Audley.

WHen Audley had run out his race, and ended wer his daies,
His fame stept forth & bad me write of him som worthy praise,
What iyfe he lad what actes he did, his vertues and good name,
wherto I calde for true report, as witnes of the same
well borne he was, wel bent by kind, whose mind did neuer swerue
A skilfull head, a valiant hart, a redy hand to serue.
Brought vp and traynde in feates of war long time beyond ȳ seas,
Calde home again to serue his prince, who stil he sought to please
what turnay was there he refusde, what seruice did he shoone
where he was not nor his aduice, what great exploite was doone
In towne a Lambe, in fielde ful fierce, a Lyon at the nede,
In sobre wit a Salomon, yet one of Hectors sede
Then shame it wer that any tong should now defame his dedes,
That in his iyfe a mirrour was to all that him succedes.
No poore estate nor hye renowne his nature could peruart,
No hard mischance that him befel could moue his constant hart,
Thus long he lued, loued of al, as one mislyked of none,
And where he went who calde him not the gentle Paragon.
But course of kinde doth cause eche fruite to fal when it is rype,
And spiteful death will suffer none to scape his grieuous grype
yet though the ground receiued haue his corps into her wombe,
This Ephitaphe pgraue in brasse, shal stand vpon his tombe.
Lo here he lyes that hated vyce, and vertuous life imbrast
His name in earth, his spryte aboue, deserues to be wel placed.

Tyme tryeth truth.

EChe thing I see hath time, which time must trye my truth,
which trueth deserues a special trust, on trust gret frēdship grōs
And frendship may not faile where faythfulnesse is found, (weth

And

And faythfulnesse is full of fruit, and fruitfull thinges be sound.
And sound is good at proofe, and proofe is prince of praise,
And precious praise is such a pearle, as seldome nere decayes.
All theise thinges tyme tryes forth, which time I must abyde.
How should I boldely credit craue till time my truth haue tryde.
For as I found a time to fall in fansies frame,
So I do wish a lucky time for to declare the same.
It hap may aunswer hope, and hope may haue his hyre,
Then shall my heart possesse in peace, the time that I desyre.

The louer refused of his loue, imbraceth vertue.

My youthfull yeres are past,
My ioyfull dayes are gone,
My life it may not last,
My graue and I am one.
My mirth and toyes are fled,
And I a man in wo,
Desyrous to be ded,
My mischiefe to forgo.
I burne and am a colde,
I freze amiddes the fyre,
I see she doth withholde
That is my most desire.
I see my helpe at hande,
I see my life also,
I see where she doth stande
That is my deadly fo.
I see how she doth see,
And yet she wilbe blinde,
I see in helping me,
She seekes and wil not finde.
I see how she doth wry,
When I begynne to mone,
I see when I come nie
How fayne she would be gone.
I see what will ye more,
She will me gladly kill,
And you shall see therfore
That she shall haue her will.

I can

I cannot liue with stones
It is to hard a foode,
I wilbe dead at ones
To doe my lady good.

The picture of a louer.

BEholde my picture here wel portrayed for the nones,
With heart consumed and falling flesshe, behold the very bones,
whose cruel chaunce alas, and destenye is such,
Onely because I put my trust in some folke all to mutch.
For since the time that I did entre into this pine.
I neuer sawe the cyrling sunne but with my weping eyen.
Nor yet I neuer heard so swete a voyce or sounde,
But that to me it did encrease the dolour of my wounde,
Nor in so soft a bedde, alas I neuer lay.
But that it semed hard to me or euer it was day.
Yet in this body bare, that nought but like retaines,
The strength wher of clene past away the care yet still remaynes.
Like as the cole in flame doth spend it self you see,
To vaine and wretched cindre dust till it consumed bee.
So doth this hope of myne inforce my feruent sute,
To make me for to gape in vaine, whilst other eate the frute.
And shall do till the death doth geue me such a grace,
To rid this selp wofull sprite out of this delefull case.
And then would God wer writ in stone or els in leade,
This epitaph vpon my graue, to shew why I am dead.
Here lyeth the louer lo, who for the louesse aught.
I liue vnto his lady dere, his death therby he caught.
And his shielde of black, lo here his armes apperes,
With weping eyes as you may see, well powdred al with teares.
Loe here you may beholde, aloft vpon his brest,
A womans hand straining the heart of him that loued her best,
Wherfore all you that see this corps for loue that starues,
Example make vnto you al, that thankelesse louers serues.

Of the death of Phillips.

BEwaple with me all ye that haue profest
Of musicke tharte by touche of coard or wynde.

Lay

Lay downe your lutes and let your gitterns reſt,
Phillips is dead whoſe like you can not finde
Of muſicke muche exceding all the reſt,
Whales therfore of force now muſt you wreſt,
your pleaſant notes into an other ſound,
The ſtring is broke, the lute is diſpoſſeſt
The hand is colde, the body in the ground.
The lowring lute lamenteth now therfore,
Phillips her frende that can her touche no more

That all thinges ſomtime finde eaſe of their payne, ſaue onely the louer.

I Ner there is no ſort,
Of thinges that liue in griefe
which at ſomtime may not reſort,
whereas they haue relefe
The ſtriken Dere by kinde,
Of death that ſtandes in awe:
For his recure an herbe can finde,
The arrow to withdrawe.
The chaſed Dere hath ioyle,
To coole him in his heate.
The aſſe after his wery toyle
In ſtable to by ſet.
The Cony hath his caue
The little byrd his neſt,
From heate and colde them ſelues to ſaue.
At al times as they liſt.
The Owle with feble ſight,
Lyes lurking in the leaues,
The ſparow in the froſty night,
May ſhroude her in the eaues,
But wo to me alas.
In ſunne nor yet in ſhade,
I cannot find a reſting place,
My burden to vnlade.
But day by day ſtill bearen
The burden on my backe,

With

With weping eyen and watry teares,
To holde my hope abacke.
At thinges I see haue place,
wherin they bowe or bende,
Saue this alas my wofull case,
whiche no where findeth ende.

Thassault of Cupide vpon the fort where the louers harte lay wounded, and how he was taken.

When Cupide scaled fyrst the fort,
wherin my hart lay wounded sore:
The battery was of such a sort
That I must pelde or dye therfore.
There saw I loue vpon the wall,
How he his banner did display,
Alarme alarme he gan to cal,
And bade his souldiours kepe a ray.
The armes the which that Cupyde bare,
wer pearced hartes with teares besprent
In siluer and sable to declare
The stedfast loue he alwayes ment.
There myght you see his band al dyght,
In colours lyke to white and blacke:
with powder and with pellets pyght,
To bring the fort to spoyle and sacke.
Good wil the maister of the shot,
Stode in the rampire braue and proude:
For spence of powder he spared not,
Assault assault to crye alonde
There might you heare the cannons rore
Eche piece discharged a louers loke,
Which had the power to rent and tore
In any place wheras they toke.
And euen with the trumpets sowne
The scaling ladders wer vp set,
And beauty walked vp and downe
With bow in hand and arrowes whet
Then first desire began to scale
And shrouded him vnder his targe,

Is one the worthiest or them all,
And aptest for to geue the charge.
The pushed souldiers with theyr pykes,
And holbardes with handy strokes,
the hargabushe in flesshe it tightes,
And dimps the ayre with mistye smokes.
And as it is now souldiers vse,
when shot and powder gins to want,
I hanged vp my flagge of truce,
And pleaded for my lyues graunt.
when fansy thus had made her breache,
And beauty entred with her bande,
with bagge and baggage sely wretch.
I yelded into beauties hande.
Then beauty bad to blow retrete,
And euery souldiour to retyre,
And mercy mylde with spede to set
We captiue bound as prisoner
Madame (quod I) sith that this day
Hath serued you at all assayes,
I yelde to you without delay,
Here of the fortresse all the kayes.
And sith that I haue ben the marke,
At whom you shot at with your eye,
Neded must you with your handy warke,
Or saiue my lyfe or let me dye.

The aged louer renounceth loue.

I Loth that I vyd loue,
In youth that I thought swete,
As time requires for my behoue,
Me thinkes they are not mete.
My lustes they doe me leaue,
My fansies all are fled,
And tract of time begynnes to weaue
Gray heares vpon my hed.
For age with stealing steppes
Hath clawde me with his crouche,

And

And lusty lyke away she leapes
As there had been none such.
My muse doth not delight
Me as she dyd before,
My hand and pen are not in plight,
As they haue been of yore.
For reason me denyes
This youthly vaine tyme,
And day by day to me she cryes
Leaue of these toyes in tyme.
The wrinkles in my brow,
The furrowes in my face,
Say lyming age will lodge him now,
where youth must geue him place.
The harbinger of death,
To me I see him ride,
the cough, the cold, the gasping breath
Doth byd me to prouide
A pickeax and a spade,
And eke a shrowding sheete,
A house of clay for to bee made,
For such a geast most meete.
Me thinkes I heare the clarke
That knolles the carefull knell,
And byddes me leaue my woefull warke
Ere nature me compell.
My kepers knit the knot,
That youth did laughe to scorne,
Of me that cleane shalbe forgot,
As I had not been borne.
Thus must I youth geue vp,
whose badge I long did weare,
to them I yelde the wanton cup,
That better may it beare.
Lo here the barehead skull.
By whose bayde signe I know,
that stouping age away shall pull.
which youthfull yeres did sowe.
For beauty with her band
These crooked cares hath wrought
And shipped me into the land,
From whence I first was brought.

And

And ye that byde behinde,
Haue ye none other truſt:
As ye of clay wer caſt by kinde,
So ſhall ye waſt to duſt.

Of the lady wentworths death.

TO liue to die, and die to liue againe,
with good renowme of fame well leſt before
Here lyeth ſhe that learned had the lore,
whom if the perfect vertues wouldeu daine,
To be ſet forth with forte of worldly grace,
was noble borne, and match in noble race,
Lord wentworthes wife, nor wanted to attaine,
In natures giftes, her praiſe among the reſt.
But that that gaue her praiſe aboue the beſt
Not fame, her wedlockes chaſtnes durſt diſdaine
wherin with child deliuering of her wombe
Thuntimely birth hath brought the both in tombe,
So left ſhe life by death to liue againe.

The louer accuſing his loue for her vnfaithfulneſſe, purpoſeth to liue in libertie.

THe ſmoky ſighes the bitter teares,
That I in vayne haue waſted:
The broken ſlepes, the woe and feares,
That long in me haue laſted:
The loue and all I owe to thee,
Here I renounce and make me free.
which fredome I haue by thy guylt,
And not by my deſeruing,
Since ſo vnconſtanly thou wilt
Not lone, but ſtill be ſweruing,
To leaue me of which was thine owne,
without en cauſe why as ſhalbe knowne.
The fruittes wer faire the which did growe,

within thy garden planted,
The leaues wer grene of euery bough,
And mopsture nothing wanted,
yet or the blosomes gan fall
The caterpiller wasted all.
Thy body was the garden place,
And sugred wordes it beareth,
The blossomes all thy faith it was,
which as the canker weareth
The Caterpiller is the same.
That hath wonne the and lost thy name.
I meane the louer loued now,
By thy pretented foly,
which will proue like, thou shalt find how
Into a tree of holly.
That barke and bery beares alwayes,
The one, birds feden, the other slayes.
And right well mightest thou haue thy wish,
Of thy loue new acquainted,
For thou art like vnto the dishe,
That Idzianus paynted.
wherin wer grapes portrayd so layne,
That fowles for foode did there repayre.
But I am like the beaten fowle
That from the net escaped,
And thou art like the rauening owle,
That all the night hath waked.
For none intent but to betray
The sleping foule before the day.
Thus hath thy loue been vnto me
As pleasant and commodious,
As was the fire made on the se
By Nauius hate so odious.
Therewith to traine the grekish host
From Tropes returne where they were lost.

The louer for want of his desire, sheweth his death at hande.

As Cypres tree that rent is by the roote,
As braunche or slippe better frō whēce it growes
As well sowne sede for drought that cannot sprout
As gaping ground that raineselle cannot close
As mowles that want the earth to do them bote
As fishe on land to whome no waters flowes,
As Chamelcon that lackes the ayre so sote,
As flowers do fade when Phebus rarest showes,
As Salamandra repulsed from the fyre:
So wanting my wish I dye for my desyre.

A happy end exceedeth al pleasures and riches of the world.

The shining season to some,
The glory in the worldes sight,
Renoumed fame though fortune wonne
The glittering gold the eyes delight.
The sensuall lyfe that semes so swete
The heart with joy full dayes replete
Whething wherto eche wight is thrall,
The happy ende exceedeth al.

Against an vnstedfast woman.

O Temerous tauntres that delightes in toyes
Tumbling cockboate tottering too and fro,
Jangling iestres, depiaures of swete joyes,
Ground of the grasse whence al my grief doth grow
Sullen serpent enuironed with despite,
That ill for good at al times dost requite.

A prayse of Petrake and of Laura his ladie.

O Petrark head and prince of Poets al
whose liuely gyft of flowing eloquence,
Well may we sese, but find not how or whence
So rare a gift with thee did ryse and fall
Peace to thy bones, and glory immortall
Be to thy name, and to her excellence
whose beauty lighted in thy time and sence:
So to be set furth as none other shal
why hath not our pens, rymes so perfit wrought,
Ne why our time furth bringeth beauty such?
To trye our wittes as gold is by the touch.
If to the style the matter ayded ought
But there was neuer Laura more then one,
And her had Petrarke for his Paragone.

That Petrak cannot be passed but notwithstanding that Laura is farre surpassed.

WIth Petrarke to compare there may no wight,
Nor yet attayne vnto so high a stile,
But yet I wot full well where is a file,
To frame a lerned man to prayse aright,
Of stature meane, of semely forme and shappe,
Eche line of iust proporcion to her hight,
Her colour fresh, and mingled with such sleight:
As though the rose sat in the lilies lap.
In wit and tong to shew what may be sed,
To euery dede she ioines a perfit grace,
If Laura liued, she would her cleane deface.
For I dare say, and lay my life to wed
That Homus could not, if he downe descended,
Once iustly say, Lo this may be amended.

Against a cruel woman.

CRuell vnkinde whom mercy cannot moue
Harbour of vnhappe where rigours rage doth raigne,
Ground of my griefe where pitie cannot proue:

Trickle

Trickle to truſt of all vntruſh the traine,
Thou rigorous rocke that truth cannot remoue,
Daungerous delph, deepe dungeon of diſdaine,
Racke of ſelfwill, the cheft of craft and chaunge,
What cauſech thee thus cauſeleſſe for to change?
Ah pittieleſſe plaint whom plaint cannot prouoke,
Den of diſceit that right doth ſtill refuſe,
Cauſeleſſe vnkinde that carieſt vnder cloke,
Crueltie and creaft me only to abuſe,
Stately and ſtubburne withſtanding Cupides ſtroke,
Thou marueilous maſe that makeſt men to muſe,
Swollen by ſelfewill, moſt ſtony ſtiffe and ſtrange,
What cauſeth thee thus cauſeleſſe for to change?
Slipper and ſecret where ſuretie cannot ſow,
Net of newetie, neſt of newfangleneſſe,
Spring of all ſpite, from whence whole ſludges do flow,
Thou caue annd cage of care and craftineſſe,
Wauering willow that euery blaſt doth blow,
Graffe without groth and cauſe of carefulneſſe,
Heape of miſhappe of all my griefe the grange,
What cauſeth thee thus cauſeleſſe for to change?
Haſt thou forgot that I was thine inkeft,
By force of loue hadſt thou no hart at all,
Haweſt thou not other for thy loue wer left
Knoweſt thou vnkinde, that nothing mough befall,
From out of my heart that could haue the bereft?
What meaneſt thou then, at ryot thus to range?
And leaueſt thine owne that neuer thought to change.

The louer ſheweth what he would haue, if it were graunted him to haue what he would wiſhe.

If it wer ſo that god would graunt me my requeſt,
And that I might of earthly thinges haue that I liked beſt,
I would not wiſhe to clime to princely hie eſtate,
Which ſlipper is and ſlides ſo oft, and hath ſo fickle fate.
Nor yet to conquere realmes with cruel ſword in hande.

And so to shed the giltlesse blood of such as would withstande,
Nor I would not desire in worldly rule to raigne:
Whose fruite is all vnquietnesse, and breaking of the braine.
Nor riches in excesse of vertue so abhorde.
I would not craue whiche breedeth care, and causeth all discord,
But my request should be more worth a thousand folde,
That I might haue and her enioy that hath my heart in holde.
Oh God what iusty life should we liue then for euer.
In pleasant ioy and perfect blisse to length our liues together.
With wordes of frendly chere, and lokes of liuely loue,
To better all our hot desires, which neuer should remoue.
But grosse and grede wittes which grope but on the grounde:
To gather muche of worldly goodes which oft do them confounde,
Cannot attaine to knowe the misteries deuine.
Of perfit loue whereto hie wittes of knowledge do encline.
A niggard of his golde such ioy can neuer haue,
Which geates with toile & kepes with care, and is his moneys slaue
As they enioy alwaies, that tast loue in his kinde,
For they do holde continually a heauen in their minde,
No worldly goodes could bring my heart so great an ease,
As for to finde or do the thing that might my lady please.
For by her onely loue, my heart should haue all ioy,
And with the same put care away, and all that could annoy.
As if that any thing should chaunce to make me sadde,
The touching of her cozall lippes, would straight waies make me
And when that in my heart I felt that did me greue, (gladde
With one embracing of her armes she might me sone relieue.
And as the Angels all whiche sit in heauen hye,
With presence and the sight of God, haue their felicitie.
So likewise I on earth, should haue al earthly blisse,
With presence of that Paragon, my god in earth that is.

The lady forsaken of her louer praieth his returne, or the ende of her owne lyse.

TO loue alas, who would not feare,
That seeth my wofull state,
For he to whom my heart I beare
Doth me extremely hate.

And

And why therfore I cannot tell,
He will no lenger with me dwel
Did you not sue and long me serue,
Ere I you graunted grace?
And wil you thus now from me swarue
That neuer did trespace?
Alas poore woman then alas,
I wery like heremust I passe.
And shal my faith haue such refuse
In dede and shal it so?
To there no chopce for me to chuse
But must I leaue you so?
Alas poore woman then alas,
I wery like hence must I passe.
And is there now no remedy
But that you wil forget here?
There was time when that perdy
You would haue heard her better,
But now that time is gone and past,
And al your loue is but a blast,
And can you thus breake your beheste,
In dede and can you so?
Did you not sweare you loued me beste?
And can you now say no?
Remembre me poore wight in payne,
And for my sake turne once againe.
Alas poore Dydo now I see,
Thy present paynefull state.
When false Eneas did him flee,
From thee at Carthage gate
And left thee sleping in thy bed.
Regarding not what he had sed.
was neuer woman thus betrayde,
Nor man so false forswore
To his faith and troth so stronsly tyde.
Untruth hath all to tore.
And I haue leaue for my good will.
To waple and wepe alone my fil.
But since it will not better bee
Thy teares shall neuer blin.
To moyst the earth in such degree

That I may drowne therin.
That by my death al men may say.
No women are as true as they.
By me al women may beware,
That see my woful smart,
To seke true loue let them not spare,
Before they set their hart,
Or els they may become as I,
Which for my truth am like to dye.

The louer yelden into his ladies handes, praieth mercy.

IN fredome was my fantesie,
Abhorring bondage of the minde.
But now I yelde my libertie,
And willingly my selfe I binde.
Truely to serue with al my hart
Whiles life doth last not to reuert
Her beauty bounde me first of all,
And forst my wil for to consent,
And I agree to be her thral,
For as she list I am content.
My wil is hers in that I may,
And where she bidds I wil obay
Lyeth in her my woe or welth,
She may doe that she liketh best,
If that she list I haue my helth
If she list not m'woe I rest,
Sins I am fast within her bandes.
My wo and welth lye in her handes,
She can no lesse then pitie me,
Sith that my fitte to her is knowne
It weare to much extremitie
With cruelties to vse her owne,
Alas a sinfull enterprise,
To slay that yelds at her deuyse.
But I thinke not her hart so harde,
Nor that she hath such cruel lust.

I doubte nothing of her rewarde
For my desert but well I trust
As she hath beautie to allure
So hath she a hart that wil recure.

The nature which worketh all thinges, for our behouse, hath made women also for our comfort and delight,

A Monge dame natures workes such perfit law is wrought,
That thinges be rulde by course of kind in order as they ought
And serueth in their state, in such iust frame and sort,
That slender wits may iudge the same, and make therof report,
Behold what secret force the wynde doth easely showe,
Which guydes the shippes amid the seas, if he his bellowes blowe.
The waters waxen wilde where blustering blastes do ryse
Yet seldom do they passe their bondes for nature that deuise
The fire which boiles the leade, and trieth out the golde
Hath in his power both helpe and hurt, if he his force vnfolde
The frost which killes the fruite, doth knit the bruised bones,
And is a medicine of kinde, prepared for the nones.
The earth in whose entrayles the fode of man doth liue,
At euery spring and fal of leafe, what pleasure doth she giue?
The ayre which life desires and is to health so swete,
Of nature yeldes such liuely smelles, that comfortes euery sprete.
The Sunne through natures might, doth draw a way the dew
And spredes the flowers wher he is wont, his princely face to shew,
The Moone which may be calde the lanterne of the night,
Is halfe a guide to traueling men, such vertue hath her light
The starres not vertuelesse are beauty to the eyes
A lodes man to the Mariner, a ligne of calmed skies
The flowers and fruitful trees, to man do tribute pay,
And when they haue their duette done, by course they fade away.
Eche beast both fishe and fowle, doth offer life and al,
To nourish man and do him ease, yea serue him at his cal
The serpentes venemous, whose ougly shapes we hate,
Are soueraigne salues for sundry sores, and nedeful in their state.
Sith nature shewes her power, in eche thing thus at large,
Why should not man submit himself to be in natures charge?

who

Who thinkes to flee her force, at length becomes her thrall,
The wisest cannot stoppe her snare, for nature gouerns all.
Lo, nature gaue vs shape, lo nature feedes our liues,
The they are worse the mad I thinke, against her force that striues
Though some do vse to say, which can do nought but fayne,
Women were made for this entent, to put vs men to payne
Yet sure I thinke they are a pleasure to the minde,
A ioy which man can neuer want, as nature hath assinde.

when aduersitie is once fallen it is to late to be ware.

TO misshappe alas I finde
That happy hap is dangerous,
And fortune worketh but her kinde,
To make the ioyfull dolorus,
But all to late it comes to minde,
To weile the want that makes me blinde.
I mad my mirth and pleasantnesse,
Such chaunce is chaunced sodenly,
That in dispaire without redresse,
I finde my chiefest remedie.
No new kinde of vnhappinesse,
Should thus haue left me comfortlesse.
Who would haue thought that my requeste,
Should bring me forth such bitter frute:
But now is hapt that I feard best.
And all this harme comes by my suite.
For when I thought me happiest
Euen then hapt al my chief unrest,
In better case was neuer none,
And yet vnwares thus am I trapt
My chiefe desire doth cause me mone
And to my harme my wreth is hapt,
There is no man but I alone,
That hath such cause to sigh and mone.
Thus am I caught for to be ware
And trust no more such pleasant chance,
My happy hap bred me this care,
And brought my mirth to great mischance,
There is no man whom hap wil spare,
But when she list his welth is bare

Of a louer that made his only God of his loue.

All you that frendshippe do profesſe,
And of a frend preſent the place,
Geue care to me that did poſſeſſe,
Ys frendly fruites as ye imbrace.
And to declare the circumſtance,
There were themſelues that did auaunce
To teach me truely how to take,
A faithfull frende for vertues ſake.
But I as one of little ſkill,
To know what good myght grow therby,
Vnto my welth I had no will,
Nor to my nede I had none eye,
But as the childe doth learne to go,
So I in time did learne to knowe,
Of all good fruites the world brought forth,
A faithfull frende is thing moſt worth.
Then with all care I ſought to finde,
One worthy to receiue ſuch truſt,
One onely that was riche in minde,
One ſecret, ſobre, wiſe and iuſt,
whom riches could not rayſe at all,
Nor powertye procure to fall.
And to be ſhort in few wordes plaine,
One ſuch a frende I did attaine.
And when I did entey this welth,
Who lined lord in ſuch a caſe,
For to my frendes it was great helth,
And to my foes a foule diſgrace
And to my ſelfe a thing ſo rich
As ſeke the world and finde none ſuch.
Thus by this frende I ſet ſuch ſtore,
As by my ſelfe I ſet no more.
This frende ſo much was my delight,
When care had clene ouercome my hart,
One thought of her rid care as quite,
As neuer care had cauſde my ſmart,
Thus loued I in my frend ſo dere,
Was neuer frende ſate man ſo nere.

I carde

I carde for her so much alone,
That other Gods I carde for none.
But as it doth to them befall,
That to themselues respect haue none:
So my sweete grasse is growen to gall.
Where I sowed mirth I reaped mone,
This ydoll that I honorde so,
Is now transformed to my foe.
That me most pleased me most paines,
And in dispaire my heart remaynes.
And for mine scourge of such desart,
Three plagues I may my selfe assure,
First of my frende to lose my part,
And next my life may not endure,
And last of all the more to blame,
My soule shall suffer for the same.
Wherefore ye frendes I warne you all,
Set fast for feare of such a fall.

Vpon the death of Sir Antony Denny.

DEath and the king, did as it wer contend,
Which of them two bare Denny greatest loue.
The king to shew his loue gan farre extende,
Did him aduance his betters farre aboue.
Here place, much welth, great honor, eke him gaue,
To make it known what power great princes haue,
But when death came with his triumphant gift,
From worthy earthe he quit his werried ghost,
Free from the corps, and straight to heauen it lift,
Now deme that can, who did for Denny most.
The king gaue welth but fading and vnsure,
Death brought him blisse that euer shall endure.

A comparison of the louers paines.

LIke as the brake within the ryders hande,
Doth straine the horse, nye woode with grieke of paine,

Not vsed before to come in such a bande,
Striueth for griefe, although god wot in vain,
To be as erst he was at libertie,
But force of force doth straine the contrary.
Euen so sins band doth cause my deadly griefe,
That made me so my woefull chaunce lament
Like thing hath brought me into payne and mischief,
Haue willingly to it I did assent.
To bynd the thing in fredome which was free,
That now full sore alas repenteth me,

Of a Rosmary branche sent.

SUch grene to me as you haue sent.
Such grene to you I send again,
A flourishing heart that will not feint,
For drede of hope or lolle of payne,
I stedfast thought all wholy bent
So that he may your grace obtayne,
As you by proofe haue alwaies sene
To liue your owne and alwayes grene.

To his loue of his constant heart.

AS I haue been, so will I euer be,
Vnto my death, and lenger if I might,
Haue I of loue the frendly looking eye
Haue I of fortune fauour or despite,
I am of roche by proofe as you may see:
Not made of wax, nor of no mettal light,
As leefe to dye, by change as to deceiue.
Or breake my promise made. And so I leaue.

Of the token which his loue sent him.

The golden apple that the Troyan boy,
Gaue to Venus the fairest of the three,
Which was the cause of all the wracke of Troy,
was not receiued with a greater ioy,
Then was the same (my loue) thou sent to me,
It healed my sore it made my sorowes cease,
It gaue me hope it banisht mine annoy,
Thy happy hand ful oft of me was blist
That can giue such a salue when that thou list.

Manhode auaileth not without good fortune.

The Coward oft whom deinty vyandes fed,
That dosted much his ladies fauor to please,
By helpe of them whom vnder him he led,
Hath reapt the palme that valance cold not cease.
The vnexpert that shores vnknowen were sought,
whom Neptune yet appalled not with feare
In wandring shippe on trustles seas hath tought
The skill to kele that time to long doth leare.
The spoyling knight that skorneth Cupides kinde,
with fained chere the payned cause to hyde
In game vnhides the leaden sparkes of minde,
And gaines the gole, where glowing flames should fyde
Thus I see proofe that trouth and manlie hart,
May not auaile, if fortune chaunce to start.

That constancy of all vertues is most worthy

Though in the ware a perfect picture made,
Doth shew as faire as in the marble stone,
Yet do we see it is esteemed of none
Because that fier or force the fourme doth fade,
whereas the marble holden is ful dere.
Since that endures the date of longer dayes,
Of Diamondes it is the greatest prayse,

So

So long to last and alwaies one tappere,
Then if we do esteme that thing for best.
Which in perfection lengest time do last:
And that most vaine that turns with euery blast.
What iewell then with tong can be exprest?
Like to that hert wher loue hath framde such seth
That cannot fade but by the force of deth.

The vncertaine state of a louer.

LYke as the rage of raigne,
Filles riuers with excesse,
And as the drought againe,
Doth draw them lesse and lesse,
So I both fall and clyme,
With no and yea sometime.
As they swell hye and hye
So doth encrease my state,
As they fall drye and drye
So doth my welth abate.
As yea is mixt with no,
So mirth is mixt with wo.
As nothing can endure,
That liues and lackes relief,
So nothing can stand sure,
Where chaunge doth raigne as chiefe.
Wherfore I must intende,
To bowe when others bende,
And when they laugh to smyle,
And when they wepe to wayle,
And when they craft, begyle,
And when they fight, assayle,
And thinke there is no change,
Can make them seme to strange.
Oh most vnhappy slaue,
What man may leade this course,
To lacke he would faynest haue,
Or els to do much worse.
These be rewardes for such,

As liue and loue to much.

The louer in libertie smyleth at them in thraldome, that some-time skorned his bondage.

AT libertie I sit and see,
Them that haue earst laught me to scorne,
Whipt with the whip that scourged me
And now they banne that they wer borne.
I see them sit full soberly,
And thinke their earnest lokes to hide:
Now in them selues they cannot spye,
That they or this in me haue spide,
I see them sitting all alone,
Marking the steppes eche word and looke:
And now they treade where I haue gone
The painfull path that I forsoke.
Now I see well I saw no whit,
When they saw wel that now are blinde,
But happy hap hath made me quit,
And iust iudgement hath them asynde.
I see them wander all alone.
And treade full fast in dredfull dout:
The selfe same path that I haue gone,
Blessed be hap that brought me out.
At libertie all this I see,
And saye no woord but erst among,
Smiling at them that laught at me.
Lo such is happe, mark well my song.

A comparison of his loue with the faithfull and painfull loue of Troylus to Cre-side.

I Read how Troylus serued in Troy,
A lady long and many a day,
And how he boode so great anoy,
For her as all the stories say,
That halfe the paine had neuer man.
Which had this wofull Troyan than.
His youth, his sport, his pleasant chere,
His courtly state aud company,
In him so straungely altered were,
with such a face of contrary,
That euery ioy became a wo,
This poyson new had turnde him so.
And what men thought might most him ease,
And most that for his comfort stode,
The same did most his minde displease,
And set him most in furious mode,
For all his pleasure euer lay,
To thinke on her that 'was away.
His chamber was his common walke,
wherin he kept him secretely,
He made his bed the place of talke,
To heare his great extremitie,
In nothing els had he delight,
But euen to be a martir right.
And now to call her by her name
And straight therwith to sigh and throbbe:
And when his fansies might not frame,
Then into teares and so to sobbe,
All in extremes and thus he lies,
Making two fountaines of his eyes.
As agues haue sharpe shifts of fits
Of colde and heat successiuely:
So had his head like chaunge of wits:
His pacience wrought so diuersly,
Now vp, now down, now here, now there,
Like one that was he wist not where.
And thus though he were Priams sonne,
And comen of the kinges hie blood,
This care he had ere he her wonne.
Till she that was his maistresse good,
And lothe to see her seruant so,
Became Phisicion to his wo

And take him to her handes and grace,
And said she would her minde apply,
To helpe him in his woful case,
If she might be his remedy.
And thus they say to ease his smart,
She made him owner of her hart,
And truth it is except they lye,
From that day forth her study went,
To shew to love him faithfully,
And his hole minde full to content,
So happy a man at last was he,
And ede so worthy a woman she.
Lo lady then iudge you by thys.
Mine case and how my case doth fall,
For sure betwene my life and his,
No difference there is at all.
His care was great, so was his paine,
And mine is not the lesse of twaine.
For what he felt in seruice true
For her whom that he loued so,
The same I fele as large for you,
To whom I do my seruice owe.
There was that time in him no paine,
But now the same in me doth raigne
Which if you can compare and way,
And how I stand in euery plight,
Then this for you I dare well say,
Your hart must nedes remorse of right
To graunt me grace and so to do,
As Cressde then did Troylus to.
For well I wot you are as good,
And euen as faire as euer was she,
And common of as worthy blood,
And haue in you as large pitie,
To tender me your owne true man,
As she did him her seruant than.
Which gift I pray God for my sake,
Full sone and shortly you me sende,
So shall you make my sorowes slake,
So shall you bring my wo to ende,
And set me in as happy case,
As Troylus with his lady was,

To leade a vertuous and honest life.

FLe from the preace and dwell with soth fastnes,
Suffise to thee thy good though it be smal,
For horde hath hate, and clyming tickelnes
Praise hath enuy, and wealth is blinde in all,
Fauour no more, then the behoue shall,
Rede well thy selfe that others wel canst rede,
And trouth shal the deliuer, it is no drede,
Paine the not eche croked to redresse,
In hope of her that turneth as a bal,
Great rest standith in litle busines
Beware also to spurne against a nail,
Strive not as doth a crocke against a wall,
Deme furst thy selfe, that demest others dede,
And truth shal thee deliuer, it is no drede,
That thee is sent receive in buxomnesse,
The wrestling of this world asketh a fal:
Here is no home, here is but wildernesse.
Forth pilgrime forth beast out of thy stall,
Looke vp on hye, geue thankes to God of al:
Weane well thy lust, and and honest life ay leade,
So trouth shal thee deliuer, it is no drede,

The wounded louer determineth to make sute to his lady for his recure.

SIns Mars furst moued warre or stirred men to strife,
Was neuer sene so fearce a fight, I scarce could scape with life,
Resist so longe I did, till death approched so nye,
To saue my selfe I thought it best, with spede away to flye,
In daunger stil I fled, by flight I thought to scape,
From my dere foe, it vailed not, alas it was to late,
For Venus from her campe brought Cupide with his brande,
Who sayd now yelde, or els desire shal chace thee in euery land
Yet would I not straight yelde, til fansy fiercely stroke
Who from my will did cut the raines & charged me with this yoke.

Then al the daies and nightes mine eare might here the sound
What careful sighes my hart would steale, to feele it self so bound
For though within my brest, thy care I worke (ha sayde)
why for good will didst thou behold her perling eye displayd
Alas the fish is caught through baite that hides the hooke
Euen so her eye me trained hath, and tangled with her looke,
But or that it be long, my hart thou shalt be fatne,
To stay my life, pray her forth throw swete lokes when I cõplain,
When that she shal deny, to do me that good turne,
Then shal she see to ashes gray, by flames my body burne,
Desert of blame to her, no wight may yet impute,
For feare of nap I neuer sought, the way to frame my sute
yet hap that what hap shal delay I may to long:
Allay I shall for I heare say, the still man oft hath wrong

The louer shewing of the continuall paines that abide within his brest, determineth to die because he cannot haue redresse.

THe doleful bell that still doth ring,
The woful knel of al my ioyes:
The wretched hart doth perce and wringe,
And fills mine eare with deadly noyes,
The hongry Viper in my brest,
That on my hart doth lye and gnawe:
Doth dayly brede my new vnrest,
And deper sighes doth cause me drawe,
And though I force both hand and eye,
On pleasant matter to attend:
My sorowes to deceiue therby,
And wretched like for to amend.
yet goeth the mil within my hart
Which grindeth nought but paine and wo:
And turneth al my ioy to smart,
The euil come it yeldeth so
Though Venus smile with yelding eyes,
And swete musicke doth play and sing:
yet doth my spirites feele none of these,
The clarke doth at mine eare so ring.

As smallest sparkes vncared for,
To greatest flames, do sonest grow,
Euen so did this mine inward sore,
Begyn in game and end in wo.
And now by vse so swift it goeth,
That nothing can mine eares so fill:
But that the clacke it ouergoeth,
And plucketh me backe into the mill.
But since the mill will nedes about,
The pinne wheron the whele doth go
I will assay to strike it out,
And so the mill to ouerthrow.

The power of loue ouer gods themselues.

For loue Apollo (his Godhed set aside)
Was seruant to the king of Thessaly,
Whose daughter was so pleasant in his eye,
That both his harpe and sawtry he deside,
And bagpipe solace of the rurall bride,
Did puffe and blow and, on the holces hy,
His cattel kept with that rude melody,
And oft eke him that doth the heauens gide,
Hath loue transformed to shapes for him to base
Transmuted thus somtime a swan is he,
Leda taccoy, and eft Europe to please,
A milde white bul, vnwrinckled front and face,
Suffreth her play till on his back lepte she,
Whom in great care he ferieth through heseas.

The promise of a constant louer.

As Lawrell leaues that cease not to be grene,
From parching sūne, nor yet frō winters threte
Is hardened oke that feareth no swordes so kene
As flint for toole in twaine that will not freete,
As fast as rocke, or piller surely set:
So fast am I to you, and aye haue bene,
Assuredly whom I cannot forget,

For ioy, for paine, for torment nor for teene.
For losse, for gaine, for frowning, nor for cheere,
But euer one, yea both in calme and blast,
Your faithfull freende, and will be to my laste.

Against him that had slaundered a gentlewoman with himselfe.

If life may be, and by the powers aboue,
Neuer haue he good speede or lucke in loue,
That to can lie or spot the worthy fame,
Of her for whom thou Bart to blame.
For chaste Diane that hunteth still the chace,
And all her maydes that sue her in the race.
With faire bowes bent and arrowes by their side,
Can say that thou in this hast falsely lide.
For neuer hong the bow vpon the wall,
Of Dianes temple, no nor neuer shall.
Of broken chast the sacred vow to spot,
Of her vnto whom thou doeste charge so large I wot,
But if ought be wherof her blame may rise,
It is in that she did not well aduise
To marke thee right as now she doth thee knowe,
False of thy dede, false of thy talke also.
Lurker of kinde like serpent layed to bite,
In poyson hid vnder the suger white.
What daunger suche? So was the house defilde,
Of Collatine: so was the wife begilde,
So smarted she, and by a trayterous forze,
The Cartage quene so she forbid her corse,
So strangled was the Rhodopeian maide,
Fye traytour fye, to thy shame be it sayd
Thou dunghill Crow that crokst against the rayne
Home to thy hole, brag not with Phebe againe.
Carrion for thee, and lothsome be thy vopce.
Thy long is fowle, I weary of thy noyce.
Thy blacke fethers, which are thy wearing wede.
Wer them with teares, and sorow for thy dede.
And in darke caues, where pitiesome wormes do creepe,
Lurke thou all day, and flye when thou shouldest slepe.

And neuer light where liuing thing hath life,
But eate and drinke where stinch & filth is riefe
For she that is a fowle of fethers bright,
Admit she toke som pleasure in thy sight.
As fowle of state somtimes delight to take
Fowle of mean sort their flight with thē to make
For play of wing, or solace of their kinde:
But not in sort as thou dost breake thy minde
Nor for to treade with such foule fowle as thou,
No no I swere, and dare it here a vow.
Thou neuer settest thy foot within her nest,
Boast not so broade then to thine owne vnrest.
But blushe for shame for in thy face it standes,
And thou canst not vnspot it with thy handes.
For all the heauens aginst thee recorde beare
And al in earth aginst thee eke wil sware,
That thou in this art euen none other man
But as the iudges were to Susan than.
Forgers of that wherto their lust them pricke.
Bashe, blaser then, the truth hath thee conuict
And she a woman of her worthy fame,
Unspotted standes, & thou hast caught the shame,
And there I pray to God that it may rest
False, as thou art, as false as is the best,
That so canst wrong the noble kinde of man,
In whom al trouth fiest floorisht and began.
And so hath stand, till now thy wretched part,
Hath spotted vs of whose kinde one thou art
Ghat all the shame that euer rose or may
Of shamfull dede on thee may light I say.
And on thy kinde, and thus I wishe thee rather
That al thy seede may like be to their father,
Untrue as thou, and forgers as thou art:
So as al we be blamelesse of thy part,
And of thy dede. And thus I do thee leaue,
Stil to be false, and falsely to deceaue

A praise of maistresse R.

I hard when fame with thundring voice did sommon to appere,
The chife of natures children all that kinde hath placed here.

To view what brute by vertue got their liues could iustly crane
And bad thē shew what praise by truth they worthy were to haue
wherwith, I saw how Venus came and put her selfe in place
And gaue her ladies leaue at large to stand and pleade their case
Eche one was cald by name a row, in that assemblie there,
That hence are gone or here remaines, in court or other where
A solemne silence was proclaimde, the iudges sate and herd
what truth could tel, or craft could fain, & who should be preferd,
Then beauty stept before the barre, whose brest and neck was bare
with heare trust vp, and on her hed a caule of gold she ware
Thus Cupides thralles began to flock whose hongrey eyes did fay
That she had stained all the dames, that present were that day,
For er she spake, & whispring words, the prease was fild throughout
And fansy forced commmon voyce, therat to giue a shoute. (out
Which cried to fame take forth thy trump, & sounde her praise on hy
That gladdes the hart of euery wight that her beholdes with eye.
What lurce and rule (quod older than) do these rude people make,
we hold her best that shall deserue a praise for vertues sake.
This sentence was no sooner said, but beauty therwith blusht,
The noyse did cease, the hal was styl and euery thing was whusht,
Then fineneſſe thought by training talke to win that beauty lost
And whet her tonge with holy wordes, and spared for no cost:
yet wantonneſſe couldе not abide, but brake her tale in hast
And proudly pride for Peacockes plumes would nedes be first plast
and therewithal came curiousneſſe and carped out of frame,
The audience laught to heare the striefe as they beheld the same
yet reason sone appesde the brute her reuerence made and don,
She purchased fauour for to speake, and thus her tale begon.
Sins bountie shal the garland weare, and crowned be by fame
O happy iudges cal for her, for she deserues the same.
where temperance gouerns beauties flowers & glory is not sought
and shamefast meknesse maisters pryd, & vertu dwels in thought.
Bid her come forth and shew her face, or els assent eche one,
That true report shall graue her name in gold or marble stone,
For all the world to reade at will, what worthines doth rest,
In perfect pure vnsported life, whiche she hath here possest.
Then skill rose vp and sought the preace to finde if that he myght
A person of such honest name, that men should praise of right.
This one I saw full sadly sit, and shrinde her self aside,
whose sober lokes did shew what giftes her wifely grace did hide,
Lo here (quod skill, good people all) is Lucrece left a liue,
And she shall most accepted be, that least for praise did striue.

No

No lenger fame could hold her peace, but blew a blast so hye
That made an eccho in the ayre and sowning through the skye
The voyce was loude, and thus it sayd, come fil with happy dayes
Thy honest life hath wonne thee fame, & crowned thee with praise.
And when I herd my maistres name, I thrust amids the throng.
And clapt my handes & wisht of God that she might prosper long.

Of one vniustly defamed.

I Ne can close in short and cunning verse
Thy worthy praise of bounty by desart
The hatefull spite and sclaunder to reherse:
Of them that see but know not what thou art,
For kinde by craft hath wrought thee so to eye
That no wight may thy wit and vertue spye,
But he haue other sete then outward sight,
The lacke wherof doth hate and spite to irte
Thus kinde by craft is set of vertues light:
See how the outward shew the wittes may dull:
Not of the wise but as the most ented,
Minerua pet might neuer perce their scul
That circes cup and Cupides brand hath blend,
Whose fond affectes now stirred haue their braine
So doth thy hap thy hue with colour staine.
Beauty thy foe thy shape doubleth thy sore
To hede thy wit and shew thy vertue vaine,
Fell were thy fate, if wisdome were not more.
I meane by thee euen God by name
Whome stormy windes of enuy and disdaine
Do tosse with boisterous blastes of wicked fame
Where stedfastnesse as chefe in thee doth raigne
Patience thy setled minde doth guid and stere,
Silence and shame with many resteth there.
Tyll tyme thy mother lust them forth to call.
Happy is he that may enioy them al.

Of the dearth of the late counteſſe of Penbroke.

Per

YEt once againe my muse I pardon pray
Thine intermitted song if I repeate:
Not in such wise as when loue was my pay,
My toly wo with ioyful verse to treate,
But now (wthanke to our desert be geuen
Which merit not a heauens gift to kepe)
Thou must with me bewaile that late hath reuen,
From earth a iewel laide in earth to slepe
A iewel, yea a genuine of womanhod.
Whose perfect vertues linked as in chains
So did adorne that humble wiuely bed,
As is not rife to finde the like againe.
For wit and learning framed to obey,
Her husbandes will that willed her to vse
The loue he bare her chiefly as a stay,
For all her fremes that would her further chuse
Well said therfore a heauens gift she was
Because the best are soonest hence bereft:
And though her selfe to heauen hence did passe,
Her spoile to earth from whence it came she left
And to vs teares her absence to lament,
And else his chaunce that was her make by law
Whose losse to lose so great an ornament,
Let them esteme which true loues knot can draw

That eche thing is hurt of it selfe.

WHy feareste thou thy outward foe,
when thou thy selfe thy harme dost feede,
Of griefe, or hurt, of paine or wo,
within eche thinge is sowen the seede
So fine was neuer yet the cloth,
No mouth so hard his prey did beate
But thone consumed was with mothe
Thother with canker all to freate.
The knotty oke and wainscot old,
within doth eate the selfe worme
Euen so a minde in enuy cold
Alwayes within it selfe doth burne.

Thus

Thus euery thing that nature wrought
Within it selfe his hurt doth beare:
No outward harme nede to be sought,
Where enemies be within so neare.

Of the choise of a wife.

The flickering flame that flieth from eare to eare,
And ay her strength encreaseth with her flight,
Scues first the cause why men to heare delight
Of those whom she doth note for beautie bright,
And with this fame that fleeth on so fast,
Fonly doth hye when reason makes no hast.
And yet not so content they wishe to see
And thereby know if fame haue faide aright,
Where trusting to the trial of their eye,
Then to the bruite that goes of any weight,
Wise in that point that lightly will not leue,
Unwise to se that may them after greue.
Who knoweth not how sight may loue allure,
And kindle in the hart a hot desire:
The eye to worke that fame could not procure,
Of greater cause there commeth hotter fire,
For ere he were himselfe he feleth warme
The fame and eye the causers of his harme.
Let fame not make her knowe who I shall know,
For yet mine eye therin to be my guyder
Sufficeth me that vertue in her grow,
Whose simple life her fathers walles do hide,
Content with this I leaue the rest to go,
And in such choise shall stande my welth and wo.

Description of an vngodly worde.

Who loues to liue in peace, and marketh euery change,
shall here such newes frō time to time, as seme right wōdrous
Such fraud in frendly lokes, such frendship all for gaine: (straūge
Such cloked wrath in hatefull harts, which worldly men retaine.
Such fayned flattring faith, amongs both hye and low:

Such

Such great deceit, such subtil writes, the poore to ouerthrow.
Such spite in sugred tonges, such malice full of pride,
Such open wrong such great vntruth, which cannot go vnspide,
Such restlesse fate for rowmes, which bringeth men to care:
Such sliding downe from slippery seates, yet can we not beware,
Such barking at the good, such bolstering of the ill:
Such threatning of the wrath of god, such vice embraced still,
Such striuing for the best, such clymming to estate:
Such great dissembling euery where, such loue al mixt with hate:
Such trauses to trap the iust, such proling fautes to pike,
Such cruell woordes for speaking trouth, who euer heard the like?
Such strife for sturring strawes, such discorde daily wrought:
Such forged tales but with to blind, such matters made of nought
Such trifles tolde for trouth, such crediting of lies,
Such silence kept when fooles do speak, such laughing at the wise,
Such pleaty made in scarce, such crying for redresse:
Such feared signes of our decay, which long dares not expresse,
Such changes lightly marke, such troubles still apperes,
which neuer were before this time, no not this thousand yeres,
Such bubing for the purse, which euer gapes for more.
Such hoording vp of worldly welth, such keping muche in store
Such folly founde in age, such will in tender youth,
Such foolish sortes among great clerkes, & few that speake & truth
Such falshed vnder craft, and such vnstedfast waies,
was neuer seen within mens harts, as is found now a dayes,
The cause and grounde of this, is our vnquiet mynde,
which thinkes to take those goods away, which we must leue behinde
why do men seke to get which they can not possesse?
Or breake their stepes with carefull thoughtes & al for wretchednes
Though one amonges a thore, hath welth and ease a while,
A thousand want which toileth sore and trauaile many a mile.
And some although they slepe yet welth falles in their lap,
Thus some be riche, and some be poore, as fortune geues the hap,
wherfore I holde him wise, which thinkes himself at ease,
And is content in simple state, both god and man to please.
For those that liue like gods, and honoured are to day:
within short time their glory falles as flowers do fade away,
Uncertaine is their liues on whom this world will frowne:
For though they sit aboue the starres, a storme may strike the downe
In wealth who feares no fall, may slide from top full soone:
There is nothing so sure on earth, but changeth as the moone.
what pleasure hath the riche, or ease more then the poore?

Although he haue a pleasant house, his trouble is the more
They bowe and speake him fetre, which seke to sucke his blood:
And some do wishe his soule in hel, and al to haue his good
The coueting of the goodes, doth nought but dull the spritte
And some men chaunce to tast the sower, that gropeth for the swete
The riche is slyl enuied by those which eate his bread:
With fawning speche and flattering tales his eares are dayly fed
In fine I see and proue the riche haue many foes.
He slepeth best, and careth least, that litle hath to lose,
As tyme requireth now, who woulde auoyde much strife,
Were better liue in poore estate, then leade a princes life.
To passe those troublesom times I see but litil choyse,
But helpe to wayle with those that wepe, & laugh whe they reioyce
For as we se to day, our brother brought in care:
To morow may we haue such chaunce to fal with him in snare
Of this we may be sure, who thinkes to sit most fast,
Shal soneste fal like withered leaues that can not bide a blast,
Though that the flood be great, the ebbe as low doth runne
When euery man hath playd his part our pagent wyde donne.
Who trustes this wretched world, I, hold him wurse then madde
Here is not one that feareth God, the best is all to badde.
For those that leme as saintes, are diuels in their dedes
Though that the earth bringes furth some flowers it beareth many weedes,
I see no present helpe from mischiefe to preuaile,
But flee the seas of worldly care or beare a quiet saile,
For who that medleth least, shal saue him self from smart
Who stirres an oare in euery boate shal play a foolish part

The dispairing louer lamenteth.

WAlking the path of pensiue thought,
I askt my hart how came this wo:
Thine eye (quod he) this care me brought,
Thy minde, thy witte, thy wil also
Enforceth me to loue her euer
This is the cause toy shal I neuer
And as I walke as one dismaide,
Thinking that wrong this wo me lent:
Right, sent me worde by wrath, which sayd
This iust iudgement to thee is sent:

Neuer

Neuer to dye, but dieng euer.
Till breath the faile, ioy shalt thou neuer
Sith right doth iudge this two tenours
Of health of welth of remedy.
As I haue done so be she sure,
Of faith and truth vntil I dye.
And as this paine cloke shal I euer
So inwardly ioy shal I neuer,
Griping of gripes greue not so sore
Nor serpentes stying causeth such smart
Nothing on earth may paine me more,
Then sight that perst my wofull hart
Drowned with cares still to persuer
Come death betimes ioy shal I neuer,
O libertie why dost thou swarue:
And steale away thus all at ones
And I in prison like to starue,
For lacke of foode do gnaw on bones
My hope and trust in thee was euer,
Now thou art gon ioy shal I neuer,
But syth as one al desperate,
To leade my life in misery:
Sith feare from hope hath locke the gate
where pitie should graunt remedy,
Dispaire this lot assignes me euer,
To liue in paine, ioy shal I neuer,

The louer praieth his seruice to be accepted, and his defaultes pardoned.

PRocryn that somtime serued Cephalus
with hart as true as any louer might.
Yet her beside in louing this vnright
That as in hart with loue surprised thus
She on a day to see this Cephalus
where he was wont to shroude him in the shade
when of his hunting he an ende had made.
With his woods with dredful lote forth stalketh

So busily loue in her hed it welketh,
That she to see him may not restraine,
This Cephalus that heard one shake the leaues,
Uprist a legre thrusting after pray,
With dart in hand him list no further daine,
To see his loue but slew her in the greaues,
That ment to him but perfect loue alway.
So curious bene alas the rites all.
Of mighty loue that vnnethes may I thinke,
In his high seruice how to loke or winke.
Thus I complaine that wretchedst am of all
To you my loue, and souerayne lady dere,
That may my hart with death or life stere,
As ye best list, that ye vouchsafe in all
Mine humble seruice. And if me misfall,
By negligence, or els for lacke of wit,
That of your mercy you do pardon it.
And think that loue made Procrin shake ẏ leaues
When with vnright she slaine was in the greaues.

Description and praise of his loue.

Lyke the Phenix a birde most rare in sight,
That nature hath with gold and purple dreft:
Such she me semes in whom I most delight,
If I might speake for enuy at the least.
Nature I thinke first wrought her in despite,
Of rose and lylly that sommer bringeth first,
In beautie sure exceding all the rest.
Under the bent of her browes iusty pight:
As Diamondes or Saphires at the least:
Her glistering lightes the darknesse of the night.
Whose little mouth and chinne like all the rest.
Her ruddy lippes excede the corall quite,
Her puery teeth where none excedes the rest.
Fautlesse she is from foote vnto the waste:
Her body small and straight as mast vpright,
Her armes long in iust proporcion cast,
Her handes depaint with vaines all blew & white

what

What shall I saie for that is not in sight:
The hidden partes I iudge them by the rest,
And if I wer the forman of the quest,
To geue a verdit of her beauty bright.
Forgeue me Phebus, thou shouldst be dispossest
Which dost vsurpe my ladies place of eight,
Here will I cease lest enuy cause despite.
But nature when she wrought so faire a wight,
In this her worke she surely did entend,
To frame a thing that God could not amend.

The louer declareth his paines to exceede farre the paines of hell.

The soules that lacked grace,
Which lye in bitter paine
Are not in suche a place,
As foolish folke do faine.
Tormented all with fire
And bolle in leade againe.
With serpentes full of yre,
Stong oft with deadly paine.
Then cast in frosen pittes:
No frese there certaine howres:
And for their painfull fittes,
Appointed tormentours.
No no it is not so,
Their sorow is not such:
And yet they haue of wo,
I dare say twise as much.
Which comes because they lacke
The sight of the Godhed,
And be from that kept backe
wherwith are angels fed.
This thing know I by loue
Through absence cruelltie,
Which makes me for to proue
Hell paine before I die.

There is no tong can tell
My thousand part of care
There may no fire in hell
With my desire compare.
No boyling leade can passe
My scalding sighes in hete:
Nor snake that euer was,
With stinging can so frete.
A true and tender hart,
As my thonghtes dattie doe,
So that I know but smart,
And that which longes therto.
O Cupid venus sonne,
Se thou hast showed thy might,
And hast this conquest wonne
Now end the same aright.
And as I am thy slaue,
Contented with all this:
So helpe me sone to haue
My parfit earthly blisse.

Of the death of sir Thomas wiate the elder.

LO dead he lines, that whilome lined here,
Among the dead that quicke goes on the ground
Though he be dead, yet doth the quick apere,
By liuely name that death cannot confound,
His like for ay of fame the trump shall sound,
Though he be dead, yet lines he here alme,
Thus can no death from Wiate, like deptme.

That length of time consumeth all thinges.

WHat harder is then stone, what more then water soft?
yet with soft water drops, hard stones be perced oft:
what giues so strong impulse,
That stone ne may withstand?
What giues more weake repulse,
Then water prest with hand.

Yet weke though water be,
It holoweth hardest flint:
By proofe wherof we see,
Time giues the greatest dint,

The beginning of the epistle of Penlope to Vlisses, made into verse.

O Lingring Make Vlisses dere, thy wife lo sendes to thee,
Per drury plaint writ not againe, but come thy self to mee.
Our hatefull scourge that womans foe, proud Troy now is fordon
We bye it derer, though Priam slaine, and all his kingdome won.
O that the raging surges great that sechers bane had wrought,
When first with ship he forowed seas, and Lacedemon sought.
In desert bed my shiuering coarse then shold not haue sought rest,
Nor take in grief the cherefull sunne so slowly fall to west.
And whiles I cast long running nightes, how best I might begile
No distaff should my widowish hand haue weary made the while,
When dread I not more daungers great then are befall in dede,
Loue is a carefull thing god wot and passing full of drede,

The louer asketh pardon of his passed follie in loue.

YOu that in play peruse my plaint, and reade in rime the smart,
Which in my youth with sighes full cold I harbourd in my hart.
Know ye that loue in that fraile age, draue me to that distresse,
When I was half another man, then I am now to gesse.
Then for this worke of wauering wordes where I now rage now
Cost in the toyes of troublous loue, as care or comfort grew (rew
I trust with you that loues affaires by profe haue put in vre:
Not onely pardon in my plaint but pitie to procure.
For now I wot that in the world a wounder haue I bee,
And where to long loue made me blinde, to late shame makes me see
Thus of my fault shame is the frute, and for my youth thus past,
Repentance is my recompence and thus I learne at last.
Loke what the world hath most in price, as sure it is to kepe,
As is the dreame which fansie driues, whiles sense and reason slepe.

The louer sheweth that he was striken by loue on good friday.

IT was the day on which the sunne deprined of his light
To rew Christes death amid his course gaue place vnto ỹ night,
When I amid mine ease did fal to such distemperate fits
That for the face that hath my hart I was bereft my wits.
I had the baite, the hooke and all, and wist not loues pretence
But fard as one that feard none euil, nor forst for no defence,
Thus dwelling in most quiet state, I fell into this plight.
And that day gan my secret sighes, when al folk wept in sight.
For loue that vewed me vorde of care, approcht to take his pray
And stept by stelth from eye to hart so open lay the way.
And straight at eyes brake out in teares, so salt that did declare
By token of their bitter taste that they were forged of care,
Now vant thee loue whi h fleest a maid defensit ỹ vertues rare
And wounded hast a wight vnwise, vnweaponed and vnware.

The louer describeth his whole state vnto his loue and promising her his faithful good wyl assureth himself of hers againe.

THe Sunne when he hath spred his raies
And shewde his face ten thousand waies,
Ten thousand thinges do then begin,
To shew the life that they are in,
The heuen shewes liuely art and hue.
Of sundry shapes and colours new.
And laughes vpon the earth anone,
The earth as cold as any stone.
Wet in the teares of her own kinde,
Gins then to take a ioyful minde,
For wel she feles that out and out,
The Sunne doth warme her round about,
And dries her children tenderly,
And shewes them forth ful orderly
The mountaines hye and how they stand,
The vallies and the great maine land.
The trees, the herbes, the towers strong
The castels and the riuers long.

And euen for ioy thus of this heate,
She sheweth forth her pleasures great
And slepes no more but sendeth forth
Her clergions her own dere worth
To mount and flie vp to the ayre
where then they sing in order faire.
And tel in song ful merely.
How they haue slept ful quietly
That night about their mother sides
And when they haue song more besides
Then kal they to their mothers brestes,
Where els they sede or take their restes,
The hunter then sounides out his horne,
And rangeth straite through wood and corne
On hilles then shew, the Ewe and Lambe
And euery yong one with his dame
Then louers walke and tel their tale
Both of their blisse and of their bale
And how they serue, and how they do
And how their lady loues them to
Then tune the birdes their armonie,
Then flock the foule in compaine.
Then euery thing doth pleasure finde,
In that that comforteth al their kinde.
No dreames do drench them of the night
Of foes that would then slea or bite,
As hounides to hunt them at the taile,
Or men force them through hil and dale,
The shepe then dreames not of the woulf.
The shipman forces not the goulf
The lamme thinkes no the butchers knife,
Should then bereue him of his life.
For when the Sunne doth once runne in
Then al their gladnes doth begyn,
And then their skips, and then their play
So failes their sadnes then away,
And thus al thinges haue comforting,
In that doth them comfort bring,
Saue I alas, whom neither sunne
Nor ought that god hath wrought and donne,
May comfort ought, as though I were
A thing not made for comfort here.

For

For being absent from your sight,
Which are my ioy and whole delight
My comfort and my pleasure to.
How can I ioy how should I do?
May sick men laugh that rore with paine?
Ioy they in song that do complaine?
Are martirs in their torments glad?
Do pleasure please them that are mad?
Then how may I in comfort be,
That lack the thing should comfort me?
The blinde man oft that lackes his sight,
Complaines not most the lack of light.
But those that knew their perfectnes,
And then do misse their blissefulnesse,
In martirs tunes they sing and waile,
The want of that which doth them faile,
And hereof comes that in my braines,
So many fansies worke my paines.
For when I waight your worthynes,
Your wisdome and your gentlenes,
Your vertues and your sundry grace.
And minde the countenaunce of your face,
And how that you are she alone,
To whom I must both plaine and mone.
whom I do loue and must do still,
whom I embrace and ay so will.
To serue and please you as I can,
As may a wofull faithfull man.
And finde my self so far you fro,
God knowes what torment and what wo.
My rufull hart doth then imbrace,
The blood then changeth in my face.
My sinewes dull in dompes I stand,
No life I fele in foote nor hand,
As pale as any clout and ded,
Lo sodeinly the blood orespred
And gone againe it nill so bide.
And thus from life to death I slide.
As colde sometimes as any stone,
And then againe as hote anone.
Thus comes and goes my sundry fits,
To giue me sundry sortes of wits.

Till that a ſigh becomes my frende.
And than to all this wo doth ende.
And ſure I think that ſigh doth ronne,
From me to you where ay you wonne,
For well I finde it eaſeth me,
And certes much it pleaſeth me.
To think that it doth come to you,
As would to god it could ſo do.
For then I know you would ſent finde,
By ſent and ſauour of the winde,
That euen a martirs ſigh it is,
Whoſe ioy you are and his blis.
His comfort and his pleaſure eke.
And euen the ſame that he doth ſeke.
The ſame that he doth wiſh and craue,
The ſame that he doth truſt to haue,
To tender you in all he may,
And all your likinges to obay.
As farre as in his powre ſhall lye:
Till death ſhall dart him for to die.
But welaway mine own moſt beſt.
My ioy, my comfort and my reſt,
The cauſer of my wo and ſmart,
And yet the pleaſer of my hart.
And the that on the earth aboue:
Is euen the worthieſt for to loue.
Heare now my plaint, here now my wo,
Here now his paine that loues you ſo.
And if your hart do pitie beare,
Pitie the cauſe that you ſhall heare.
A dolefull foe in all this dout.
Who leaues me not but ſeke me out,
Of wretched forme and lothſome face.
While I ſtand in this wofull caſe,
Comes forth and takes me by the hand,
And ſaies frend harke and vnderſtand.
I ſee well by thy port and cheere,
And by thy lokes and thy maneere,
And by thy ſadnes as thou goeſt.
And by the ſighes that thou outthroweſt,
That thou art ſtuffed full of wo,
The cauſe I think I do well know.

I ſanta-

I fantasar thou art of some,
By whom thy wits are ouercome
But hast thou red old pamphlets oust?
Or hast thou knowen how bokes haue taught?
That loue doth vse to such as thou,
when they do think them safe enow,
And certain of their ladies grace,
Hast thou not sene oft times the case,
That sodenly theire hap hath turnde
As thinges in flame consumde and burnde
Some by disceit forsaken right
Some likewise changed of fansie light.
And some by absence sone forgot,
The lottes in loue, why knowest thou not?
And tho that she be now thyne owne:
And knowes the wel as may be knowne.
and thinkes the to be such a one.
As she likes best to be her owne,
Thinkes thou that others haue not grace,
To shew and plain their woful case?
And chose her for their lady now,
And swere her trouth as wel as thow,
And what if she do alter minde?
where is the loue that thou wouldest finde
absence my frende workes wonders oft
Now bringes ful low that lay ful loft,
Now turnes the minde now 'to and fro,
and where art thou if it were so?
If absence (quod I) be marueilous
I finde her not so daungerous
For she may not remoue me fro,
The poore good wil that I do owe,
To her, whom vnneth I loue and shal
And chosen haue aboue them all.
To serue and be her own as far,
as any man may offer her.
and wil her serue, and wil her loue,
and lowly as it shal behoue.
and die her own if fate be so.
Thus shal my hart nay part her fro.
and witnes shal my good wil be,
That absence takes her not from me

But that my loue doth still encreale,
To minde her still and neuer ceale.
And what I kele to be in me,
The same good will I think hath she.
As firme and fast to biden ay,
Til death depart vs both away.
And as I haue my tale thus told
Steps vnto me with countenaunce bold,
I stedfast frende a counsellour,
And named is hope my comfortour,
And stoutly then he speakes and saies,
Thou hast said trouth without nayes,
For I assure the euen by othe,
And theron take my hand and troth,
That she is one the worthiest
The truest and the faithfullest.
The gentlest and the meekest of minde,
That here on earth a man may finde
And if that loue and trouth were gone,
In her it might be founde alone,
For in her minde no thought there is
But how she may be true twis
And tenders thee and al thy heale,
And wisheth both thy heith and weale.
And loues thee euen as farforth than,
As any woman may a man.
And is thine own and so she saies
And cares for thee ten thousand waies
On thee she speakes, on thee she thinkes,
with the she eates, with the she drinkes,
with the she talkes, with thee she mones
with the she sighes, with thee she grones,
with the she saies farewel mine own.
when thou god knowest ful farre art gon.
And euen to tel thee al aright.
To the she saies ful oft good night,
And names the oft, her own most dere
Her comfort weale and all her chere.
And tellos her pillow al the tale,
How thou hast don her wo and bale,
And how she longes and plaines for the
And saies why art thou so from me?

Im

Am I not she that loues the best:
Do I not wyshe thine ease and rest
Seke I not how I may the please
Why art thou then so from thine ease
If I be she for whom thou carest,
For whom in torementes so thou farest
Alas thou knowest to finde me here,
Where I remaine thine most dere,
Thine own most true thine own most fast,
Thine owne that loues the still and must,
Thine owne that cares alone for the,
As thou I think dost care for me,
And euen the woman she alone
That is ful bent to be thine owne,
What wilt thou more what canst thou craue
Since she is as thou wouldest her haue.
Then set this driuel out of doze,
That in thy braines such tales doth puze,
Of absence and of changes straunge.
Send him to those that vse to chaunge,
For she is none I the auow
And wel thou maiest beleue me now.
When hope hath thus his reason said,
Lord how I feele me wel apaide.
I new blood then oze spredes my bones
That al in top I stande at ones.
My hande I throw to heauen aboue,
And humbly thank the god of loue.
That of his grace I should bestow,
My loue so wel as I it owe,
And al the planets as they stande
I thank them to with hart & hand
That their aspectes so frendly were
That I should so my good will bere,
To you that are the worthiest,
The fairest and the gentiliest.
And best can say, and best can do,
That longes me thinkes a woman to
And therfore are most worthy farre
To be beloued as you are.
And saies hope in al this tale,
Wherby he caseth al my bale,

For

For I beleue and thinke it true,
That he doth speake or say of you.
And thus contented so I stand,
With that that hope beares me in hand:
That I am yours and shal so be,
Which hope I kepe ful sure in me
As he that al my comfort is,
On you alone which are my bliss.
My pleasure chief which most I finde,
And euen the whole ioy of my minde,
And shal so be vntil the death.
Shal make me yelde vp life and breath.
Thus good my own, lo here my trust,
Lo here my truth and seruice iust.
Lo in what case for you I stand,
Lo how you haue me in your hand
And if you can requite a man,
Requite me as you finde me than.

Of the troubled comen welth restored to quiet by the mighty power of God.

THe secret flame that made al Troy so hot,
Long did it lurke within the woden horse,
The machine huge Troians suspected not,
The guiles of Grekes, nor of their hidden force:
Til in their beddes their armed foes them met
And slew them there, and Troy on fire set.
Then rose the rore of treason round about,
And children could of treason cal and cry.
Wyues wring their handes, the whole tired town throughout
when that they saw their husbandes slain them by.
And to the gods and to the skies they shright,
Vengeaunce to take for treason of that night.
Then was the name of Sinon spred and blowne
And whereunto his fled tale did tende,
The secret states and metinges then wer knowne
Of Troyan traitours tending to this ende,
And euery man could say as in that cast,
Treason in Anthenor and Eneas,

But

But all to long such wisdome was in store.
To late come out the name of traytour than
When that their king the aulter lay before
Slaiue there alas, that worthy noble man
Ilium on flame, the matrons cryeng out,
And all the stretes aud stremes of blood about.
But suche was fate, or suche was simple trust,
That king and all should thus to ruine ronne,
For if our stories certain be and iust:
There were that sawe such mischief should be donne.
And warning gaue which compted were in sort,
As said deuines in matter but of sport.
Suche was the time and so in state it floode,
Troy trembled not so carelesse were the men,
They brake the walles they toke this horse for good
Thei demed Grekes gone, thei thought al suretie then,
When treason starte, and set the towne on fire,
And stroied Troians and gaue Grekes their desire.
Like to our time, wherin hath broken out,
The hidden harme that we suspected least,
Wombed within our walles and realme about,
As Grekes in Troy wer in the Grekish beast,
Whose tempest great of harmes and of armes,
We thought not on till it did noise our harmes.
Then felt we well the piller of our welth.
How sore it shoke, then sawe we euen at hande,
Ruine how she rusht to confounde our helth,
Our realme and vs with force of mighty hande,
And then we heard how treason loude did rore,
Mine is the rule, and raigne I wil therefore.
Of treason marke the nature and the kinde.
A face it beares of all humilitie.
Trueth is the cloke, and frendship of the minde,
And depe it goes, and worketh secretely,
Like to a mine that crepes so nie the wall,
Till out breakes sulphure, and oreturneth all.
But he on hie that secretely beholdes,
The state of thinges: and times hath in his hande,
And plucks in plages, and them again vntoldes,
And hath appointed realmes to fall and stand,
He in the midst of all this flurre and route,
Can bende his browes, and moue himself about.

Ye who should say, and are ye minded so?
And thus to those, and whom you know I love
Am I such one as none of you do know?
Or know ye not that I sit here above,
And my handes do hold your welth and wo,
To raise you now to ouerthrow.
Then think that I as I haue set you all,
In places where your honours lay and fame:
So now my self shall geue you eche your fall.
Where eche of you shall haue your worthy shame
And in their handes I will your fall shall be,
Whose fall in yours you sought so sore to see.
Whose wisdome hye as he the same foreslaw,
So is it wrought, such loe his iustice is,
He is the Lord of man and of his law,
Praise therfore now his mighty name in this,
And make accompt that this our case doth stande:
To Israell free from wicked Pharaos hande.

The louer to his loue hauing forsaken him, and betaken her selfe to an other.

The birde that sometime built within my breste
And there as then chiefe succour did receiue:
Hath now els where built her another nest.
And of the old hath taken quite her leaue,
To you my olde that harbour mine old guest.
Of such a one, as I can now conceiue,
With that in change her choise doth chiefe consist,
The hauk may check, that now comes faire to fist.

The louer sheweth that in dissembling his loue openly he kepeth secret his secret good will.

Not like a God came Iupiter to woo,
When he the faire Europa sought vnto,

In

In other forme his godly wisedome toke,
Such in effect as writeth Ouides boke.
For on the earth no liuing wight can tell,
That myghty Ioue did loue the quene so wel,
For had he come in golden garmentes bright,
Or so as men mought haue stard on the sight.
Spyed had it bene both through earth and aire,
That Ione had loued the Lady Europa faire.
And then had some ben angry at the hart,
And some againe as iewels for their part
Both which to stop, this gentle god toke minde
To shape himself into a brutish kinde
To such a kinde as hid what state he was,
And yet did bring him what he sought to passe
To both their ioyes, to both their comfort sone,
Though known to none til al the thing was done
In which attempt if I the like assay.
To you to whom I do my self bewray,
Let it suffice that I do seke to be,
Not counted yours, and yet for to be he.

The louer deceiued by his loue repenteth him of true loue he bare her.

I That Ulisses peres hath spent
To finde Penelope
Finde well that folly I haue ment,
To seke that was not so,
Since Troylus case hath caused me,
From Cressed for to go.
And to bewaile Ulisses truth,
In seas and stormy states,
Of wanton wil and raging youth,
Which me haue tossed sore
From Scilla to Carthdis cliues,
Upon the drowning shore.
where I sought hauen, there found I hap,
From danger vnto death,
Much like the Mouse that treades the trap,
In hope to finde her foode,

And

And bites the bread that stops her breth.
So in like case I stode
Till now repentance hasted him
To further me so fast
That where I sanke there now I swimme,
And haue both streame and winde,
And luck as good if it may last.
As any man may finde.
That where I perished, safe I passe.
And finde no perill there,
But stedy stone, no ground of glasse,
Now am I sure to saue
And not to flete from feare to feare,
Such anker holde I haue.

The louer hauing enioyed his loue humbly thanketh the god of loue, and auowing his hart onely to her faithfully promiseth vtterly to forsake all other

Thou Cupide god of loue, whom venus thralles do serue.
I yelde thee thankes vpon my knees, as thou dost wel deserue,
By the my wished ioyes, haue shaken of dispaire,
And al my stoiming daies be past, and wether waxeth faire.
By the I haue receiued a thousand times more ioy.
Then euer Paris did possesse, when Helen war in Troy.
By the haue I that hope, for which I longde so sore
And when I thinke vpon the same, my hart doth leape therefore
By thee my happy doubtes and trembling feares are fled.
and now my wits ye troubled were, with pleasãte thoughtes are fed.
For dread is banisht cleane, wherein I stoode ful oft,
and doubt so speake that lay full low, is lifted now a loft.
with armes bespred abrode, with opened handes and hart.
I haue enioyed the fruite of hope, reward for al my smart.
The seale and signe of loue, the key of trouth and trust,
The pledge of pure good wil haue I, which makes the louers lust,
Such grace sins I haue founde, to one I me betake,
The rest of Venus darlinges all I vtterly forsake

and

And to performe this vow, I bid my eyes beware,
That they no straungers did salute, nor on them beauties stare:
My wits I warne ye all from this time forth take hede,
That ye no wanton toyes deuise my fansies newe to fede.
My eares be ye shut vp, and here no womans voice,
That may procure me once to smile, or make my hart reioyce,
My teete full slow be ye and lame when ye should moue,
To bring my body any where to seke an other loue,
Let all the gods aboue, and wicked spirites below,
And euery wight in earth accuse and curse me where I go:
If I do faile my faith in any point or ease,
If soden vengeance fall on me, I aske no better grace.
Fway then sily tyme present myne earnest faith,
Vnto my lady where she is, and marke thou what she saith.
And if she welcome thee and lay thee in her lap,
Eyting thou foy ioy, thy master hath his most desired hap.

Totus mundus in maligno positus.

COmplaine we may, much is a misse,
Hope is nie gone to haue redresse,
These daies ben ill, nothing sure is,
Kinde hart is wrapte in heauinesse.
The sterne is broke, the saile is rent,
The ship is giuen to winde and waue,
Ill help is gone, the roche present,
That will be lost, what man can saue.
Thinges hard, therfore are now refused,
Labour in youth is thought but vaine:
Duty by (will not) is excused,
Remoue the stop the way is plaine.
Learning is lewde, and belde a foole,
wisedome is shent, counted to raile,
Reason is banisht out of scoole
The blinde is bolde, and wordes preuaile.
Power without care, sleepeth at ease,
Will without law, runth where he list,
Right without mercy cannot please,
I wise man saith not, had I wist.

when

When power lackes care and foreth not
when care is feble and may not,
when might is slothfull and will not,
wedes may grow where good herbes cannot.

Take wrong away, law nedeth not,
For law to wrong is bridle and paine.
Take feare away, law boteth not.
To strine against streme, it is but vaine,
wily is witty, brainlick is wise,
Trouth is folly, and might is right,
wordes is reason, and reason is lies,
The bad is good, darknesse is light.
wrong to redresse, wisdome dare not,
Hardy is happy, and ruleth most,
wilfull is witlesse, and careth not,
which end go first, till all be lost.

Few right do loue and wrong refuse,
Pleasure is sought in euery state.
Liking is lust, there is no chuse.
The low gene to the high check mate.
Order is broke in thinges of weight
Measure and meane who doth not see.
Two thinges preuaile, money and sleight,
To seme is better then to bee.
The bowle is round, and doth downe slide,
Eche one thrusterty none doth vphold,
I fall failes not, where blinde is guide,
The stay is gone who cane him hold?
Folly and falshed praieth apace,
Trouth vnder bushel is faine to crepe,
Flattery is treble, pride singes the base,
The meane the best part scant doth pepe.
This fiery plage the world infectes,
To vertue and trouthe it geues no rest.
Mens hartes are burnde with sundry strifes
And to eche man his way is best.
With flo des and stormes thus be we tost,
I wake good lord, to the we crie,
Our ship is almost sonk and lost.
Thy mercy help our misery.
Mans strength is weak, mans wit is dull,
Mans reason is blinde, these thinges tamend,

Thy

Thy hand (O lord) of might is full,
To make decyme, and helpe vs sende.
In thee we trust, and in no wight,
Haue vs as chickens vnder the hen,
Our croked wesse thou canst make right.
Glory to thee for aye. Amen.

The wise trade of life.

DO all your dedes by good deuise,
Cast in your mind alwayes the ende,
Wit bought, is of to deare a price,
The tryed trust, and take as frend.
For frendes I find there be but two:
Of countenance, and of effect,
Of thone sore there are pnow,
But few been of the tother sect.
Beware also the venome swete
Of crafty wordes and flattery,
For to deceme they be most mete,
That best can play hipocrisie.
Let wisedome rule your dede and thought,
So shall your workes be wisely wrought.

That few wordes shew wisdome, and work much quiet.

WHo list to leade a quiet life,
Who list to ryd himself from strife,
Geue care to me, marke what I say,
Remember well, beare it away.
Held back thy tong at meate and meale,
Speake but few wordes, bestow them well.
By wordes the wise thou shalt espie,
By wordes a foole sone shalt thou trye,
A wyse man can his tong make cease,
A foole can neuer holde his peace,
Who loueth rest of wordes beware,
Who loueth wordes, is sure of care.

For wordes oft many haue been shent:
For silence kept none hath repent.
To eares, one tong onely thou hast,
Two thinges to heare then wordes to waste.
A foole in no wise can forbeare,
He hath two tonges and but one eare,
Be sure thou kepe a stedfast brayne,
Lest that thy wordes put thee to payne.
Wordes wisely set are worth much golde,
The price of rashnesse is sonne tolde.
If time require wordes to be had,
To hold thy peace I count thee mad.
Talke onely of nedefull verities,
Striue not for trifling fantasies.
With sobrenesse the truth boult out,
Affirme nothing wherin is dout.
Who to this lore will take good hede.
And spend no mo wordes then he nede.
Though he be a foole and haue no brayne,
yet shal he a name of wisdome gayne.
Speake whyle time is or hold thee still,
Wordes out of tyme do oft thinges spill.
Say well and do well are thinges twayne,
Twyse blest is he in whome both raygne.

The complaint of a hot woer delayed with doubtfull cold answers.

A kynde of coale is as men say,
Which haue assayed the same,
That in the fire will waste away.
And out ward cast no flame.
Unto my self may I compare,
These coales that so consume:
Where nought to sene though men do stare
In stede of flame but fume.
They say also to make them burne,
Colde water must be cast:
Or els to ashes will they turne,

And halfe to finder waste.
Is this is wounder for to see,
Cold water warme the fyre,
So hath your coldenesse cauled me,
To burne in my desyre,
And as this water colde of kinde,
Can cause both heate and colde
And can these coales both breake and bynde,
To burne as I haue tolde.
So can your tong of frosen yce,
From whence colde aunswers come,
Both coole the fyre and fire entyce,
To burne me all and some.
Lyke to the corne that standes on stalke
Which mowen in winter sunne,
Ful fayre without, within is blacke,
Such heate therin doth runne.
By force of fire this water colde,
Hath bred to burne within,
Euen so am I that heate doth holde,
Which colde did first begyn.
Which heate is stint when I do stryue,
To haue some ease sometyme.
But flame a fresh I do reuiue,
whereby I cause to clime
In stede of smoke a sighing breath,
with sparkes of sprinkled teares
That I should liue this liuing death,
which wastes and neuer wearys.

The aunswere.

YOur borowed meane to mone your mone, of fume without flame
Being set from smithy smoking coales, ye seme so by the same
To vew, what such coale vse is taught by such as haue assayde,
As I that most do wish you wel, am so right wel appaid.
That you haue such a lesson learnde, how either to maintayne,
your fredome of vnkindled coale, bpheaped al in vayne.
Or how most fruitfully to frame, with worthy workmans arte,
That cunning pece may passe there fro, by helpe of heated hart
Out of the forge wherin the fume of sighes doth mount aloft,

That argues present force of fyre to make the mettal soft
To yelde vnto the hammer hed, as best the workeman likes,
That thyron glowing after blast in time and temper strykes,
wherin the vse of water is as you do seme to say
To quench no flame, ne hinder heate, ne yet to waste a way.
But that which better is for you, and more delyteth me,
To saue you from the sodayn waste, vayne cyndre lyke to be,
which lasting better likes in loue, as you your semble ply,
Then doth the bauen blase, that flames and fleteth by and by,
Sith then you know eche vse, wherin our cole may be applide:
Either to lyue and last on hord, in open ayre to byde,
Withouten vse to gather fat by falling of the raynes,
That makes the pitchy impe to grow, by soking in his veines.
Or lyke on fornace in the forge, as is his vse of right
Wherm the water trough may serue, and enterpeld her might
By worke of smithes both hande and head, a cunning kay to make.
Or other piece as cause shal craue and bid him vndertake:
Do as you deme most fit to do, and where vpon may grow.
Such ioy to you, as I may ioy your ioyful case to know,

An epitaph made by w. G. lying on his deathe bed, to de set vpon his own tombe

LO here lyeth G. vnder the ground
Among the gredy wormes,
Which in his lyfe time neuer found
But stryfe and sturdy stormes
And namely through a wicked wyfe,
as to the world apperes
She was the shortning of hys life,
By many dayes and yeres,
She might haue lined long, god wot:
His yeres, they wer but yong:
Of wicked wyues this is the lot,
To kil with spyteful tong
Whose memory shal still remayne
In writing here with me,
That men may know whom she hath slayne,
And say this same is she.

In

An aunswere.

If that thy wicked wife had spon the thread,
And were the weauer of thy wo,
Then art thou double happy to be dead,
As happely dispatched so.
If rage did causelesse cause thee complaine,
And mad moode mouer of thy mone:
If frensy forced on thy testy brayne,
Then blist is she to liue alone,
So whether wer the ground of others grefe,
Because so doutfull was the dome:
Now death hath brought your payn a right relefe,
And blessed be ye both become.
She, that she liues no longer bound to beare,
The rule of such a froward hed,
Thou, that thou liuest no lenger faine to feare.
The restlesse rampe that thou hadst wed.
Be thou as gladde therfore that thou art gone,
As she is gladde she doth abyde:
For so ye be a sunder, all is one,
A badder match cannot betyde.

An epitaph of maister Henry williams.

From worldly wo the ende of misbelefe,
From cause of care that ledeth to lament,
From vaine delight, the grounde of greater grefe,
From feare for frendes, from matter to repent,
From painfull pangues last sorow that is sent,
From drede of death sith death doth set vs free:
With it the better pleased should we be.
This lothsome life where lyking we do finde,
Thencreaser of our crimes, doth vs bereue,
Our blisse that alway ought to be in minde,
This wily world whiles here we breath aliue,
And flesh our fained fo, do stifly striue
To flatter vs, assuring here the ioy,
Where we, alas, do finde but great annoy.

Untolde heapes though we haue of worldly welth,
Though we possesse the sea and fruitfull ground,
Strength, beauty, knowledge, and vnharmed health,
Though at a wish all pleasure do abounde,
It wer but vaine, no frendship can be founde.
When death assaulteth with his dredfull dart,
No raunsome can stay the home hasting hart.

And sith thou cut the liues line in twayne,
Of Henry, sonne to sir John Williams knight,
Whose manly hart and prowes none could stayne,
Whose godly life to vertue was our light,
Whose worthy fame shall florish long by right,
Though in this life so cruel mightest thou be,
His spryte in heauen shall triumph ouer thee,

An other of the same.

STay gentle frend that passest by,
And learne the lore that leadeth all:
From whence we come with haste to hye,
To lyue to die, and stand to fall.
And learne that strength and lusty age,
That wealth and want of worldly woe,
Can not withstand the mighty rage
Of death, our best vnwelcome foe.
For hopefull youth had hight me helth,
My lust to last till time to die,
And fortune found my vertue welth:
But yet for all that here I lye.
Learne also this, to ease my minde:
when death on corps hath wrought his spight,
I time of triumph shalt thou finde,
with me to scorne him in delight.
For one day shall we mete again,
Maugre deathes dart in life to dwell,
Then will I thanke thee for thy paine,
Now marke my woordes and fare thou well.

Against women, either good or bad,

When may liue thyrle Nestors life,
Thyrle wander out Ulisses race,
Yet neuer finde Ulisses wyfe
Such change hath chaunced in this case.
Lesse age will serue than Paris had,
Small peyn (if none be small enough)
To finde good store of Helenes trade,
Such sappe the roote doth yeld the bough.
For one good wife Ulisses slew,
A worthy knot of gentle blood:
For one ill wife Greece ouerthrew,
The towne of Troy: Sith bad and good,
Bring mischefe: Lord let be thy wil
To kepe me free from eyther ill.

An aunswere.

The vertue of Ulisses wyfe
Doth liue, though she hath ceast her race,
And farre surmountes olde Nestors lyfe
But now in moe than then it was,
Such chaunge is chaunced in this case,
Ladies now liue in other trade:
Farre other Helenes now we see,
Than she whom Tropan Paris had,
As vertue fedes the roote, so be
The sap and roote of bough and tree,
Ulisses rage, not his good wyfe,
Spilt, gentle blood. Not Helenes face
But Paris eyen did rayse the strife,
That bid the Tropan buylding race.
Thus sith no good, ne bad do yll,
Them all, O Lord maintaine my will
To serue with all my force and skill.

Against a gentlewoman by whom he was refused.

TO false report and flying fame,
whyleft my mynde gaue credit light,

Beleuing that her bolstred name
Had stuffe to shew that prayse did right,
I finde wel now I did mistake,
Vpon report my grounde to make.
I heard it sayde such one was she
As rare to finde as Paragon,
Of lowly chere, of heart so free,
As her for bounty could passe none.
Such one wer sayre though fourme and face
Were meane to passe in second place.
I sought it nere, and thinking to finde
Report and dede both to agree:
But chaunge had tried her suttle minde
Of force I was enforced to see.
That she in dede was nothing so:
Which made my will my heart forgo
For she is such, as reason none
And what she most may boast to be,
I find her matches mo then one,
what nede she so to deale with me?
Ha flattring face with scorneful hart,
So ill reward for good desarte?
I will repent that I haue done,
To ende so well the losse is smal
I lost her loue, that lesse hath wone
To vaunt she had me as her thrall
What though a gyllot sent that note,
By cocke and pye I meant it not.

The aunswere.

VVHom fansy forced first to loue,
Now frensy forceth for to hate
Whose mynde erst madnesse gan to moue
In constance causeth to abate.
No minde of meane, but heate of brayne,
Bred light loue, like heate, hate againe.
what hurtde pour hart in so great heate?
Fansy forced by fained fame.
Belyke that she was light to geat.
For if that vertue and good name

Moued

Moued your minde, why changed your wyll,
Sith vertue the cause abideth stil.
Such fame reported her to be
as rare it were to finde her peere.
For vertue and for honestie,
For her free hart and lowly cheere.
This laud had sped if you had sped,
and fame ben false that hath ben spred.
Sith she hath so kept her good name,
Such praise of life and giftes of grace
as brute self disseth for to blame.
Such fame as fame feares to deface:
you slander not but make it plaine,
That you blame brute of brutish traine
If you haue found it looking nere,
Not as you take the brute to be.
By like you ment by lowly cheere,
Bountie and hart that you cal free,
But lewde lightnesse easy to tame,
To winne your will against her name.
May she may deme your deming so
A marke of madnesse in his kinde,
Such causeth not good name to go,
as your fond foly sought to finde,
For brute of kinde bent ill to blase,
alway saith ill, but forced by cause.
The mo there be, such as is she
More should be gods thank for his grace
The more is her top it to see.
Good should be reason, earne no place,
Nor number make nought, that is good,
Your strange lusting hed wants a hood.
Her dealing greueth you (say ye)
Besides your labour lost in vaine,
Her dealing was not as we see,
Sclaunder the end of your great paine
Ye lewd lieng lips, and hateful hart,
What canst thou desire in such desarte
Ye will repent, and right for done.
Ye haue a dede deserning shame.
From reasons race farre haue ye ronne.
Hold your railing, kepe your tong tame,

Her

Her loue, ye lye, ye loſt it not.
ye neuer loſt that ye neuer got.
She reſt ye not your liberty,
She vaunteth not she had yow thrall
If ought haue done it, let it lye,
On rage that reſt you wit and all,
what though a varietie tale you tell,
By cock and pye you do it wel.

The louer dreading to moue his ſute for dout of denall, accuſeth all women of diſdaine and fickleneſſe.

TO walk on doutfull ground, where daunger is vnſene,
Doth double men that careleſſe be in depe diſpaire I wene.
For as the blinde doth feare, what footing he ſhal finde,
So doth the wiſe before he ſpeake, miſtruſt the ſtraungers minde
For he that blontly runnes, may light among the briers,
And ſo be put vnto his plunge where daunger leaſt apperes,
The bird that ſelly foole, doth warne vs to beware.
who lighteth not on euery buſh, he dreadeth ſo the ſnare,
The Mouſe that ſhons the trap, doth ſhew what harme doth lye
within the ſweete betraieng bait, that oft deceiues the eye,
The fiſh auoides the hooke, though hunger bids him bite,
And houereth ſtil about the worme. wheron is his delite,
If birdes and beaſtes can ſee, where their vndoing lies:
How ſhould a miſchief ſcape our heades, & haue both wit & eyes?
what madnes may be more, then plow the barrin fielde
Or any fruitful wordes to ſow, to eares that are vnwilde.
They heare and than miſlike, they like and then they lothe,
They hate, they loue, they ſcorn, they praiſe, yea ſure they cā do both
we ſe what falles they haue that clime on tres vnknowne:
So they that truſt to rotten bowes, muſt nedes be ouerthrowne
I ſmart in ſilence kept, doth eaſe the hart much more.
Than for to plain where is no ſalue, for to recure the ſore,
wherfore my griefe I hide, within a holow hart,
Until the smoke therof be ſpied, by flaming of the ſmart,

An aunswere.

TO trust the fained face, to rue on forced teares,
To credit finely forged tales, wherin there oft appeares
And brethes as from the brest a smoke of kindled smart,
Where onely lurkes a depe deceit within the hollow hart.
Betrapes the simple soule, whom plaine deceitlesse minde
Taught not to feare that in it selfe, it self did neuer finde.
Not euery trickling teare doth argue inwarde paine:
Not euery sigh doth surely shew the sigher not to faine,
Not euery smoke doth proue a presence of the fire:
Not euery glistering geues the gold, that gredy folke desire:
Not euery wailing word is drawen out of the depe:
Not grief for want of graunted grace enforceth all to wepe.
Oft malice makes the minde to shed the boiled brine,
And enuies humor oft vnlades by conduites of the eyen,
Oft craft can cause the man to make a seming show,
Of heart with dolour all distreined, where grief did neuer grow,
As cursed Crocodile most cruelly can tole.
With truthlesse teares, vnto his death the silly pitying soule.
Blame neuer those therfore, that wisely can beware
The guilefull man, that surly saith himself to dread the snare.
Blame nor the stopped eares against the Syrenes song,
Blame not the minde not moued to mone of falsheds flowing tong.
If guile do guide your wit by silence so to speake,
By craft to craue and faine by fraude the cause ye you would breake
Great harme your suttle soule shall suffre for the same,
And mighty loue will wreke the wrong, so clothed with his name.
But we whom you haue warnde, this lesson learne by you,
To know the tree before we clime, to trust no rotten bow.
To view the limed bushe, to loke afore we light.
To shunne the perilous barred hooke, and vse a further sight,
As do the mouse, the bird, the fish, by sample sitly show.
That wily wits and ginnes of men do work the simples wo.
So, simple sith we are, and you to suttle be,
God helpe the Mouse, the birde, the fish, & vs your sleightes to flee.

The louer complaineth his fault, that with vngentle writing had displeased his lady.

AN loue how waiward is his wit what pāges do perce his brest,
Whom thou to wait vpon thy will hast reued of his rest.
The light, the darke, the sunne, the mone, the day & eke the night,
His daily dyeng like, himself, he hateth in despight.
Sith furst he light to looke on her that holdeth him in thrall,
His mouing eyen his moued wit he curseth hart and all.
From hungry hope to pining feare eche hap doth hurle his hart,
From panges of plaint to fits of fume from aking into smart.
Eche moment so doth change his chere not with recourse of ease,
But with sere sortes of sorowes still he worketh as the seas.
Not turning windes not calme returned rule in vnrulye wise,
As if their holdes of hilles vphurld they brasten out to rise,
And puffe away the power that is vnto their king assignde
To pay that sith their prisonment they deme to be behinde,
So doth the passions long represt within the wofull wight,
Breake downe the bankes of al his wits & out they gushen quite,
To rere vprores now they be free from reasons rule and stay,
And hedlong hales thunruled race his quiet quite away.
No measure hath he of his ruth, no reason in his rage, (age
No bottom ground where staies his grief, thus weares away hys
In wishing wants, in wailig woes. Death doth he dayly call:
To bring release when of relief he seeth no hope at all.
Thence comes that oft in depe dispaire to rise to better state,
On heauen and heauenly lampes he layeth the faute of al his fate.
On god and gods decreed dome crieth out with cursing breath,
Eche thing that gaue and saues him life he damneth of his death.
The wōbe him bare, ẏ brests he sucke, ech starr that ẇ their might,
Their secret succour brought to bring the wretch to worldly light.
Yea that to his soules perile is most heinous harme of all.
And craues the cruellest reuenge that may to man befall.
Her he basphemes in whom it lieth in present as she please,
To dampne him downe to depth of hell, or plant in heauens ease,
Such rage constrainde my strained hart to guide thunhappy hand
That sent vnsitting blots to her on whom my life doth stand.
But graunt O God that he for them may beare the worthy blame
Whom I do in my depe distresse finde guilty of the same,
Euen that blinde boy that blindly guides the faultrers to their fal,
That laughes when they lament that he hath throwen into thrall.
Or Lord, saue louring lookes of her, what penance els thou please
So her contented will be wonne I count it all mine ease.
And thou on whō doth hang my will, with hart, with soule & care,
With life and all that life may haue of well or euill fare:

Graunt

Graunt grace to him that grates therfore with sea of saltish brine,
By extreme heat of boylling brest distilled through his eyen.
and with thy fancy render thou my self to me againe
That dayly then we duely may employ a painelesse paine.
To yelde and take the ioyful frutes that harty loue doth lend
To them that meane by honest meanes to come to happy end

The louer wounded of Cupide wisheth he had rather ben striken by death.

The blinde boy that bendes the bow,
To make with dint of double wound:
The stowtest state to stoupe and know
The cruel craft that I haue found.
with death I would had chopt a change,
To borow as by bargain made:
Eche others shaft when he did range,
with restlesse rouing to inuade,
Thunthralled mindes of simple wightes
Whose giltlesse ghostes deserued not:
To fele such fall of their delightes.
Such panges as I haue past god wot,
Then both in new vnwounted wise
Should death deserue a better name.
Not (as tofore hath ben his guyse)
Of crueltie to beare the blame
But contrary be counted kinde,
In lending life and sparing space:
For sick to rise and seke to finde,
a way to wish their weary race
To draw to some desired end.
Their long and lothed time to rid,
and so to fele how like a frend,
Before the bargame made he did
and loue should either bring againe,
To wounded wightes their own desire:
a welcom end of pining paine
as doth their cause of ruth require:

Or when he meaties the quiet man,
A harme to hasten him to griefe:
A better dede he should do than
With borowed dart to geue reliefe.
That both the sicke wel demen may
He brought me rightly my request,
And eke the other sort may say,
He wrought me truely for the best
So had not fansy forced me,
To beare a brunt of greater wo:
Then leauing such a life may be,
The ground where onely griefes do grow
Unlucky liking linkt my hart
In forged hope and forced feare
That oft I wisht the other dart,
Had rather perced me as neare
A fained trust, constrained care
Most loth to lack, most hard to finde
In sundre so my iudgement tare,
That quiet was quite out of minde.
Absent in absence of mine ease,
Present in presence of my paine,
The woes of want did much displease
The sighes I sought did greue againe
Oft grief that boiled in my brest,
Hath fraught my face with saltish leares,
Pronouncing proues of mine vnrest,
Wherby my passed paine appeares.
My sighes ful often haue supplied,
That faine with wordes I would haue sayd
My voyce was stopt, my tong was tyed
My wits with wo were ouerwaied.
With trembling soule and humble chere,
Oft grated I for graunt of grace,
On hope that bounty might be ther,
Where beauty had so pight her place
At length I found, that I did fere,
How I had labourde al to losse.
My self had ben the carpentere,
That framed me the cruel crosse.
Of this to come if dout alone
Though blent with trust of better spede

So oft hath moued my minde to mone,
So oft hath made my hart to bleede.
What shall I say of it in deede,
Now hope is gone mine olde relicke,
And I enforced all to ferde,
Vpon the fruites of bitter griefe?

Of womens changeable will.

I Would I found not as I feele,
Such changing chere of womens will.
By fickle slight of fortunes whele,
By kinde or custome, neuer still.
So should I finde no fault to lay,
On fortune for their mouing minde,
So should I know no cause to say
This change to chance by course of kinde.
So should not loue so worke my wo,
To make death surgeant for my lore,
So should their wittes not wander so,
So should I reck the lesse therfore.

The louer complaineth the losse of his ladie.

NO ioy haue I, but liue in heauinesse,
My dame of price bereft by fortunes cruelnesse
My hap is turned to vnhappinesse,
Vnhappy I am vnlesse I finde redresse.
My pastime past, my youthlike yeres are gone,
My monthes of mirth, my glittering dayes of gladsomnesse
My times of triumph turned into mone,
Vnhappy I am vnlesse I finde redresse.
My wounted wonde to chaunt my cherefull chaunce,
Doth sigh, that song sometime the balades of my lesse:
My sobbes, my sore and sorow do aduance,
Vnhappy I am vnlesse I finde redresse.
I mourne my mirth for griefe that it is gone
I mourne my mirth wherof my musing mindfulnesse,

Is

Is ground of greater griefe that growes therein,
Unhappy I am vnlesse I finde releese,
No ioy haue I: for fortune frowardly:
Hath bent her bowes hath put her hand to cruelnesse:
Hath rest my dame, constrained me to crie,
Vnhappy I am vnlesse I finde releese.

Of the golden meane.

The wisest way, thy boate in waue and winde to guie,
Is neither still the trade of middle streame to trie:
Ne (warely shunning wrecke by wether (ap to nie,
Topresse vpon perilous shore,
Doth clenely flees he filthie wormes a wretched wight,
In calish coate: and carefull court aye thrall to spite,
With port of proud estate he leues, who doth delight,
Of golden meane to hold the lore.
Stormes rifest rende the sturdy stout pine apple tree:
Of lofty ruing towers the falles the feller bee.
Most fierce doth lightening light, where furthest we do see
The hilles the valey to forsake.
Well furnisht brest to bide eche chaunces changing cheare,
In wo hath chereful hope in weale hath warefull feare,
One self Ioue winter make with lothfull lokes appeare.
That can by course the same alake.
What if into mishap thy case now casten be:
It forceth not such forme of luck to last to thee.
Not alway bent is Phebus bow: his harp and he,
Ceasse siluer sound sometime doth raise.
In hardest hap vse help of hardy hopefull hart,
Seme bold to beare the brunt of fortune ouerthwart.
Eke wisely when forewinde to full breathes on thy part,
Swage swelling saile and doubt decaies.

The praise of a true frende.

Who so that wysely weies the praise and the price,
Of thynges wherin delight by worth is wont to rise.

Shall

Shall finde no tewell is so rich ne yet so rare,
That with the frendly hart in value may compare.
what other welth to man by fortune may befall.
But fortunes changed there may reue a man of all,
A frend no wracke of wealth, no cruell cause of wo,
Can force his frendly faith vnfrendly to forgo.
If fortune frendly fawne, and lend the welthy store,
Thy frendes contorned top doth make thy top the more.
If frowardly she frown and driue the to distresse,
His aide releues thy ruth, and makes thy sorow lesse.
Thus fortunes pleasant fruites by frendes encreased be,
The bitter sharpe and sowre by frendes alaide to thee.
That when thou dost reioyce, then doubled is thy top,
And eke in cause of care, the lesse is thy anoy.
I loke if thou do line, as one appointed here,
A stately part on stage of worldly state to bere,
Thy frende as onely fre from fraud will thee aduise,
To rest within the rule of mean as do the wise.
He seeth to foresee the perill of thy fall.
He findeth out the faultes and warnes the of them all,
Thee, not thy luck he loues, what euer be thy case,
Here is thy faithfull frend and thee he doth embrace.
If churlish cheare of chance haue thrown thee into thrall,
And that thy nede aske aide for to releue thy fall,
In him thou secret trust assured art to haue,
And succour not to seke, before that thou can craue.
Thus is thy frende to thee, the comfort of thy paine,
The slaier of thy state, the doubler of thy gaine.
In welth and wo thy frend, an other self to thee,
Such man to man a God, the proued faith to bee.
In welth will bring thee frendes in louring wo to proue,
So wo shall yeld thee frendes in laughing welth to loue.
With wisdome chuse thy frend with vertue him retaine,
Let vertue be the ground, so shall it not be vaine.

The louer lamenteth other to haue the fruites of his seruice.

SOme men would think of right to haue,
For their true meaning some reward,

But while that I do crie and craue:
I see that other be preferd,
I gape for that I am debard.
I fare as doth the hound at hatch:
The worse I spede, the lenger I watche.
My wastfull will is trie by trust:
My fond fansie is mine abuse,
For that I would refraine my lust:
For mine auaile I cannot chuse,
A will, and yet no power to vse,
A will no will by reason iust,
Sins my will is at others lust.
They eate the hony, I hold the hyue,
I sow the sede, they reape the corne.
I wast they winne, I draw they driue,
Theirs is the thank, mine is the scorne.
I seke they spede, in wast my winde is worne.
I gape they get, and gredely I snatche:
Till woorse I spede, the lenger I watch.
I fast, they fede: they drink, I thrust,
They laugh, I waile, they loy, I mourne,
They gaine, I lose, I haue the wurst.
They whole, I sicke, they cold, I burne.
They leape, I lie, they slepe, & tosse and turne,
I would, they may: I craue, they haue at will,
That helpeth them, so cruelty doth me kill.

Of the suttletie of crafty louers.

SUch waiward waies haue some whē folly stirres their braines
To fain & plain full oft of loue, when lest they fele his paines.
And for to shew a grief such craft haue they in store,
That they can hale and lay a salue wheras they fele no sore.
As hound vnto the foote, or dog vnto the bow,
So are they made to vent her out, whom bent to loue they know.
That if I should describe one hundred of their driftes,
Two hundred wits beside mine awn I should put to their shiftes.
No woodman better knowes how for to lodge his dere.
Nor shipman on the sea that more hath skill to guide the stere.
Nor beaten dogge to heard can warer chose his game,

Nor scholeman to his fansie can a scholler better frame.
Then one of these which haue old Ouids arte in vre,
Can seke the waies vnto their minde a woman to allure.
As round about a hyue the Bees do swarme alway,
So rounde about the house they prese wherin they seke their pray
And whom they so besege, it is a wonderous thing,
What crafty engins to assault these wily warriers bring.
The eye as scout and watch to stirre both to and fro,
Doth serue to stale her here & there where she doth come and go.
The tong doth pleade for right as herauld of the hart,
And both the handes as oratours do serue to point their part,
So shewes the countenaunce then with these fowre to agree,
As though in witnes with the rest, it would hers sworne bee
But if she then mistrust it would turne blacke to white,
For that the woorier lokes most smoth when he wold fainest bite
Then wit as counsellour a helpe for this to finde,
Straight makes the hand as secretair forth & to write his minde.
And so the letters straight embassadours are made,
To treate in hast for to procure her to a better trade:
Wherin if she do thinke al this is but a shewe.
Or but a subtile masking cloke to hide a crafty shrewe,
Then come they to the larum, then shew they in the fielde,
Then muster they in colours strange, that waies to make her yelde
Then shoote they barry of, then compasse they her in,
It tilt and turney oft they striue this selly soule to win
Then sound they on their lutes, then strain they forth their song,
Then rumble they with instrumentes to lay her quite a long,
Then brode they her with giftes, then do they wo and watch
Then night and day they labour hard this simple hold to catch
As pathes within a wood, or turnes within a mase:
So then they shewe of wiles & craftes they can a thousand waies.

Of the vanitie of mans life.

Vaine is the fleting welth
Wheron the world staies:
Sith stalking time by priuy stelth,
Encrocheth on our dayes,
And yelde which crepeth fast
To taint vs with her wounde:

will turne eche blisse vnto a blast,
whice lasteth but a staunde.
Of youth the lusty floure,
which whilome stode in price,
Shall vanish quite within an hour,
As fire cosumes the ice.
where is become that wight.
For whose sake Troy towne.
withstode the Grekes till ten yeres fight,
Had rasde their walles adowne.
Did not the wormes consume,
Her carion to the dust?
Did dreadfull death forbeare his fume
For beauty, pride, or lust?

The louer not regarded in earnest sute being become wiser, refuseth her profered loue

DO way your phisike I faint no more,
The salue you sent it comes to late
You wist well al my grief before,
And what I suffred for your sake.
Hole is my hart I plaine no more,
A new the cure did vndertake,
wherfore do way you come to late.
For whiles you knew I was your own,
So long in vaine you made me gape,
And though my faith it were wel knowen,
Yet small regard you toke therat,
But now the blast is ouerblowne
Of vaine phisicke a salue you shape.
Wherfore do way you come to late.
How long or this haue I betie faine,
To gape for mercy at your gate,
Until the time I spide it plaine,
That pitie and you fell at debate
For my redresse then was I faine,
Your seruice cleane for to forsake,

When

Wherfore do way pon come to late
For when I brent in endelesse fire,
Who ruled then but cruell hate
So that vnneth I durst desire
One looke my feruent heate to slake.
Therefore another doth me hyre,
And all the profer that pou make
Is made in vaine and comes to late.
For when I asked recompence,
Which cost you nought to graunt god wate
Then laid disdaine to great expence,
It wer for you to graunt me that,
Therfore do way pour rere pretence.
That pou would binde that erst pou brake,
For to your salue comes all to late.

The complaint of a woman rauished and also mortally wounded.

A Cruell Tiger al with teeth be bled.
I bloody tirantes hand in eche degree,
I lecher that by wretched inst was led,
(Alas) defloured my virginitee.
And not contented with this villanie,
For with thoutragious terrour of the dede,
With bloody thirst of greater cruelitie:
Fearing with heinous gilt should be bewraied,
By crying death and vengeance openly,
His violent hand forth with alas he laied
Upon my guiltles sely childe and me.
And like a wretche whom no honour dismayde,
Drowned in the sinke of depe iniquitie:
Misusing me the mother for a time,
Hath slaine vs both for cloking of his crime.

The louer being made thrall by loue perceiueth how great a losse is libertie.

AN libertie now haue I learned to know,
By lacking thee what Jewel I possest,
When I receiuer first from Cupides bow.
The deadly wound that festreth in my brest.
So farre (alas) forth straied were mine eyes,
That I ne might refraine them back, for lo,
They in a moment all earthly thinges despise,
In heauenly sight now are they fixed so.
What then for me but still with mazed sight,
To wonder at that excellence diuine,
Where loue (my fredome hauing in despight)
Hath made me thrall through errour of mine eyen.
For other guerdon hope I not to haue,
My foltring tong so basheth ought to craue.

The diuers and contrarie passions of the louer.

HOlding my peace alas how loud I crie,
Pressed with hope and dread euen both at ones,
Strained with death, and yet I cannot die.
Burning in flame, quaking for cold that grones,
Unto my hope withouten winges I flie.
Pressed with dispaire, that breaketh all my bones,
Walking as if I were, and yet am not.
Faining with mirth, most inwardly with mones.
Hard by my help, vnto my help not nie.
Mids of the calme my ship on rock it rones.
I serue vnbound, fast fettred yet I lie,
In stede of milke that fede on marble stones,
My most will is that I do espie:
That workes my ioyes and sorowes both at ones
In contraries standeth all my losse and gaine,
And loe the giltlesse causeth all my paine,

The testament of the haw-thorne.

I Sely Haw whose hope is past,
In faithfull true and fixed minde,

To

To her whom that I serued last,
Daue all my ioyfulnes resignde,
Because I know assuredly,
My dyeng day aprocheth nie.
Dispaired hart the careful nest,
Of all the sighes that kept in store:
Conuey my careful corps to rest
That leaues his ioy for euermore.
And when the day of hope is past,
Geue vp thy sprite and sigh the last.
But or that we depart in twaine,
Tel her I loued with all my might
That though the corps in clay remayne
Consumed to asshes pale and white.
And though the vitall powers do cease,
The sprite shal loue her nathelesse.
And pray my liues ladie dere,
During this little time and space,
That I haue to abiden here,
Not to withdraw her wonted grace
In recompensing of the paine,
That I shal haue to part in twaine.
And that at least she wil witsaue,
To grant my iust and last request
When that she shall behold his graue,
That lyeth of life here dispossest
In record that I once was hers,
To bathe the frosen stone with teares.
The seruice tree here do I make,
For my excentour and my frende,
That liuing did not me forsake,
Nor will I trust vnto my ende,
To see my body wel conueyde,
In ground where that it shold be laide
Combed vnderneth a goodly Oke,
With Iuy grene that fast is bound,
There this my graue I haue bespoke,
For there my ladies name do sound,
Beset euen as my testament tels,
With oken leaues and nothing els.
Grauen wheron shal be exprest,
Here lyeth the bodye in this place,

Of him that liuing neuer ceſt
To ſerue the faireſt that euer was,
The corpus here the hart he gaue
To her for whom he lieth in graue.
And alſo ſet about my herſe,
Two lampes to burne and not to queint,
Which ſhalbe token and reherſe,
That my good will was neuer ſpent
When that my corps was layd alow
My ſpirite did ſweare to ſerue no mo.
And if you want of ringing bels
When that my corps goeth into graue.
Repete her name and nothing els,
To whom that I was bounden ſlaue.
When that my life pt ſhal vnfraine,
My ſpirite ſhal ioy to heare her name.
With doleful note and pitteous ſounde,
Wherwith my hart did cleaue in twaine,
With ſuch a ſong lay me in ground,
My ſpirite let it with her remayne,
That had the body to commēd,
Till death therof did make an end
And euen with my laſt bequeſt
When I ſhall from this life depart,
I geue to her I loued beſt,
My iuſt my true and faithful hart.
Signed with the hand as cold as ſtone,
Of him that liuing was her owne.
And if he here might liue againe,
As Phenix made by death anew
Of this ſhe may aſſure her plaine,
That he will ſtill be till and trew
Thus farewell ſhe on liue my owne,
And ſende her ioy when I am gone.

The louer in diſpaire lamenteth his caſe.

A Wiew deſert, how art thou ſpent?
Ah droppyng teares how do ye waſhe?
Ah ſcaldyng ſighes how be ye ſpent?

To pricke them forth that wil not haſt
Thy pained hart thou gapſt for grace
Euen there where pitie hath no place
As eaſy it is the ſtony rocke,
From place to place for to remoue,
As thy plaint for to prouoke:
A froſen hart from hate to loue
What ſhould I ſay, ſuch is thy lot,
To fawne on them that force the not.
Thus mayſt thou ſakely ſay and ſweare
That rigour raigneth and ruth both faile.
In thankleſſe thoughtes thy thoughts do weare
Thy ruth, thy faith, may nought auaile
For thy good will why ſhould thou ſo
Till graſſe where grace it wil not grow.
Alas poore hart thus haſt thou ſpent,
Thy flowring time, thy pleaſant peres,
With ſighing voice wepe and lament:
For of thy hope no frute apperes.
Thy true meaning is paide with ſcorne,
That euer ſoweth and reapeth no corne.
And where thou ſeekeſt a quiet port,
Thou doſt but weigh againſt the winde,
For where thou gladdeſt wouldſt reſort,
There is no place for the aſſinde,
Thy deſteny hath ſet it ſo,
That thy true hart ſhould cauſe thy wo.

Of his maiſtreſſe. M. B.

I Ne Wayes I boaſt whole braunch I beare,
Such ioy therin I finde,
That to the death I ſhall it weare.
To eaſe my carefull minde.
In heat, in cold, both night and day,
Her vertue may be ſeene,
When other fruites and flowres decay
The bay yet growes full grene.
Her berries ſeeue the birdes full oft
Her leues ſweete water make,

Her

Her bowes be set in euery loft
For their swete sauours sake,
The birdes do shroude thē from the
In her we dayly see, (cold
And mē make arbours as they wold,
Under the pleasant tree.
It doth me good when I repaire,
There as these baies do grow,
where oft I walke to take the ayre,
It doth delight me so
But lo I stand as I were dome,
Her beauty for to blase,
wherwith my sprites be ouercome,
So long theron I gase.
At last I turne vnto my walk,
In passing to and fro,
And to my self I smile and talk
And then away I go.
why smilest thou say lokers on
what pleasure hast thou foun
with that I am as cold as stone,
And ready for to swound,
Fie fie for shame saieth fansie than
Pluck vp thy fained hart
And speake thou boldely like a man,
Shrink not for little smart
wherat I blush and change my chere
My senses ware so weake
O god think I what make I here,
That neuer a word may speake.
I dare not sigh lest I be heard,
My lokes I slyly cast,
And still I stand as one were scard
Untill my stormes be past
Then happy hap doth me reuiue
The blood comes to my face
A merier man is not aliue,
Then I am in that case.
Thus after sorow seke I rest
when fled is fansies fit,
And though I be a homely gest,
Before the bayes I sit,

where

Where I do watche till leaues do fall.
When winde the tree doth shake,
Then though my branche be very small,
My leafe away I take.
And then I go and clap my handes,
My hart doth leape for ioy,
These bapes do ease me from my bandes,
That long did me annoy,
For when I do beholde the same,
Which makes so faire a show,
I finde therin my mistresse name,
And se her vertues grow.

The louer complaineth his harty loue not requited.

WHen Phebus had the serpent slaine,
He claimed Cupides bow.
Which strife did turne him to great paine,
The story well doth proue.
For Cupide made him feie much woe,
In seking Daphnes loue.
This Cupide hath a shaft of kinde,
Which wounded many a wight,
Whose golden hed had power to binde,
Ech hart in Venus bandes,
This arrow did on Phebus light,
Which came from Cupides handes.
An other shaft was wrought in spight,
Which headed was with lead,
Whose nature quenched swete delight,
That louers most embrace.
In Daphnes brest this cruell hed,
Had founde a dwelling place.
But Phebus fond of his desire,
Sought after Daphnes so,
He burnt with heat she felt no fire,
Full fast she fled him fro.
He gate but hate for his good will,
The gods assigned so.

My

My case with Phebus may compare,
His hap and mine are one,
I crye to her that knowes no care,
Yet seke I to her most,
When I approche then is she gone,
Thus is my labour lost.
Now blame not me but blame the shaft,
That hath the golden heade
And blame those Gods that with their craft
Such arrowes forge by kinde
And blame the colde and heauy leade,
That doth my ladies minde,

A praise of, M.M.

IN court as I behelde, the beautie of eche dame,
Of right me thought frō al the rest should M. steale the same.
But, er I ment to iudge, I vewed with such aduise,
As reichlesse dome should not inuade, the boundes of my deuise.
And, whiles I gased long, such hete did brede within,
As Priamus towne felt not more flame, when did the bale begin.
By reasons rule, ne yet by wit perceiue I could
That M. face of earth ysounde, enioy such beauty should.
And fansie doubted that from heauen had Venus come,
To norish rage in Britaines hartes, while corage yet doth blome.
Her nature hue so stroue, with colour of the rose,
That Parts would haue Helene left, and M. beauty chose,
A wight farre passing all, and is more faire to seme,
Then lusty May the lodge of loue, that clothes the earth in grene
So angell like she shines, she semeth no mortall wight,
But one whom nature in her forge, did frame her selfe to spight.
Of beauty princesse chief, so makelesse doth she rest,
Whose eye would glad an heauy wight, and prison paine in brest.
I waxe astonied to see, the featur of her shape,
And wondred that a mortall hart, such heauēly beames could scape
Her limmes so aunswering were, the mould of her faire face,
Of Venus stocke she semde to spring the roote of beawties grace.
Her presence doth pretend, such honour and estate,
That simple men might gesse her birth if folly bred debate
Her lokes in hartes of flint, would such effectes impresse,
As rage of flame not Nilus stremes in Nestors yeres encreasse,

Within

within the subtil seat, of her bright eyen doth dwell,
Blinde Cupide with the pricke of paine: that princes freedom sel
In paradise it is her beauty to beholde,
where natures stuffe so full is founde, that natures ware is sold.

An olde louer to a yong gentle woman

YE are to yong to bring me in
And I to old to gape for flies
I haue to long a louer ben,
If such yong babes should bleare mine eyes,
But trill the ball before my face,
I am content to make you play
I will not see, I hide my face,
And turne my back and runne away.
But if you follow on so fast,
And crosse the wates where I should go,
Ye may ware wery at the last,
And then at length your self ouerthrow.
I meane where you and al your flocke,
Denise to pen men in the pound,
I know a key can pick your locke.
And make you runne your selues on ground
Some birdes can eate the strawie corne,
And flee the lime that fowlers set
And some are ferde of curry thorne,
And so therby they scape the net.
But some do light and neuer loke,
And seeth not who doth stand in waite,
As fish that swallow up the hoke,
And is begild through the baite.
But men can loke before they leape.
And be at price for euery ware.
And penniworthes cast to by good cheape
And in eche thing hath eye and care.
But he that bluntly runnes on hed,
And seeth not what the race shalbe,
Is like to bring a foole to bed,
And thus ye get no more of me.

The

The louer forsaketh his vnkinde loue.

FArwell thou frosen hart and eares of hardned steele,
Thou lackest yeres to vnderstand the grief that I did feele,
The Gods reuenge my wrong, with equal plage on thee,
When pleasure shal prick forth thy youth, to learn what loue shalbe,
Perchaunce thou prouest now, to scale blinde Cupides hold,
And matchest where thou maist repent, whē al thy cardes are told.
But blush not thou therfore, thy betters haue done so
who thought they had retainde a doue, when they but caught a cro,
And some do linger time with lofty lookes we see,
That lightes at length as low or worse, then doth the betell be
Yet let thy hope be good, such hap may fall from hie,
That thou maist be yf fortune serue, a princesse ere thou die
If chaunce prefer thee so alas pore sely man,
where shal I scape thy cruel handes, or seke for succour than?
God shild such gredy wolues, should lap in giltlesse blood,
And send short hornes to hurtful heds, that rage like lions wood
I seldome see the day, but malice wanteth might,
And hateful hartes haue neuer hap, to wreke their wrath aright
The mad man is vnmete, a naked sword to guide
And more vnfit are they to clime, that are orecome with pride,
I touch not thee herein, thou art a fawcon sure,
That can both soer and stoupe somtime, as men cast vp the lure
The pecock hath no place in thee when thou shalt list,
For some no soner make a signe, but thou perceiuest the fist
They haue that I do want, and that hath thee begilde,
The lack that thou doest se in mee, doth make thy looke so wilde
My luring is not good it laketh not thine eare.
My call it is not halfe so swete, as would to god it wer,
Well wanton yet beware, thou do no tiring take,
At euery hand that would thee fede, or to the frenship make.
This counsell take of him that ought thee once his loue
Who hopes to mete thee after this, among the saintes aboue
But here with n this world, if he may shonne the place,
He rather asketh present death, then to be holde thy face.

The louer prefereth his lady aboue al other

Resigns

Resigne you dames whom tickling brute delight.
The golden praise that flatterers trump doth sounde:
And vassals be to her that claimes by right,
The title iust that first dame beauty founde.
Whose dainty eyes such sugred baites do hide,
As poyson hartes where glims of loue do glide.
Come eke and se how heauen and nature wrought,
Within her face where framed in such ioy
As Priams sonnes in vaine the seas had sought.
If halfe such light had had abode in Troy.
For as the golden sunne doth dark ech starre,
So doth her hue the fairest dames as farre.
Ech heauenly gift, ech grace that nature could,
By art or wit my lady lo retaines:
A sacred head, so heapt with heartes of gold,
As Phebus beames for beauty farre it staines.
A sugred tong, where eke such swetnesse snowes.
That well it seemes a fountain where it flowes.
Two laughing eyes so linked with pleasing lookes,
As would entice a tigars hart to serue,
The baite is swete but eager be the hookes,
For Diane sekes her honour to preserue,
Thus Arundel sits, throned still with fame,
Whom enmies tromp can not attaint with shame,
My dased head so dainted is with heapes,
Of giftes diuine that harber in her brest,
Her heauenly shape, that lo my verses leapes,
And touch but that wherin she cloudes the rest.
For if I should her graces all recite,
Both time should want, and I should wonders write.
Her chere so swete, so christall is her eyes,
Her mouth so small, her lips so liuely red,
Her hand so fine, her wordes so swete and wise,
That Pallas semes to soiourne in her hed.
Her vertues great, her forme as farre excedes,
As sunne the shade that mortall creatures leades.
Would God that wretched age would spare to race,
Her liuely hew that as her graces rare,
Be goddesse like, euen so her goddesse face,
Might neuer change but still continue faire
That eke in after time ech wight may see,
How vertue can with beauty beare degree.

The

The louer lamēteth that he would forgeat loue, and cannot.

Alas when shall I ioy,
when shall my woful hart,
Cast forth the folish toy.
That bredeth all my smart,
A thousand times and mo,
I haue attempted sore,
To rid this restlesse wo.
Which raigneth more and more
But when remembrance past
Hath laid dead coales together
Old loue renewes his blast.
That cause my ioyes to wither
Then sodenly a spark,
Startes out of my desire.
And lepes into my hart,
Setting the coales a fire.
Then reason runnes about,
To seke forgetfull water,
To quench and cleane put out,
The cause of all this matter.
And saith dead flesh must nedes
Be cut out of the core,
For rotten withered wedes,
Can heale no greuous sore.
But then euen sodenly,
The feruent heate doth slake,
And cold then straineth me,
That makes my body shake.
Alas who can endure,
To suffre all this paine,
Sins her that should me cure,
Most cruell death hath slaine.
Well well, I say no more.
Let dead care for the dead,
Yet wo is me therfore,
I must attempt to lead.

One other kinde of life,
Then hitherto I haue.
Or els this pain and strife,
Will bring to me my graue.

Songes written by N G.

Of the .ix. Muses.

IMps of king Joue, and Quene remembraunce lo,
The sisters nine, the poets pleasant feres,
Calliope doth stately stile bestow.
And worthy praises paintes of princely peres,
Clion in solemne songes reneweth all day,
with present yeres conioyning age by past,
Delightfull talke loues Comicall Thaley:
In fresh grene youth, who doth like lawrell last
with voices Tragicall soundes Melpomen,
And as with cheyns, thallured eare she bindes.
Her stringes when Terpescor doth touch, euen then,
She toucheth hartes and raigneth in mens mindes,
Fine Erato, whose loke a liuely chere
Presentes in daunsing kepes a comely grace,
with semely gesture doth Polymine stere,
whose wordes whole routes of rankes do rule in place,
Uranie, her globes to view al bent
The ninefold heauen obserues with fixed face,
The blastes Eutrepe tunes of instrument,
with solace swete hence my heauy dumpes to chase.
Lord Phebus in the mids (whose heauenly sprite
These ladies doth inspire) embraceth all.
The graces in the Muses weed, delite.
To leade them furth, that men in maze they fall.

Musonius the Philosophers saying.

IN working wel, if trauel you sustain:
Into the wynde shall lightly passe the paine
But of the dede the glory shall remayne.
And cause your name with worthy wightes to raygne:
In working wrong, if pleasure you attaine:
The pleasure soone shall vade, and voide as vaine:
But of the dede, throughout the life the shame
Endures, defacing you with fowle defame:
And still tormentes, the mind both night and day:
Meant length of time the spot can washe away,
Flee then ill swading pleasures baytes vntrue,
And noble vertues faire renowne pursue.

Description of vertue.

VVHat one art thou, thus in torne wede yclad?
Vertue in pryce whom auncient sages had,
Why, porely rayde? For fading goodes past care,
Why double faced? I marke eche fortunes fare.
This bridle, what? Mondes rages to restraine,
Tooles why beare you? I loue to take great payne,
Why winges? I teache aboue the starres to flie,
Why treade you death? I onely cannot dye.

Praise of measure keping.

THe auncient time commended, not for nought,
The meane what better thing cā there be sought?
In meane, is vertue placed: on eyther syde,
Both right and left, amisse a man shal slyde,
I car, with sire hadst thou the mid way flown,
I carian beck by name had no man knowne.
If middle path kept had proude Phaeton,
No burning brand this erth had falne vpon.
Ne cruel power, ne none to soft can raigne,
That kepes a meane, the same shall stil remaine,
Thee, Iulie, once did to much mercy spill.
Thee, Nero stern, rigor extreme did kill.

How could August so many yeres well passe?
Nor ouermerke, nor ouer ferse he was
worship not Joue with curious fanfies vayne,
Nor him despyse, hold right a twene these twaine,
No wastful wight, no gredy gut is prazed,
Stande largesse iust, in egall balance payzde
So Catoes meal, surmountes Antonius chere.
And better fame his sobre fare hath here.
To slender building, bad, as bad: to grosse.
One, an eye fore, the tother falles to losse.
As medicines helpe, in measure so (God wot)
By ouermuch, the sicke their bane haue got,
Unmete me semes to vtter this mo waies:
Measure forbids vnmeasurable prayse.

Mans lyfe after Possidonius or Crates.

VVHat path list you to treade? what trade wil you assay?
The courts of plea, by braul, & bate, dryue gētle peace away,
In house, for wyfe, and chylde, there is but carke and care:
with trauell, and with toyle enough, in fieldes we vse to fare.
Upon the seas lyeth dread: the riche in foreyn lande,
Do feare the losse, and there, the poore, lyke mysers poorely stand
Stryfe, with a wyfe, without your thrift fulhard to see,
Yong brats, a trouble: none at all, a mayme it semes to be,
Youth, fond, age hath no hart, and pincheth al to nye,
Choose then the liefer of these two, ny lyfe, or soone to dye.

Metrodorus, mynde to the contrary.

VVHat race of lyfe ronne you? what trade will you assay?
In courts is glory got, and wit encreased day by day.
At home we take our ease and beake our selues in rest:
The fieldes our nature do refreshe with pleasures of the best,
On seas is gayn to geat, the stranger he shalbe,
Esteemed, hauing much, if not, none knoweth his lacke, but he,
A wyfe wil trimme thy house, no wyfe, then art thou free,
Brood is a louely thing, without, thy life is loose to thee
Yong bloodes be strong, olde syres in double honour dwell.

Do way that choyse, no lyke, or soone to dye: for all is well.

Of frendship.

OF all the heuenly gyftes, that mortall men commend,
what truthy treasure in the world can counteruaile a frende?
Our health is soone decayed, goodes, casual light and vaine:
Bodie haue we seen the foyce of powre, and honour suffer stayne,
In bodies lust, man doth resemble but base brute:
True vertue geats, and kepes a frend, good gyde of our pursute
whose hearty zeale with ours accordes, in euery case:
No terme of time, no space of place, no stourme can it deface.
when fickle fortune failes, this knot endureth still:
The kin out of theyr kind may swarue, when frendes owe the good will
what sweter solace shal befall, than one to finde,
Upon whose brest thou mayst repose the secretes of thy minde?
He wayleth at thy woo, his teares with thine be shed,
with thee doth he al ioyes enioy, i. lese a lykelis led.
Behold thy frende, and of thy selfe the paterne see:
One soule, a wonder shal it seme, in bodies twaine to bee.
In absence, present: ryche in want in sickenesse sounde,
ye after death alyue, mayst thou by thy sure frend be founde,
Eche house, eche towne, eche realme by stedfast loue doth stand:
where foule debate bredes bitter bale, in eche deuided lande
O frendshyp, flowre of flowres, O liuely spryte of lyfe,
O sacred bond of blissefull peace, the stalworth stanche of stryfe
Scipio with Lelius didst thou conioyne in care
At home, in warres for weale and woo, with egall faith to fare.
Gisippus eke with Tyte, Damon with Pythias,
And with Menithus sonne Achill, by thee combyned was,
Eurialus and Nisus gaue virgil cause to sing,
Of Hylades boo many rymes, and of Orestes tryng,
Down Theseus went to hell, Pirith, his frend to finde,
O that the wyues, in these our dayes, wer to their mates so kynde.
Cicero, the frendly man, to Atticus his frende
Of frendshyp wrote: such couples so doth lot but seldome lende,
Recount thy race, now ronne, how few shalt thou there see,
Of whom to say: This same is he, that neuer failed mee.
So rare a iewel then must nedes be holden dere:
And as thou wilt esteme thy self, so take thy chosen fere.
The tyrant, in dispayre, no leche of golde bewayles,

But

But, out I am vndoon (saith he) for al my frendships failes,
Wherfore sins nothing is more kindly for our kynd:
Next wisedome thus, that teacheth vs, loue we the frendly mind.

The death of Zoroas, an Egiptian Astronomer, in the first fight, that Alexander had with the Persians.

NOw clattering armes, now raging broyles of warre,
Gan passe the noys of dredfull trumpets clang:
Shrowded with shafts, the heauen: with clowd of darts,
Couered the ayre: against full fatted bulles,
As forceth kindled yre the Lyons keen:
Whose gredy guts the gnawing hunger prickes:
So Macedons against the Persians fare.
Now corpses hyde the purpurde soyle with blood:
Large slaughter on eche side, but Perses more
Moyst fieldes be bled: their heartes, and nombres bate,
Fainted while they gaue backe, and fall to flight:
The litening Macedon, by swordes, by gleaues,
By bandes and trowps, of fotemen with his garde,
Spedes to Dary: but him his nerest kin,
Oxate preserues, with horsemen on a plump
Before his carre, that none the charge should geue,
Here grunts here grones, eche where strong youth is spent.
Shakyng her bloody handes, Bellone among
The Perses, soweth al kinde of cruel death.
With throte yent, he rores, he lyeth along,
His entrailes with a lance through girded quite:
Him smytes the club, him wounds farstriking bowe.
And him the sling, and him the shining sword:
He dyeth, he is al dead, he pants, he restes.
Right ouer stood, in snow whyte armour braue,

The Memphite Zoroas, a cunning clarke:
To whom the heauen lay open, as his booke:
And in celestiall bodies he could tell,
The mouing meting, light, aspect, eclips,
And influence, and constellacions all:
What earthly chaunces would betyde, what yere
Of plenty storde, what signe, forwarned derth:
How winter gendreth snow, what temperature
In the primetyde doth season well the soyle:
Why summer burns, why autumne hath ripe grapes
Whether the circle, quadrate may become:
Whether our tunes heauens harmony can yelde:
Of four begins, among themselues how great
Proporcion is, what swap the erring lightes
Doth send in course gain that first mouing heauen
What grees, one from another distant be.
What starre doth let, the hurtfull fire to rage,
Or him more milde what opposition makes:
What fire doth qualify Mauorses fyre,
What house ech one doth seke: what planet raignes
Within this heauensphere, or that small thinges
I speake, whole heauen he closeth in his brest.
This sage then, in the starres hath spyed: ẏ fates
Threatned him death without delay, and sith
He saw, he could not fatall ordre change,
Forward he prest, in battaile that he might
Mete with the ruler of the Macedons,
Of his right hand desyrous to be slaine,
The boldest beurne, and worthiest in the fielde.
And, as a wight now wery of his life,
And seking death, in first front of his rage,
Comes desperately to Alexanders face,
At him, with dartes, one after other throwes,
With reckeles wordes, and clamour him prouokes
And saith, Nectanabs bastard shamefull stayn
Of mothers bed: why losest thou thy strokes,
Cowardes among? Turne thee to me, in case
Manhod there be so much left in thy hart:
Come fight with me, that on my helmet weare
Appollos laurell, both for learninges laude,
And eke for martall prayse: that in my shielde,
The seuenfolde sophie of Minerue contein

A matche

A match, more meet, syr king than any here,
The noble prince amoued, takes ruth vpon
The wilful wight, and with soft woorkes ayen,
O monstrous man (quod he) what so thou art,
I pray thee liue, ne doe not, with thy death
This lodge of loze, the Muses mansion marr,
That treasure house this hand shal neuer spoyle.
My sword shal neuer bruse that skilful brayne,
Long gathered heapes of science some to spyll.
O how fayre fruites may you to mortal men
From wisdomes garden geue: How many may
By you the wyser and the better proue?
What error what mad moode, what frensy thee
Perswades to be downe sent to depe Auerne,
where no artes floryshe, nor no knowledge vails.
For al these sawes, when thus the soueraynе sayd,
Alighted zoroas, with sword vnsheathed,
The carelesse kyng there smote, aboue the greue,
At thopening of his quishes, wounded him
So that the blood down trayled on the ground.
The Macedon perceyuing hurt, gan gnashe
But yet his mynde he bent, in any wyse
Him to forbeare, set spurs vnto his stede,
And turnde away, lest anger of his smart,
Should cause reuenger hand deale baleful blowes.
But of the Macedonians chieftayns knights
One Meleager, could not beare this sight,
But ran vpon the sayd Egiptian reuk,
And cut him in both knees, he fell to ground,
wherwith a whole route came of souldiers sterne,
And all in pieces hewed the silly seg,
But happely the soule fled to the starres,
where vnder him he hath full sight of all,
wherat he gased here, with reaching looke.
The Persians wailde such sapience to forgo
The very fone, the Macedonians wisht,
He would haue liued, king Alexander self
Deemde him a man, vnmete to dye at al,
who won lyke prayse, for conquest of hys yre.
As for stout men in fielde that day subdued,
who princes taught how to discerne a man

That in his head so rare a iewel beares.
But ouer all, those same Camenes, those same
Deuine Camenes, whose honour he procurde,
As tender parent doth his daughters weale:
Lamented: and for thankes all that they can.
Do cherish him deceast, and set him free.
From darke oblision of deuowring death.

Marcus Tullius Ciceros death.

THerfore, when restlesse rage of wynde, and waue
He saw: By fates, alas said he, (quod he)
Is hapelesse Ciceros layde on, shape course
To the next shore, and bring me to my death.
Perdy these thankes, reskued from cruel sword.
wilt thou my countrey pay? I see mine end:
So powers deuine, so bid the Gods aboue,
In citie saued that Consul Marcus shend.
Speaking no more, but drawing from depe hart
Great grones, euen at the name of Rome rehearst:
His eyes and chekes, & showres of teares he washt
And (though a route in dayly dangers worne) I
With forced face, the shipmen held their teares,
And stryuing long the seas rough flood to passe,
In angry windes and stormy showres made way,
And at the last, safe ankred in the rode
Came heauy Cicero a land: with payn
His fainted limbs the aged syre doth drawe:
And, round about their maister stode his band,
Nor greatly with their own hard hap dismayd,
Nor plighted fayth, prone in sharp tyme to breake:
Some swordes prepare, some their derre lord assist:
In litiour layd, they lead him vnkouth wayes
If so deceaue Antonius cruel gleaues
They might, and threats of following routs escape,
Thus lo, that Tullie, went that Tullius,
Of ropal robe, and sacred senate prince,
When he a farre the men approche espyeth.

And

And of his sone the ensignes doth acknow
And with drawen sword, Popilius threatning death,
whose life, and holl estate, in hazard once,
He had preserude: when Rome as yet to free
Herd him: and at his thundring voyce amazde.
Herennius eke, more eyger then the rest
Present enflamde with fury, him pursues.
what might he do? Should he vse in defense
Disarmed handes: or pardon ask, for meede
Should he with wordes to turne the wrath,
Of tharmed knight, whose safegard he had wrought?
No. age forbids, and fixt within depe brest
His countries loue, and falling Romes image.
The charret turne, sayeth hee, let lose the rains:
Runne to the vndeserued death, mee, lo,
Hath Phebus soule, as messenger forwarnd:
And Ioue desires a new heauensman to make
Brutus, and Cassius soules, liue you in blisse
I case yet all the fates gainstriue vs not,
Nether shall we perchaunce die vnreuenged.
Now haue I liued, O Rome, ynough for mee:
My passed life nought suffceth me to dout
Noysom oblision of the lothsome death.
Slea me, yet all the offspring to come shall know:
And this deceas shall bring eternall life.
Yea, and (onelesse I fall, and all in vain
Rome, I sometime thy Augur chosen was)
Not euermore shal frendly fortune thee
Fauour, Antonius, once the day shall come,
When her dere wightes, by cruell spight, thus slaine,
Victorious Rome shall at thy handes require.
Me likes, therwhile, go se the hooped heauen.
Speech had he left, and therwith hee, good man,
His throte preparde, and held his hed vnmoued,
His hasting to those fates the very knightes,
Be lothe to see, and, rage rebated, when
They his bare neck beheld, and his hore heeres,
Scant could they holde the teares, that forth gan burst
And almost fell from bloody handes the swordes.
Onely the stern Herenius, with grym looke,
Dastards, why stand you still? he saith, and straight,
Swaps of the hed, with his presumptuous yron.

Ne

Ne with that slaughter yet is he not fild:
Fowl shame on shame to heape, is hys delighte
wherfore the handes also doth hee of smite,
which durst Antonius life so liuely paint.
Him, yelding strained ghost, from welkin hye,
with sothy chere, lord Phebus gan behold,
And in blacke clowde, they say, long hid his hed.
The latin Muses, and the Graies they wept
And for his fall, eternally shall pepe,
And lo, her persing Pitho (strange to tell)
who had to him suffisde both lence, and wordes,
when so he spake, and drest, with nectar foode,
That flowing tong, when his windepipe disclosde,
Fled with her fleeing frend: and (out alas)
Hath left the earth, ne will no more returne.
Popilius flieth therwhile, aud leauing there
The sensiesse stock, a grizely sight doth beare
Unto antonius boord, with mischief fed.

Of M, T. Cicero.

FOr Tullie, late, a tombe I gan prepare
when Cynthie, thus, bad me my labour spare,
Such maner thinges become the ded, quoth he,
But Tully liues, and still aliue shall bee.

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¶IMPRINTED AT LONDON IN FLETESTRETE within Temple barre at the signe of the hand and starre, by Richard Tottell.
Anno. 1559.

Cum priuilegio.